May 24,1969

THE NEW YORKER

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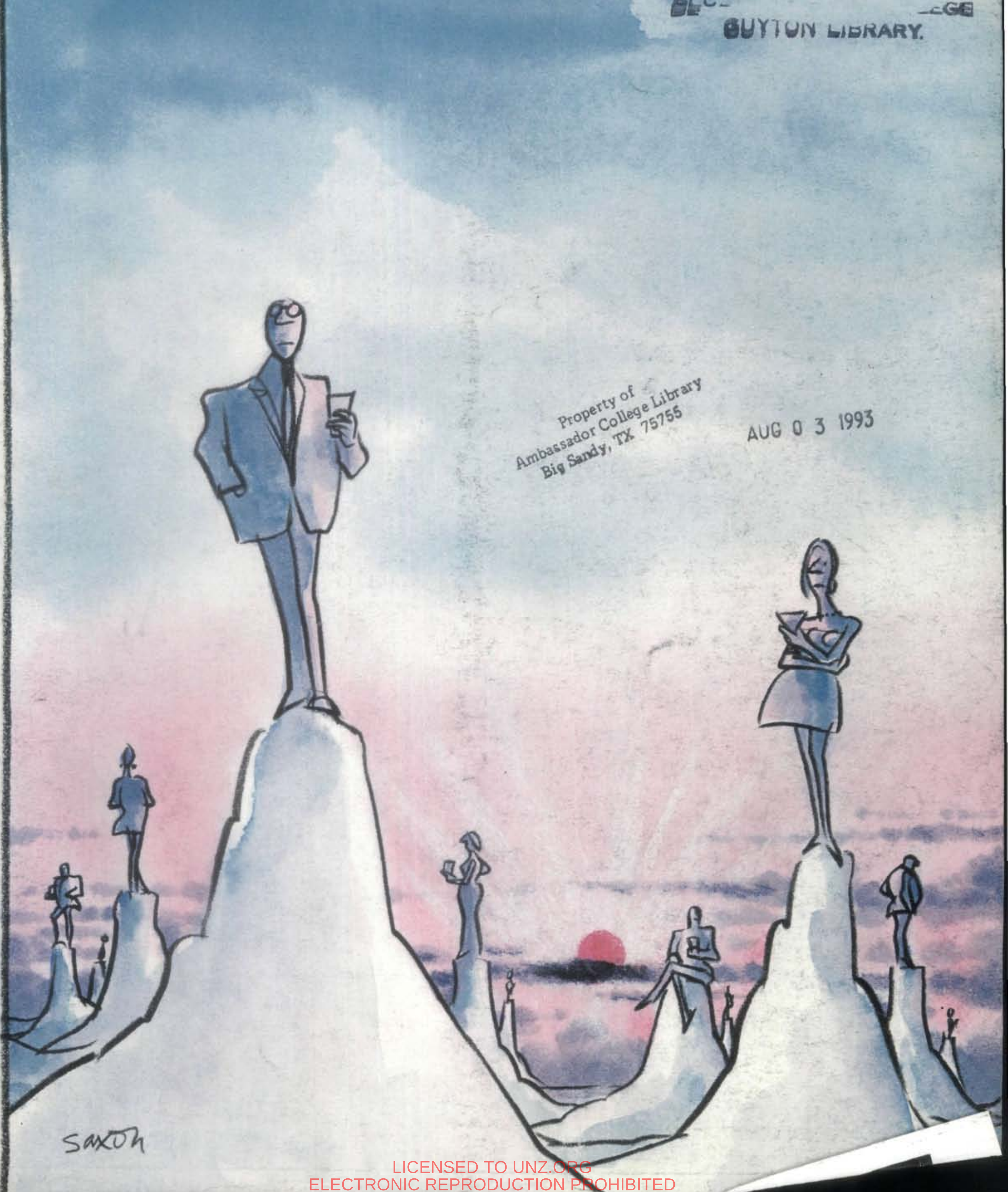

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended, either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Forty Carats—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Front Page—A marvellous reappearance of the Hecht-MacArthur 1928 melodrama, with Robert Ryan, Peggy Cass, and Bert Convy. All are superb, and so is Harold J. Kennedy, the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—An idiosyncratic performance by Nicol Williamson, who makes the "sweet prince" into a petulant and unlovable peasant. The production was directed by Tony Richardson, who has almost as many strange ideas as his star. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel—Anne Meacham and Donald Madden in Tennessee Williams' new play, directed by Herbert Machiz. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Daughter, Your Son—Vivian Vance, Robert Alda, and Dody Goodman in a comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Papp—A four-character play by Kenneth Cameron. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 24.)

Philosophy in the Boudoir—An adaptation by Eric Kahane of the de Sade play, translated by Alex Szogyi. Opens Wednesday, May 21. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—**The Miser**, a clumsy, frantic stampede of a production, more Abbott and Costello than Molière. Robert Symonds tears the title role to appropriate tatters. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.)... ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John Ford Noonan's play **The Year Boston Won the Pennant**. The final production of the season by the company. Preview

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DRAWINGS: *Al Ross, Alan Dunn, Robert Day, Ed Fisher, Henry Martin, Whitney Darrow, Jr., George Price, James Stevenson, William O'Brian, Dana Fradon, Lee Lorenz*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, May 21. Opens officially on Thursday, May 22, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, June 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Spiro Who?—In this comedy with music, Oliver Clark gives one of the funniest (and most legitimate) performances in town, as a young man on the eve of his college graduation. The play has its ups and downs, but it is worth seeing for the ups. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Transgressor Rides Again—David Carradine in a play by Aldo Giunta. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Workshop Festival—Samples of the acting, dancing, technical production, playwrighting, and directing being done by workshops of the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Long Runs—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Barbara Baxley and (starting Monday, May 26) Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

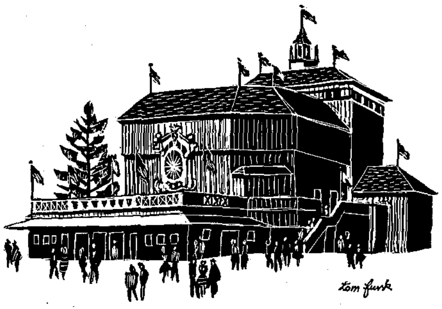
MUSICALS

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," worth seeing for the sake of Angela Lansbury and her pink boa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish, popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4; special matinée Wednesday, May 21, at 2:40.)

Fiesta in Madrid—Isabel Penagos and Claramae Turner in a musical, in Spanish, adapted by Tito Capobianco (who also directed) from a zarzuela, "La Verbena de la Paloma." Preview Tuesday, May 27, at 8:15. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 28, at 8:15, and will run through Sunday, June 15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)



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Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays, except May 27, through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, May 28, at 2.)

Promises, Promises—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. Chosen, however, as the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.—My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Jerry Jarrett. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan is now Auntie. Starting Monday, May 26, she will be replaced by Ann Miller. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 21, at 8:15: "Allegro Brillante," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 8:15: "The Cage," "Dances at a Gathering" (première), and "Stars and Stripes." ... ¶ Friday, May 23, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Jeux," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 2:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," "La Source," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, May 25, at 1:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Serenade," "Tarantella," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Sunday, May 25, at 7:15: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Tuesday, May 27, at 8:15: "Stravinsky Symphony" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Wednesday, May 28, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "La Source," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Thursday, May 29, at 8:15: "Jeux," "Illuminations," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, May 30, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments" and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 2:15: "Episodes," "La Source," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 8:15: "La Source," "The Cage," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 15.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 21, at 8:30: "Monotones," "Pelléas and Mélisande," and "The Dream."... ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 8: "Shadowplay," "Symphonic Variations," and Act III of "Raymonda" (New York première).... ¶ Friday, May 23, at 8:30: Act III of "Raymonda," "Gayane Pas de Deux," "Symphonic Variations," and "Pelléas and Mélisande."... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, May 24-25, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Tuesday, May 27, at 8:30: "Shadowplay," "Symphonic Variations," and Act III of "Raymonda."... ¶ Wednesday, May 28, at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Thursday, May 29, at 8:30: "Shadowplay," "Symphonic Variations," and Act III of "Raymonda."... ¶ Friday, May 30, at 8:30: "Shadowplay," "Symphonic Variations," and "Pelléas and Mélisande."... ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, June 1, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880.)

City Center American Dance Season—End of a series of appearances at the City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (246-8989): **PEARL LANG AND DANCE COMPANY.** Wednesday, May 21, and Saturday,

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The *Romeria del Rocío* (Pilgrimage of the Dew) in Almonte, is just one of the many fiestas which makes Spain so special. Others, like the *Fallas* in Valencia, the bullfight *ferias* of San Isidro in Madrid and San Fermín in Pamplona, the wine and flamenco *ferias* in Andalusia, and hundreds more, make Spain the longest and most interesting party in the world.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 24, at 8: "Shirah," "Tongues of Fire," and "Piece for Brass."... **DONALD MCKAYLE DANCE COMPANY.** Thursday, May 22, at 8, and Sunday, May 25, at 7:30: "Nocturne," "Burst of Fists," and "District Storyville." ... ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 2:30: "Daughters of Eden," "Games," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... **TALLEY BEATTY DANCE COMPANY.** Friday, May 23, at 8: "L'Histoire d'un Petit Voyage," "Rite de Passage," "Antigone," and "Black Belt."... ¶ Sunday, May 25, at 1:30: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "Doogla," and "The Road of the Phoebe Snow."

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1969," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Thursday, May 22, and will run through Sunday, June 1. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Special matinées Wednesday, May 28, and Memorial Day at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Through Thursday, May 29, singer Tom Paxton and a group called McKendree Spring can be heard. On Friday, May 30, the Everly Brothers will replace Paxton. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A congenial downstairs coffeehouse where the sound, at the moment, is bluesy. Various performers drop in each night to sing or play. Shows start at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims and Al Cohn lead an easygoing quintet in a club they have favored for a number of years. Fridays through Sundays, singer Anita O'Day joins them and—one surmises—loves every minute of it. The music begins at about nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddie Moore, and Marshall Brown play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine, music by the Joe Henderson quintet. From Tuesday, May 27, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will continue its recent experiments in turbid soundwaves. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, May 24, from five to nine, Artie Simmons and the Jazz Samaritans; Sunday, May 25, from five to nine, Tyrone Washington's concert ensemble. On Mondays, from nine, various jazz combos perform.

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VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Ahmad Jamal trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, the Miles Davis quintet alternates with comic Richard Pryor. On Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, Miles's outfit will share the stand with the Modern Jazz Quartet. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Roland Kirk, leading his quartet, is a phenomenon of sorts on his several reeds. Between sets, the Tony Williams trio plays fast and very loud. Starting time is nine-thirty, in theory. Mondays are reserved for the large and penetrating Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

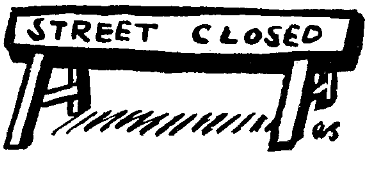
(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of live groups. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Hey, Jude"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—This big place, with its Day-Glo tunnel and wide-screen light show, is becoming something of a hip-type, lower East Side cultural center. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Meat (through Sunday, May 25) and from Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys (starting Tuesday, May 27). On Monday, May 26, at eight-thirty, as part of the Electric Ear series, Robert Ashley will present what he calls an electronic psychodrama (no dancing that evening). Wednesdays, beginning at eight-thirty, are blues nights (mainly listening, with some dancing to records); on Wednesday, May 21, the blues artists will be Jesse Fuller and Big Mama Thornton; on May 28, the artists will have a Memphis orientation and will include Furry Lewis, the Reverend Robert Wilkins and his Sons, and Bukka White. Alcohol is out.



L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by the Trilogy, three girls from Canada who sing. On Monday, May 26, a quartet named the New Direction will supplant the T. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees awhile, you might. Dancing to records from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight. Closed Sunday, May 25.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of Los Banditos. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A fine way to run a dinner-through-supper *dansant* is how the Café Pierre looks and sounds all the time. Music—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice.... **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The seats of the mighty at Tintagel are empty, but the memory lingers on. Music ad infinitum, some of it taken from life (Lester Lanin's smoothies) and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays.... **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The sporting life is always under wraps in the restaurant, even though it goes on as late as one or two. The music comes from Ernie Warren's light cavalry. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays.... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—Argueso's Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—sock-and-roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Mabel Mercer, getting her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), assisted by the impeccable piano of Buddy Barnes (this every Monday and Tuesday); the rest of the time, there stands (and delivers) Joan Rivers, a wispy but also wiry and often witty girl who probably wears a karate belt under that cheerful frock. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians, blending

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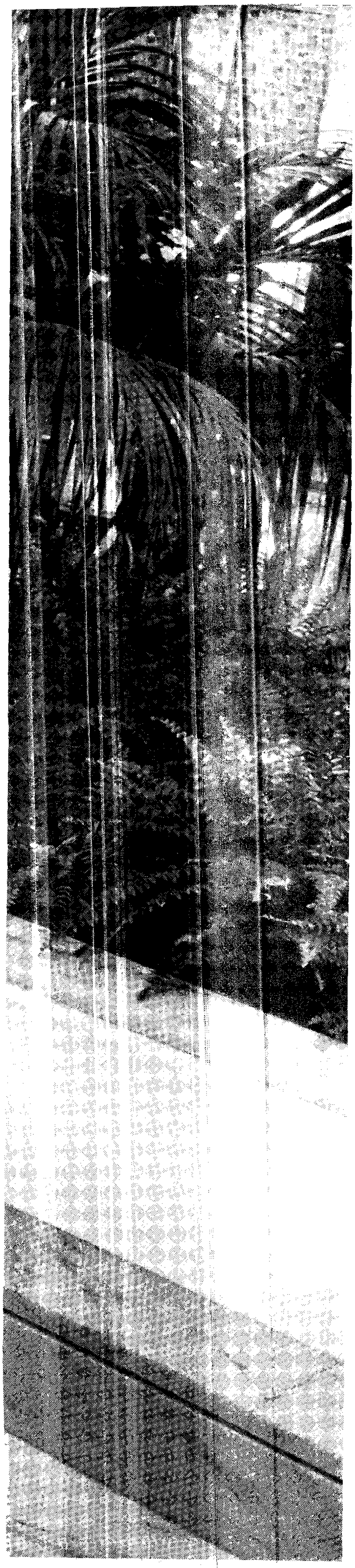

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voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian; Turkan offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre.* The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Blithe are the spirits of "Free Fall," the incumbent toy revue (the spiritual adviser was, after all, Ronny Graham), and blithe is the complaint-about-everything department they run. The leader of the pack is Patti Deutsch. Except on Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, there is tumult and shouting throughout dinner and supper, mainly by the 5th Dimension, a crew of rollers who put a lot of their energy into much ado about precisely what? The Lee Evans orchestra sounds the way all dance bands should. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The age of chavalry returns as the light-horse regiment of Los Chavales de España deploys across the stage. The occasion is a sentimental, even grandiloquent one, but this marching, singing band carries it off. Twice every night, and three times Saturdays. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado, who bemoans the fate of all Iberian lovers in such touching flamencan tones, has returned to the theatre-in-the-round Flamenco Room, where he shares the podium night after night with the guitar of Emilio Prados.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The rejoicing voice of Dionne Warwick will be stilled after Wednesday, May 21, but Tom Jones will thereafter be blowing hot, never cold, in his song recitals. No dark nights, ever. . . . ¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pacesetters, who take no nights off.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—How to let freedom ring and ring and ring is demonstrated by the Roy Eldridge quintet (for which Jimmy Rushing declaims the lyrics), the All-Stars (Marty Napoleon, Milt Hinton, and Don Lamond), and Muriel Roberts, who gives her piano first-class passages. Six-thirty until two. Closed Sundays; no (regrets!) dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, the Lettermen get their awards: A-plus for appearance, B for voicings, C-minus for content, D-minus for humor. The band run by Burt Farber and the small squad run by Mark Monte keep all dancers in trim. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** George Shearing and followers are dividing their time between lullabies of Broadway and lullabies of Fifth Avenue. The threesome of Mousie Alexander, which does the exercise music for the customers, is in the same mood. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine, though not on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—*Per ardua ad astra*, from which the cluttered streets of New York 10036 are scarcely visible. Dancing from seven until two; during dinner and supper, the arias of Felicia Sanders unabashedly consider the agonies and the ecstasies of the oldest emotion. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the city's leading *bibliothèque,* is a traditional gathering place for those who dance as they read, for which purpose the management supplies grandiose bookstalls and the energetic dance bands of Quintero and George Cort. Robert Kole and Ernest Param, who have put together their own economy-size musical comedy, do all the roles thereof around ten during the week, around nine and midnight Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, is, by comparison, Walden Pond—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time (3/4 time, anyway). Closed Sundays.

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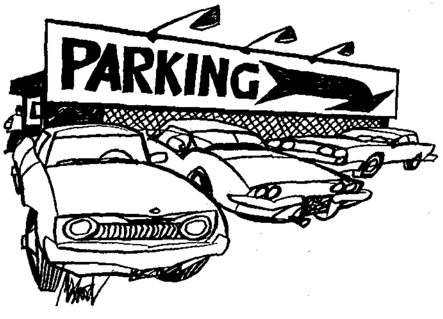
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—It would be easy to believe that the Empire Room is going to rock and ruin, but it's just Diana Ross and the Supremes singing their lively say during dinner and supper. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Abandon all mope, ye who enter these portals, for the double, but never double-or-nothing, piano of Louis Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, which takes root around eight, offers upbeat by the yard. Fraternal freewheeling from then until early morn. Closed Sundays and Friday and Saturday, May 30-31. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a night school devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. No music Sundays; closed Friday and Saturday, May 30-31. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal progress—a joint project of the customers, the directorate, and the amusers. These last are Bobby Short, singer of songs in which the Devil can't take even the hindmost, and his blithe sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Nine-thirty until two. Closed Sundays as well as Friday and Saturday, May 30-31. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): You wouldn't want to live here, but you can pay it a visit to hear Charles De Forest embellish the larksome and/or languishing songs of the demimonde. He is absent Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian musicians are fond of perpetual motion, and in this side street, unhampered by city traffic laws, they pursue their favorite sport. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band; Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fashionable watering place, even though most of the guests go there to take the rums instead of the waters. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, one can brush up on cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of itinerant minstrels, who commence at eight or nine and float about until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse.* Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The minimum speed is 78 r.p.m., the pace at which the staff whiles away its working hours with swatches of any Italian opera that happens to be lying around. Closed Mondays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

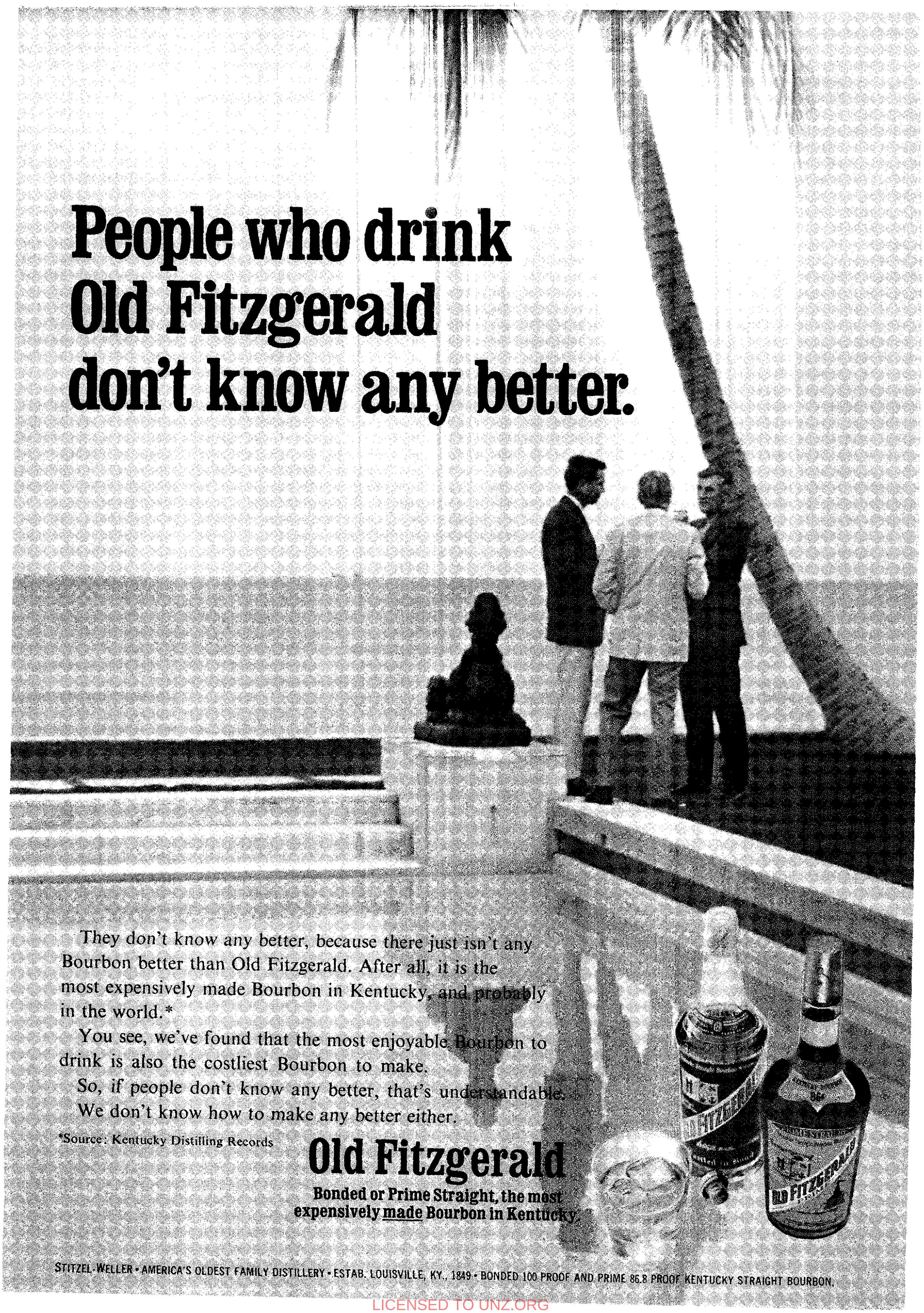
CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, where Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): *Toujours la politesse.* From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Memorial Day. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their benevolent way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The course of Empire (Austro-Hungarian, of course) runs smooth, to the tune of George Feyer, a conversational though conservatory pianist. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Seated at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight, except on Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alice Baber—Circular motifs in high-keyed transparent hues; through June 5. (Sachs,



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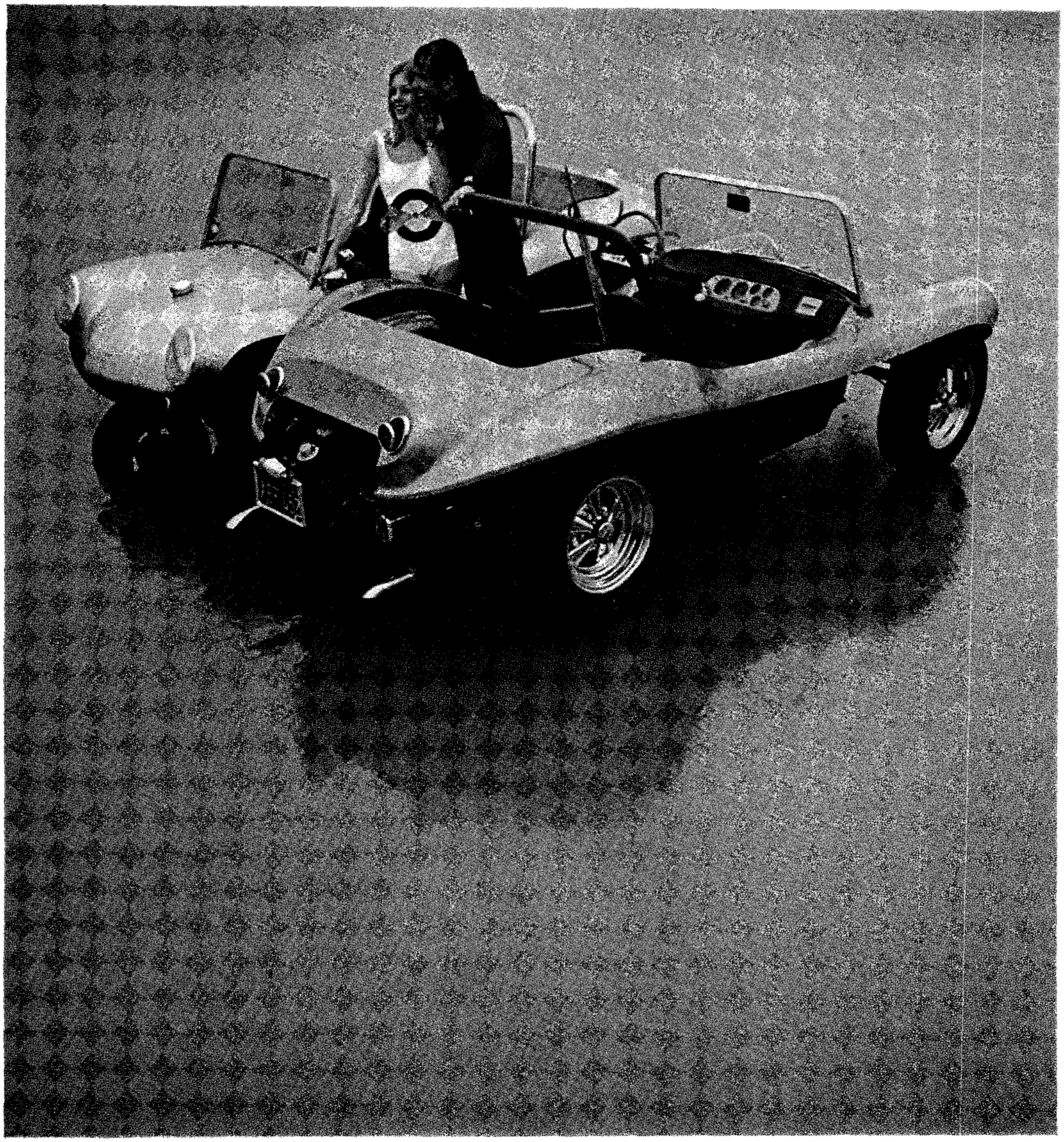

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29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

Walter Barker—Painted wooden boxes containing figures and objects under controlled light; through June 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day.)

George Bellows—Twelve paintings, mainly landscapes, one a tennis match; through Saturday, May 24. (Allison, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ben Benson—Geometrical compositions of layers of colored paper; through Thursday, May 29. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernando Botero—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through Sunday, May 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Dan Christensen—Spray paintings in brilliant metallic colors; through June 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

John Chumley—Realistic paintings of regional themes; through Wednesday, May 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Clutz—Color studies; through Thursday, May 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sophie Corwin, Cliff Glynn, and James Kroeplin—Welded-steel sculptures by Mrs. Corwin, a painter; impressions of art-world types in drawings and paintings by Mr. Glynn; and Abstract Expressionist-derived paintings by Mr. Kroeplin. Through Saturday, May 31. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Sergio de Camargo—White reliefs composed of square and oblong wooden shapes; through Saturday, May 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Murray Dressner and John Formicola—Color areas with curved edges by the former and rectangles by the latter; through June 6. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Dream figures and cityscapes in watercolor; through Saturday, May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Mimi Gross Grooms and Red Grooms—Drawings and watercolors of Europe; through June 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

Renato Guttuso—Drawings for Dante's "Divine Comedy" by a leading Italian social realist; through Thursday, May 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—The first half (1950-58) of a retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in international exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is; through Thursday, May 29. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lillian Kahner—Expressionist landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 31. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Kandinsky, Franz Marc, and August Macke—A large showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through June 27. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Paul Klee and Giorgio Morandi—Oil paintings, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, May 24. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dorothy and Chaim Koppelman—A man-and-wife team, both followers of Eli Siegel's Aesthetic Realism, present paintings by the former, prints and drawings by the latter; through Saturday, May 31. (Terrain, 39 Grove St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Michel Larionov (1881-1964)—Forty-two paintings covering the development of the Russian modernist famous for his work with the Diaghilev Ballet; through Saturday, May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Rico Lebrun (1900-64)—Almost all the sculptures created by this West Coast painter; through Saturday, May 24. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St.)

Max Liebermann (1847-1935)—Drawings and graphics by Germany's best-known Jewish modernist; through June 13. (Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

Rena Mandelbaum—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, May 31. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Giacomo Manzù—Bronze reliefs, including studies for his widely discussed panels for the door of St. Peter's in Rome; through Thursday, May 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Agnes Martin and John McCracken—Four paintings and four sculptures by two Minimalists; through June 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roland Michenet—Machinelike forms and figures in warlike motifs by a French newcomer to New York; through June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Motherwell—This Abstract Expressionist has turned to compositions based on the square, in one or two colors; through June 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Gray paintings, some of them introducing the male nude; through June 27. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Watercolors; through June 7. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Oliveira—Fantasies about the human face and figure in drawings and lithographs by a California artist; through Wednesday, May 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Pace—Figurative oils and watercolors by a former Abstract Expressionist; through June 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

Helen Pashgian—Spherical and egg-shaped epoxy sculptures; through Thursday, May 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pavia—Fifteen monumental Abstract sculptures in marble, by a founding father of the Artists Club; through Saturday, May 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Henry Pearson—Abstract watercolors emphasizing linear rhythms; through June 7. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

Gloria F. Ross—Tapestries executed from designs by Paul Feeley, Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, Jack Youngerman, and others; through Sunday, May 25. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Henri Rousseau—Paintings and drawings from the collection of his friend Max Weber, together with letters from Rousseau to Weber, Picasso, and others; through Saturday, May 31. (Feigen, 25 E. 77th St.)

Richards Ruben—Drawings with Abstract symbols; starting Saturday, May 24. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

Albert Sandecki—Landscape paintings featuring the Maine seacoast; through June 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

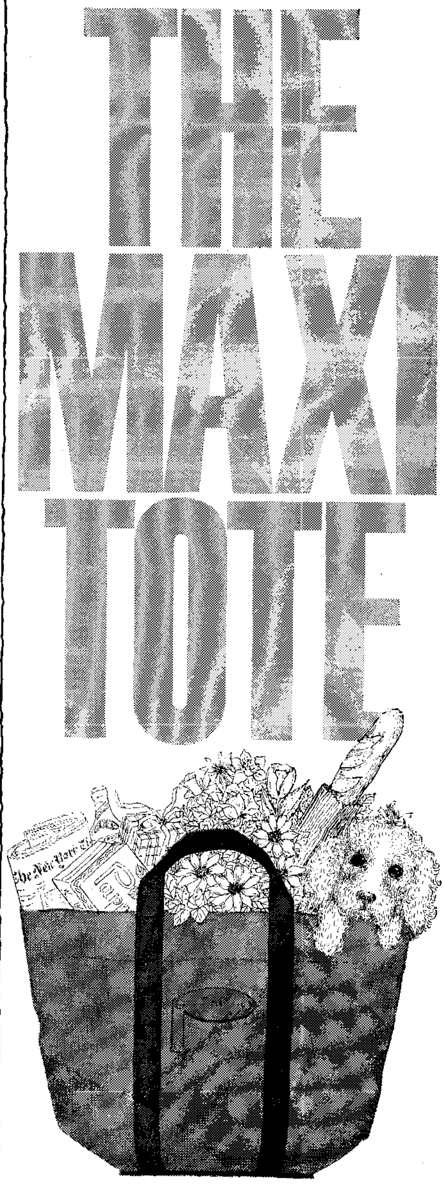
Tim Scott—A British artist's first one-man show in the United States, consisting of two mammoth constructions of steel tubes and bars and acrylic sheets; through Wednesday, May 28. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Shotwell—Impressionist landscapes and portraits by a Woodstock, N.Y., artist who died in 1965; through June 7. (Shuster, 536 Third Ave., at 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Rufino Tamayo—Lithographs in black and white and color, and pastel maquettes for some of them, by this leading Mexican artist; through Saturday, May 24. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Sabina Teichman—Expressionist portraits, figures, and fantasies in vivid color; through Thursday, May 29. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Gerald van de Wiele—Landscape paintings and



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Indianapolis/Atlanta/Springfield

drawings; through Thursday, May 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Constructions in mixed mediums; through June 14. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings, many in egg tempera; through Saturday, May 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1969 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through June 1. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Society of American Graphic Artists—The fiftieth annual award exhibit, plus a historical section with prints by Marin, Picasso, Cassatt, Matisse, and other exhibitors in earlier S.A.G.A. shows; through Saturday, May 31. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven artist-couples, in most of which the husband is the better known; through June 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **banfer**, 23 E. 67th St.: About forty paintings and twenty drawings by Jared French, Maurice Grosser, Ken Davies, and Margo Hoff (to mention a few); through Saturday, May 24. . . . **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Matisse, Avery, Brandt, de Kooning, De Niro, Kadish, Orozco, and five others; through Friday, May 23. . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A few of the artists in a comprehensive show of Dadaist work in many mediums are Duchamp, Ernst, Grosz, Richter, Schwitters, and Tzara; through June 6. (Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.) . . . **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and collages by thirty black artists—Romare Bearden, Jacob Lawrence, Richard Hunt, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills, to name several; through Thursday, May 29. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Oldenburg, Marisol, and Segal; through Saturday, May 31. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes by, for example, Durand, Cole, Kensett, and Inness; through Wednesday, May 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **landau-alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Drawings by prominent twentieth-century American painters and sculptors; through June 13. (Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.) . . . **loeb & krugier**, 119 E. 57th St.: Eighty-five paintings and drawings by artists of the Nabi group, including Bonnard, Vuillard, and Gauguin; starting Thursday, May 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works selected from items shown in the gallery during the past season by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; starting Tuesday, May 27. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31.) . . . **new school graduate faculty center**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Inaugurating the new center, an exhibition of fifty-eight paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Agostini, Baskin, Nevelson, Lester Johnson, Hedda Sterne, Bearden, and other noted artists; through June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, noon to 8; Saturday, May 24, from 10 to 6.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through June 28. (Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; through Thursday, May 29. . . . **shickman**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Sixty anonymous sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century drawings; through Saturday, May 24. . . . **union carbide building**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: A hundred and fifty oils and sculptures and two hundred graphics by artists of sixty countries—artists who are recognized at home but have not had one-man shows in New York; through June 6. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists, a few well known, exploring aesthetic possibilities of TV; through June 14. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **zegrí**, 152 E. 79th St.: Twenty-four painters from Venezuela; through June 7. (Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

Sculptures—At **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Arp, Maillol, Barlach, Matisse, Moore, Calder, and Giacometti are among the artists represented in a survey of twentieth-century works; through June 7. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **bryant park**, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.: An exhibition by the Sculptors Guild of pieces by such artists as de Creeft, Padovano, Gross, and Campbell, plus winners of a recent young sculptors competition conducted by the Guild; through June 2.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown, starting Friday, May 23, and continuing through Sunday, June 8.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Note—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **metropolitan museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; starting Wednesday, May 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ At the **museum of primitive art**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A hundred photographs by thirty photographers from Brady to Stieglitz and Steichen; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through June 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the sculptures and other creations of Jean Arp from the earliest works in 1910 to his death in 1966; through June 29. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty oils, watercolors, egg-tempera miniatures, and prints by Julius Bissier, a German refugee in Switzerland, who died in 1965; through June 29. . . . ¶ Thirty paintings and sculptures by nine young artists in an exhibit intended to reflect "a broad spectrum" of current work in Europe and the United States; starting Saturday, May 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, sculptures, films, and music, mostly created for an exhibition called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials," and meant to exist only for its duration, by twenty-two artists, among them Carl Andre, William Bollinger, Eva Hesse, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Robert Ryman, and Richard Serra; through July 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions comprising some hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and prints by sixty-seven artists, thirty-three of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through June 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 21-22, and Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 26-27, until 11; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-nine paintings, drawings, and watercolors by the Florentine painter Pietro Annigoni (best known for his portraits of the British royal family), including landscapes, allegories, and non-royal portraits; through June 22. . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century French prints and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec, Delacroix, Pissarro, Manet, and others; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Ocean Life offers a gargantuan model of a breaching blue whale, ingeniously affixed to the ceiling at a single impossible point. Around the walls are new dioramas of—ah—ocean life. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Figurines of the T'ang dynasty (618-906 A.D.) depicting non-Chinese who played various roles in Chinese life, and also ceramic vessels influenced by the West; through Sunday, May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, graphics, posters, sculptures, furniture, and objects of art in the Art Nouveau style; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social-realist Philip Evergood; through June 29. . . . ¶ Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Nearly three hundred items (books, manuscripts, maps, prints, first editions) dated prior to 1821, and, at that, only an hors d'oeuvre from the archives of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass.; through Saturday, May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A gathering of handcrafted objects by anonymous Swiss artisans—chaff spitters, inn signs, lace pictures, and such; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ A selection of drawings in various mediums by Reginald Marsh, documenting his work as book illustrator; through June 16. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 6.)

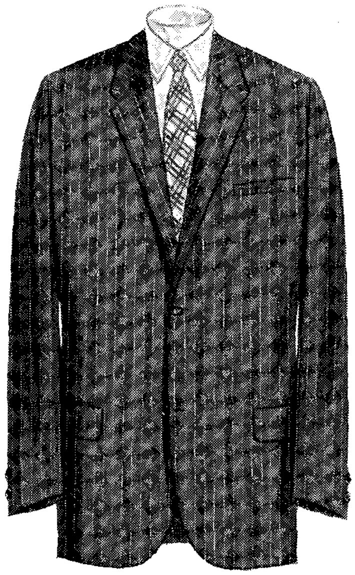
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays and Memorial Day, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—A program of Spanish music on Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, and Saturday, May 24, all at 8:30 (with Maralin



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Niska, soprano, and Ned Styres, baritone); a program of Russian music on Friday, May 23, and Tuesday through Thursday, May 27-29, all at 8:30 (with Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, and the Bil Baird Marionettes); and a varied program on Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Robert Mosley, baritone; Theodore Lettvin, piano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

SENIOR ORCHESTRA OF LOCAL 802—David Mandoza conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 25, at 3.)

NAUMBURG ORCHESTRA—Frank Brieff conducting, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Friday, May 30, at 8:30.)

PRO ARTE DOUBLE CHORALE AND CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—John Nelson directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Solomon," with Patricia Brooks, soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

RECITALS

DORIAN QUINTET—Chamber music for woodwinds. (Town Hall. Wednesday, May 21, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE, CLARENCE CARTER, AND ROTARY CONNECTION—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—A benefit program of his own music, with Artie Shaw, Woody Herman, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, May 26, at 8:30.)

BILL EVANS' TRIO AND BILLY TAYLOR'S TRIO—With Toots Thielemans, Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, and Duke Pearson's band, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Monday, May 26, at 8:30.)

LED ZEPPELIN, WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA, AND DELANEY AND BONNIE AND FRIENDS—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Oakland, Wednesday, May 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, May 23, at 8; Saturday, May 24, at 2; and Sunday, May 25, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Diego, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 27-28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 30, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 31, at 2:15.

BOXING—Frank DePaula vs. Don Fullmer, light heavyweights, 10 rounds; and Nino Benvenuti vs. Dick Tiger, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, May 26, at 9.)

HORSE SHOW—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, and Monday through Saturday, May 26-31.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 21, and Saturday, May 24.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Roseben Handicap, Wednesday, May 21; the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 24; the Metropolitan Handicap, Friday, May 30; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, May 31. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Friday, May 30. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 24, and the Jersey Derby, Friday, May 30. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2. from Saturday, May 31, through Thursday, Aug. 7. (Buses to the track will leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 10:30 and 12:20.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.). . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, May 26, through Thursday, July 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturday and Sunday, May 24-25, at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturday and Sunday, May 24-25, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Captives of the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily 10 to 4:30.). . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to meetings of the Economic and Social Council, as well as to sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to convene on Thursday, May 29), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—Sun, ice cream, hot dogs, dogs, elbows, and—oh, yes—antiques. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31, from 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 21, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 7:15: A benefit auction of Haitian paintings, from the Museum of Art in Port-au-Prince and from private collections. . . . ¶ Friday, May 23, at 1:45: Part I of the Richard Bryant Hobart collection of Oriental art. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 27, at 10:15 and 1:45: Modern prints, including works by Chagall, Picasso, and Dali; from several collectors.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—May 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Justice Is Done" (1950), in French, with Claude Nollier. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Backlash" (1956), with Richard Widmark and Donna Reed. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Hondo" (1953), with John Wayne and Geraldine Page. . . . ¶ May 24 at 11:30: "The Stars Look Down" (1941), directed by Carol Reed, with Michael Redgrave and Margaret Lockwood. . . . ¶ May 24 at 3 and 5:30: "The Naked Spur" (1953), with James Stewart and Janet Leigh. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Warlock" (1959), with Richard Widmark and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ May 26 at 2 and 5:30: "House of Bamboo" (1955), with Robert Ryan and Robert Stack. . . . ¶ May 27 at 2 and 5:30: "The Left Handed Gun" (1958), with Paul Newman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

FROM SPAIN WITH LOVE

To those people whose first sip of imported brandy wasn't quite the romantic interlude they expected.

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What you didn't know was that many of these imported brandies have one big thing in common: stronger taste. Which is fine if you like a stronger taste. (A lot of brandy drinkers do.) But for a gin and tonic, scotch and water person like yourself it turned out to be an experience you never forgot.

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And your flight will be just a little bit nicer, because she is.
One girl that we hired is Linda Scruggs, from Sacramento, California.
She talked to us about making friends in the air:

“People like talking to the stewardess.
And I like talking to people.
Especially businessmen. They’re the most interesting.
First they give me a hot tip on the stock market, then they warn me to stay out of it.
You know, I’ve been flying for two years now.
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Many of them I remember.
And every once and awhile I wonder how they’re doing.”

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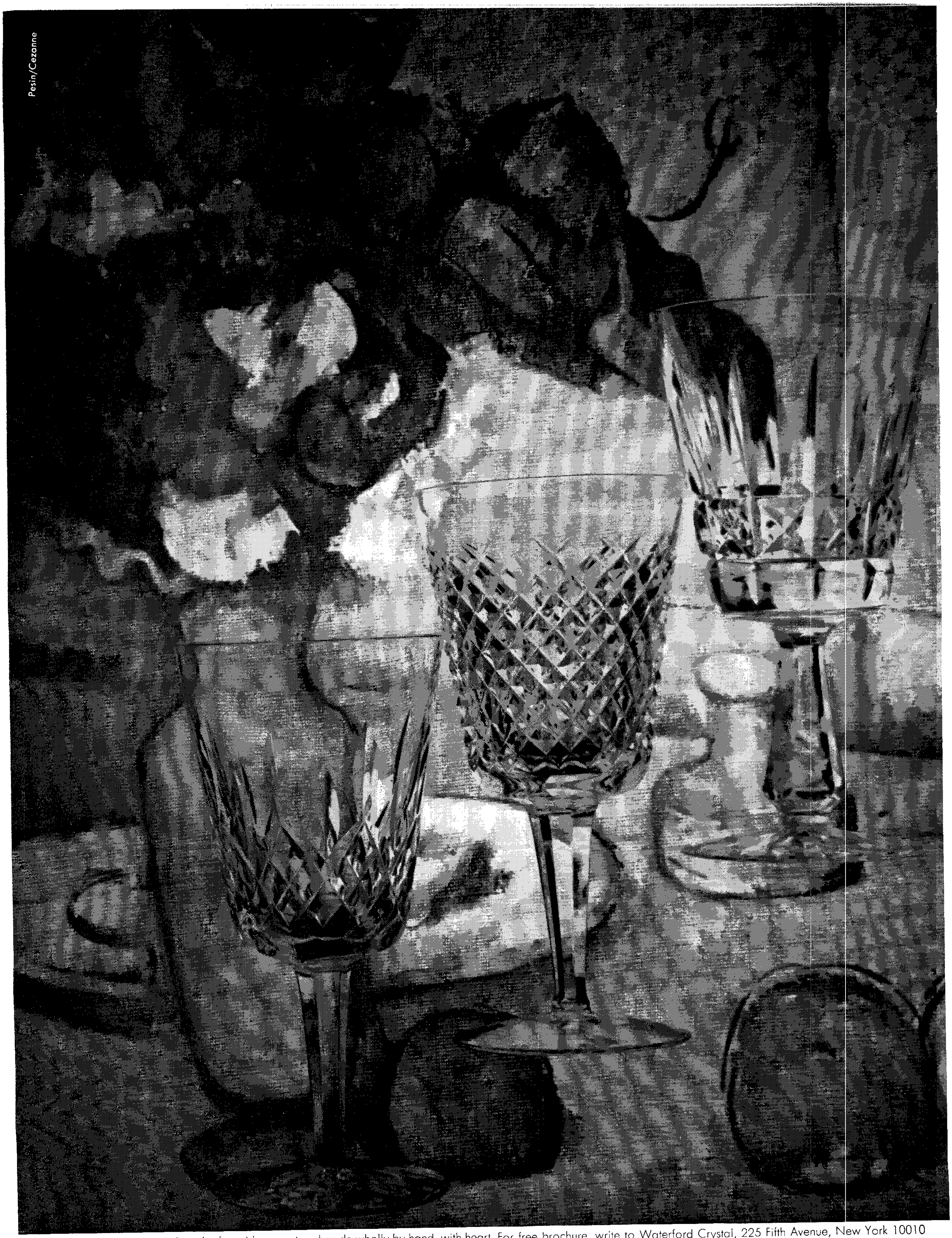

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27				

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 27.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 23.)

Faces—Sexual desire among middle-aged people who have nothing else to live for, acted out in a desperately naked realistic style. John Cassavetes, who directed this psychodrama about alienation and lechery in southern California, has so strongly resisted the commercial possibilities in his theme that this movie is likely to be taken as seriously as he intended. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 27.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

If . . .—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Peter Sellers gets another chance at an American impersonation—this one a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie—in this careless comedy, which turns out to be surprisingly pleasant and occasionally witty. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback from a script by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 27.)

Laughter in the Dark—Nicol Williamson, unmistakably a great actor, plays the cuckolded, blinded hero who falls into Hell from a soft seat as a London art dealer. Tony Richardson directs the Edward Bond script, made from Nabokov's novel and converted into a real film scenario. The movie has a pitying observation of malice and a complex sympathy with the way a man's understanding of the world can be broken down and restructured. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Or "Isadora," as it was more sensibly titled before the scared meddlers of the industry got near it. Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 23-26.)

The Misfits (1961)—Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable as a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through May 22.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians, including Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, Otis Redding, and Ravi Shankar. Playing with it is a basilisk-eyed short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday in Honolulu chatting about riot control. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown for the first time in its full form. His command of Baroque style and comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story in itself fairly trite—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through May 27.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—Some good satirical dances and re-creations of traditional routines grace this lightweight, disorganized, yet charming tribute to burlesque. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Elliott Gould, Britt Ekland, and Joseph Wiseman, at his comic best. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Muriel Spark's witty novel has been handled rather conventionally by the director, Ronald Neame, but the material is so good that the movie is engaging anyway. Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on; Robert Stephens plays her lover, Celia Johnson her adversary. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through May 24. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting May 25.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn in a farce about Broadway. Written and directed by Mel Brooks. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Round Up—Miklós Jancsó, a Hungarian film director of Bresson's calibre, made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 rising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a roundup in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black and white and in Hungarian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through May 24.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through May 22.)

Stolen Kisses—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030; through May 24.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina in Luchino Visconti's version of the Camus novel. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 23.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 22.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
25	26	27	21	22	23	24

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart" (in Danish), Harriet Andersson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 27: **FACES**; and "The Girl with Three Camels" (1968), a Czechoslovakian film.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 27: "Star!," Julie Andrews.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Green Slime," Robert Horton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 26: "The Wanderer" (in French).
From May 27: "Popi," Alan Arkin, Rita Moreno.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through May 24: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).
From May 25: "Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 24: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From May 25: "Hard Contract," James Coburn, Lee Remick.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 24: "Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.
May 25: Theatre closed.
From May 26: "Midnight Cowboy," Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through May 27: "Succubus" (in German).

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
THE PRODUCERS.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Matter of Days," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 27: **LOLA MONTÈS** (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Russ Meyer's "Vixen."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart" (in Danish), Harriet Andersson.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Death of a Gunfighter," Richard Widmark, Lena Horne.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 27: "The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 26: "Where It's At," David Janssen, Rosemary Forsyth.
From May 27: "Popi," Alan Arkin, Rita Moreno.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"Trans-Europ-Express" (1968; in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 27: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"2000 Years Later," Terry-Thomas.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (1961; in Italian); and "Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator" (1968), a Yugoslavian film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through May 27: "The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 22: **THE MISFITS**; and **SOME LIKE IT HOT.**
From May 23: **LA CHINOISE** and **THE STRANGER** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 27: "99 Women," Maria Schell.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
May 21: "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
From May 22: "Winning," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 25: "Les Gauloises Bleues" (in French).
From May 26: "Life, Love, Death" (in French).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
LAUGHTER IN THE DARK.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 24: **THE ROUND UP** (in Hungarian).
From May 25: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through May 27: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 27: Russ Meyer's "Vixen."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 27: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), José Ferrer, Colette Marchand; and "The Big Knife" (1955), Jack Palance, Ida Lupino.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 22: **THE THIN MAN**; and "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945), Joan Leslie, Robert Alda.
May 23-26: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**; and "Min and Bill" (1930), Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler.
From May 27: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

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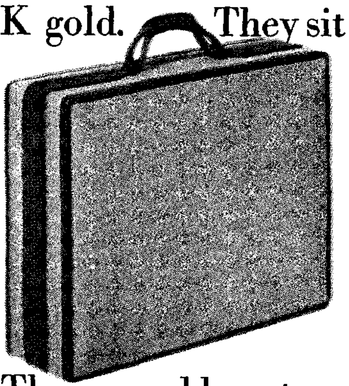

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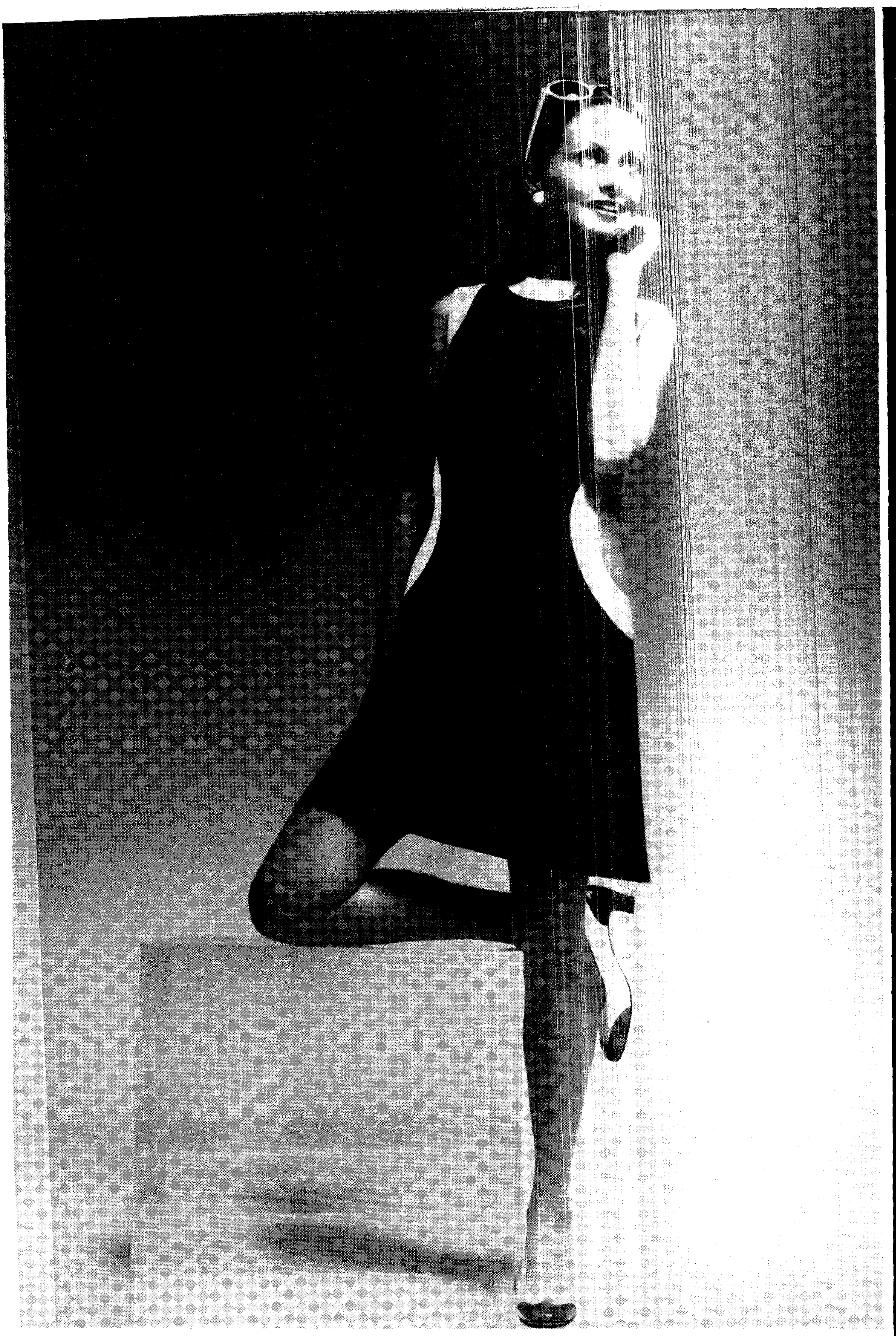

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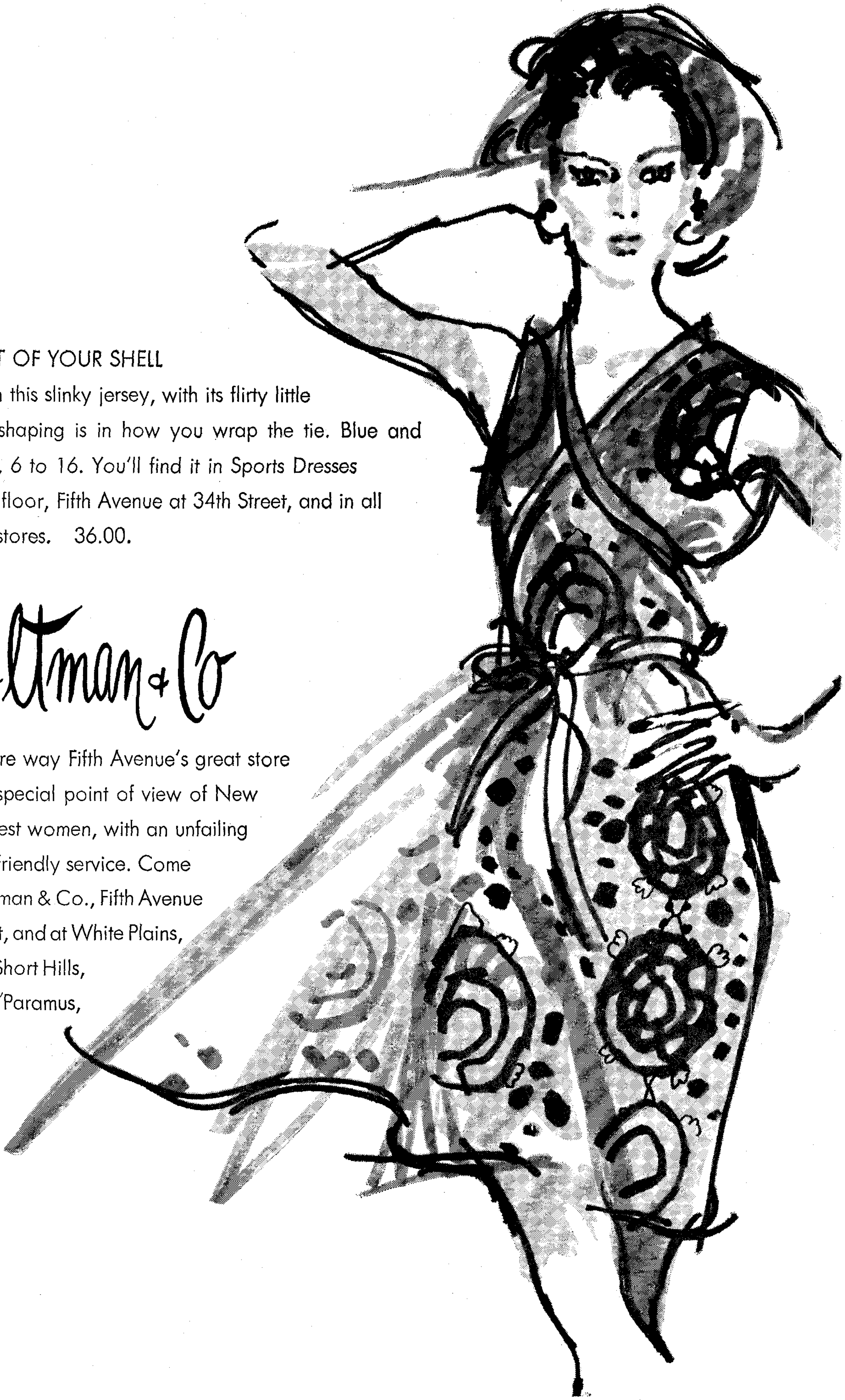

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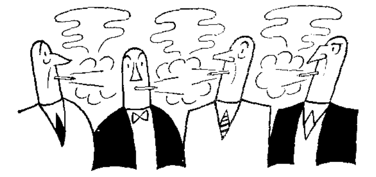
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO judge by a story in the *Times'* business section, the recent stockholders' meeting of the American Tobacco Company was a bang-up success. The company president and board chairman, Mr. Robert B. Walker, announced that business was terrific (the company's profits last year were the largest in its history) and diversified (twenty-eight per cent of its domestic sales come from non-tobacco products). Because of diversification, Mr. Walker said, the company was changing its name; from then on, it would be known as American Brands, Inc. The *Times* story sounded to us like a review of a brilliant and profoundly contemporary new play—a drama that included audience participation, symbolism, and numerous significant silences. Symbols often escape us, but we sensed a message in the accompanying photographs, which showed various officials and stockholders smoking their heads off; Mr. Walker, the story noted, got away with twenty-two cigarettes in two hours. Perfect audience rapport was established, it seemed, during the debate on smoking and health, which was confined by unanimous unspoken consent to a heated attack on mere statistics (showing, according to the American Cancer Society, that a two-pack-per-day smoker of twenty-five has a life expectancy 8.3 years shorter than a nonsmoker of the same age) and on the Federal Communications Commission (for its proposal that cigarette advertising be banned from the broadcasting media). One of the silences, of the comical-ironical genre, came when Mr. Walker, quoting George Canning, said, "I can prove anything by statistics, except the truth," and no one on the stage or in the audience reminded him that he had just previously made heavy use of statistics to prove the financial health of his company. Another silence was the total omission of the Obligatory Scene—discussion of whether any kind of cigarette advertising was advisable or defensible if statistics even *suggested* that seventy-two per cent of the company's products were potentially murderous to millions of Americans. The final silence, of course, was the magical disappearance of the word "Tobacco" from the company monicker, which henceforth will suggest only corporate diversification and human immortality. That new title, it seems to us, may prove to be the finest of all the company's diversified products. "American Brands, Inc."—it has weight, patriotism, stability, gleam. Stand the thing on one end and it becomes a new Sixth Avenue office building, the Euphemism Plaza. We see it ascending to the heavens in a clean, unterraced sweep of chrome, glass, and anonymity. No faces appear in those windows, and the edifice is too smooth to give foothold to a passing butterfly or statistic. Within, all is diversification and hard work. Cigarette smoke rises from each desk and is silently sucked into the central air-conditioning system, which blows it away, abolished and invisible, into the blue and deadly American sky.



Secretary Shultz

THE other day, we arranged to meet George Pratt Shultz, the eleventh Secretary of Labor, when he came to town. He is forty-eight years old, a graduate of Princeton (class of 1942), a veteran of the Second World War (Marine Corps), a former professor of economics and industrial relations (Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1948-57, and the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business, 1957-62), a former college dean (the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business, 1962-69), a Republican (lifetime), an arbitrator of labor-management disputes (in textiles, in chemicals, in food products, in farm implements, in electrical equipment, in metal fabricating), co-author of two books ("Causes of Industrial Peace Under Collective Bargaining" and "Strategies for the Displaced Worker"), and a husband (of the former Helena M. O'Brien) and father (of Margaret Ann, Kathleen Pratt, Peter Milton, Barbara Lennox, and Alexander George).

Secretary Shultz was going down to City Hall to call on Mayor Lindsay, and he invited us to go along.

"What's been the high point of your life up to now?" we asked him during a ride down the East River Drive in a limousine driven by a chauffeur.

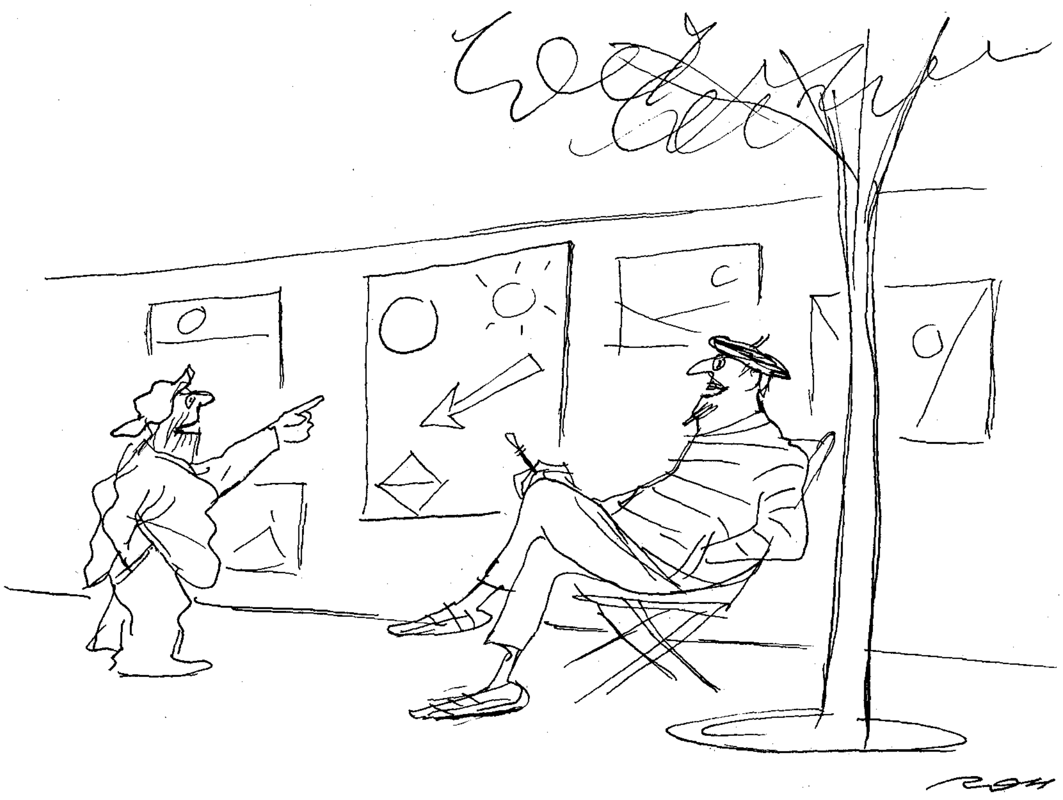
"Being sworn in as Secretary of Labor," Mr. Shultz replied quickly. "Sworn in by the Chief Justice, in the presence of the President, with my wife holding the Bible. It was a dramatic and gripping moment."

"How have things been for you since then?" we asked next.

"Busy. Interesting. And with a level of activity that is wild," he said. "When I go home and my wife asks 'What did you do today, George?' I have to say, 'I can't remember anything about this morning. It was too long ago. I can only tell you what I was doing at five o'clock.' "

A very nice man. Soft-spoken. Trying to overcome his built-in stiffness. Seemingly bland, with a quiet, unob-

MAY 24, 1969



"A hundred and fifty thousand!" *"Two hundred thousand!"*

• • • •

trusive face. A little flabby here and there, but with a freshly sunburned forehead. Alert eyes, and an expression somewhat defensive and discouraged. A not well-fitting navy-blue suit. A light-blue shirt with a button-down collar. A dark Paisley necktie.

"How does your job compare with being a dean?" we asked.

"As a dean, I worked in ways that were similar," he replied. "As you well know, a dean doesn't dictate. Being an administrator, a dean works with the alumni, with the faculty, with the students. But there are certainly differences. People are not interested in meeting deans or in talking with deans. I'm still not used to it."

"Had you known any of your fellow Cabinet members before January?" we asked.

"I knew David Kennedy, Secretary of the Treasury. He's a trustee of the University of Chicago. And, incidentally, I knew Bob Mayo, Director of the Budget, who is an official of the Continental Illinois National Bank—Kennedy's bank. I had met Governor Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, on one or two occasions, briefly. I had met Secretary of State Bill Rogers once, briefly. Maurice Stans, Secretary of Commerce, I had met in the White House when he was Director of the Budget under Eisenhower. In those days, I was working as a consultant to Jim Mitchell, Secretary of Labor, helping out in a study of collective bargaining in the basic-steel industry, and I would see Stans and others at the White House staff mess. Mel Laird, Secretary of Defense, I had met on a number of occasions. I saw quite a bit of him at a two-day meeting that Senator Percy held in Chicago before the Convention, when we spent all of a Saturday and all of a Sunday tossing ideas around for the Republican platform."

"Where do you sit at Cabinet meetings?" we asked.

"Between the Postmaster General and the Ambassador to the United Nations," Secretary Shultz said. "Between Winton Blount and Charles Yost, that is. I had never met either of them before we all became members of the Cabinet."

"Anything go on at the meetings in the way of fun?" we asked.

"The meetings are all very serious. Very dignified. Very formal. As they should be," Secretary Shultz said. "Our wives attended the first Cabinet meeting, as you know. They all really enjoyed it, as you might expect."

City Hall. Into the Mayor's office. Mayor Lindsay gave his caller a breezy, bouncy, energetic, informal greeting. The Mayor stood straight and looked dapper, in a pin-striped navy-blue suit and a shirt of wide blue and white stripes which, although this was late afternoon, didn't have a suggestion of wilt in it. Secretary Shultz's suit was pretty limp, and he himself was sagging slightly. He sat down heavily in an armchair. The Mayor sat on the edge of a sofa facing him. A couple of his aides, Gordon Davis and Peter Tufo, came in and were introduced. Both Davis and Tufo were young, thin, alert, enthusiastic, and casual. They took chairs facing the Mayor and Secretary Shultz. We sat at one end of the sofa. Coffee was served. Everybody sipped it black.

"Glad to see you looking so well, George," the Mayor said.

"Yes, well . . ." Secretary Shultz said. He took a sip of coffee and sighed. "I had one of those lunches," he said. "With newspaper people."

"I did, too," the Mayor said, slapping both his kneecaps and then waving a hand in the direction of the window. "I had the C.B.S. news guys."

"I've got a dinner tonight," Secretary Shultz said. "The American Arbitration Association."

"I'll be stopping by," the Mayor said. "I'll be happy to denounce you," he added, slapping his knees again. "It might do you some good these days to be denounced by *me*." The Mayor, Davis, and Tufo laughed loudly. Secretary Shultz smiled.

"I've been pounded on all weekend long," Secretary Shultz said. "By my kids, Margaret and Kathleen. All they talk is civil rights. They're very impatient with us. They're very impatient with everybody."

"With good reason," said the Mayor.

Secretary Shultz sighed again. He looked over his shoulder at the Mayor's desk, behind him.

"That's a handsome desk," he said. "Is it traditional? Or what?"

"It's a replica of George Washington's desk," Mayor Lindsay said. "The federal people are trying to steal it, but I'm not letting them get it. Well, I've got a couple of topics, George."

"I've got a couple of good-news topics, too," Secretary Shultz said. "But you go first."

"O.K.," Mayor Lindsay said. "Number One, the Neighborhood Youth Corps. We asked for funds for fifty thousand bodies. Double what we had last year."

"The funds appropriated by Congress will be no different from last year," Secretary Shultz said.

"You've got Congress in the palm of your hand, hey?" the Mayor said. He and his aides laughed loudly.

"Well . . ." Secretary Shultz said.

Mayor Lindsay laughed again, and then said, "Seriously, George. Remember last summer, when the kids jumped all over the cars outside City Hall here?"

Secretary Shultz nodded.

"We couldn't get the checks out in time to those kids," the Mayor continued. "And, being brand-new, we weren't staffed up. These kids are poor, and they're hungry. And to them getting those checks means the difference between eating and not eating."

"We had this idea of using the unemployment-compensation offices for distributing the checks," Secretary Shultz said.

"Let me see if I understand it," Mayor Lindsay said. "Where would the kids go to get their checks?"

"It would be sort of a coal-and-ice deal," Secretary Shultz said. "The seasonal low point of these offices is the summer."

Mayor Lindsay turned to Gordon Davis. "How do you see that, Gordon?" he asked.

"We're going to be ahead this year," Davis said. "Our management system is pretty solid. We'll be ready this year."

"We're in a position to handle fifty thousand kids," Mayor Lindsay said.

"Start from the idea that the money will be the same this year that it was last year," Secretary Shultz said.

"Plus supplements," Mayor Lindsay said.

Peter Tufo looked up from making some notes. "Plus supplements," he said.

"We've tried to call people's attention to other kinds of manpower programs in addition to the Neighborhood Youth Corps," Secretary Shultz said. "Thinking of kids in the age-eighteen-to-nineteen category."

"We had very few kids above the age of eighteen," Gordon Davis said quickly. "These jobs are for kids who are going back to school in the fall."

"We're going to have nearly three hundred thousand teen-age kids pouring out of the schools and into the streets next month," Mayor Lindsay said.

"You should get the information soon," Secretary Shultz said.

"It's a rough year," Mayor Lindsay said. "The statewide cuts have done damage. Let me ask you, George. Do you smell any supplemental budgets in the wind? Any summer funding? It's very important that we know where we stand."

"It's one of the things we need to work on," Secretary Shultz said.

"Highly commendable," the Mayor said. "Great. This planning in advance. And advancing the timetable. We're pleased, George, with the MA-4 program for training the unemployed and underemployed. How many bodies will Con Edison be training in that program, Peter?"

Tufo looked up from his notes. "Four hundred," he said.

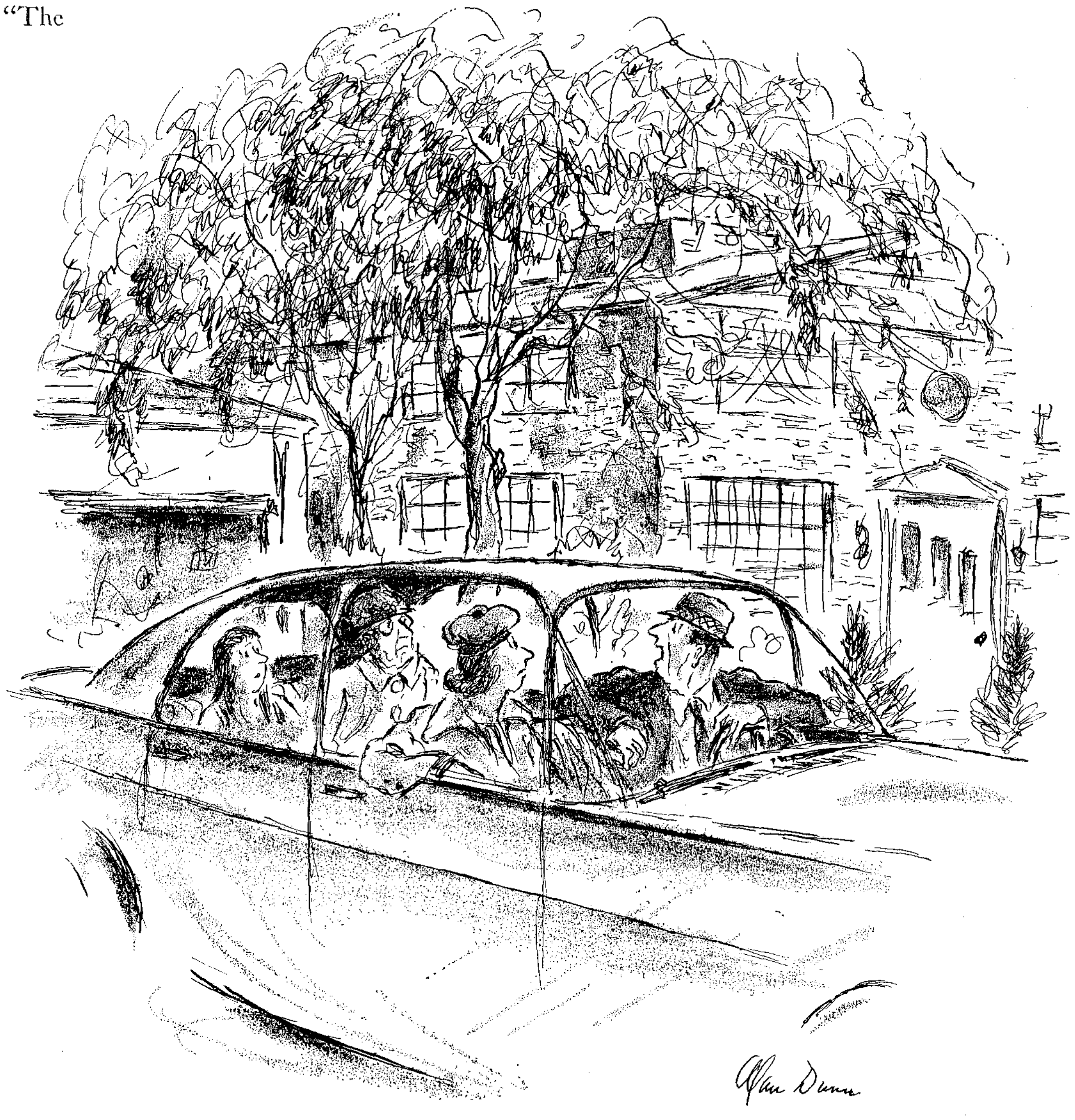
"Good," the Mayor said. "Very good." He turned to Davis. "Gordon, what were the federal limits last year for the Youth Corps?"

Davis laughed. "That's part of the great debate," he said. "They gave us almost eleven million dollars initially, but it was two million less than what we got in 1967, which meant the program could go for only eight weeks instead of ten. Then there was the big battle to get a supplemental appropriation of eight hundred thousand."

"We then made the decision to pump in three to four million bucks that we didn't have," the Mayor said. He gave a low sigh.

Secretary Shultz gave a louder sigh.

"I've been yelling and will keep on yelling about the need for funds for the cities," the Mayor said. "It's no secret that I've been opposed to the war in Vietnam for years and that I think that funds going into those channels are needed desperately in the cities. Nixon was elected President because the people of this country are fed up with the war in Viet-



"Well, folks, if we can't count on St. Christopher, let's fasten our seat belts."

nam. George, I wish you'd go back and tell your gang there that they need the guys like me who are doing the yelling about funds for the cities."

Secretary Shultz nodded. "Be glad to," he said. "I'll tell them."

Lebe Wohl

WHEN Leonard Bernstein gave up his post as music director of the New York Philharmonic last Saturday, he relinquished control over an orchestra that he had shaped and had conducted on a particularly intimate basis for twenty-six years. Although the atmosphere at Philharmonic Hall during the final week of Bernstein rehearsals was an almost Viennese mixture of laughter and tears, the rehearsals themselves were marked by unsentimental hard work and considerable tension. The reason lay in the music that the Maestro had selected for his farewell appearance—Gustav Mahler's monumental Third Symphony, a six-movement, two-hour score, which the Philharmonic had not played since 1961. We dropped by at Philharmonic Hall last Monday to observe the first of the Mahler rehearsals, and found Mr. Bernstein, a slight, dynamic figure in a bright-blue turtleneck pullover and dark-blue slacks, seated on his familiar fenced-in podium and conducting a sprightly melody from the first movement with a businesslike beat. After a few minutes, he tapped his baton on the desk and brought the orchestra to a halt. "All right," he said, looking around. "Everything's too loud. This is a very distant march; it won't work unless you all sound like a toy orchestra. The *marcato* in the first violin should be played *piano*, and, strings, make every sixteenth as late and as dry and as staccato as possible. Let's try it again." The orchestra produced a light, crisp sound, which Mr. Bernstein liked, and he kept it going for ten minutes. When he cued in an offstage snare drum, somebody blew a whistle, and the music was swamped by gales of laughter. "O.K., O.K.," Mr. Bernstein said, with a grin. "Basses, you're running a little ahead of me. Once you get this tempo, stick with it, don't accelerate. Now let's take it from fifty-one."

When the rehearsal broke for lunch, an hour or so later, we accompanied Mr. Bernstein to his dressing room, where Frank Milburn, an official of the Philharmonic staff, and Howard Keresey, the chief librarian of the Philharmonic library, were waiting, with worried expressions on their faces.

"Did you ask for the same set of orchestral parts we used in '61?" Mr. Bernstein inquired.

"Yes, sir, but they weren't available," Mr. Keresey said. "I couldn't even get a clean set. But I'll try again."

"Now, wait a minute," Mr. Bernstein said slowly. "Having spent this whole rehearsal on the first movement and having made a slight start on the fourth, maybe we ought to keep the parts we have. At least they're clean."

"And the bowing changes are being put in now," said Mr. Keresey.

"Yes, but I don't think we can do it in three rehearsals," Mr. Bernstein said. He lit a cigarette and began to think out loud. "If we remain as we are, with a 'Swan Lake' recording session tomorrow, we have Wednesday morning to finish the fourth movement—which is very, *very* difficult—and that long third movement. And in the afternoon the choruses and the soloist come in. I just don't think we're going to make it." He turned to Mr. Milburn and asked if the hall would be available on Tuesday afternoon.

"The Philadelphia is due at three," said Mr. Milburn. "But perhaps we can delay them and give you some extra rehearsal time."

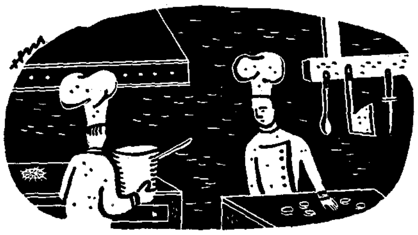
"I don't like that plan very much," said Mr. Bernstein. "Because everybody will be exhausted after recording 'Swan Lake.' Including me. The sensible thing to do is to can the session, but Columbia Records would have to pay for it."

"It's a lot of money," Mr. Milburn said quietly.

"God, I hate to make a drama at this point," Mr. Bernstein said. "But it would be *very* unfortunate to have a rough and unprepared performance of the Mahler. It's got to be beautiful."

"I'll see about the recording session and the Philadelphia," said Mr. Milburn.

He disappeared down the hall, and Mr. Bernstein explained to us that the Mahler parts did not belong to the Philharmonic. "You can't buy them, as you would a Beethoven symphony," he said. "You have to rent them. And, for some reason, we didn't get back the parts that we used in 1961. Until today, I had assumed that they would be the same—with all the markings we'd worked out. But since they're completely different, this means that I'll have to explain everything all over again. Which is going to take time."



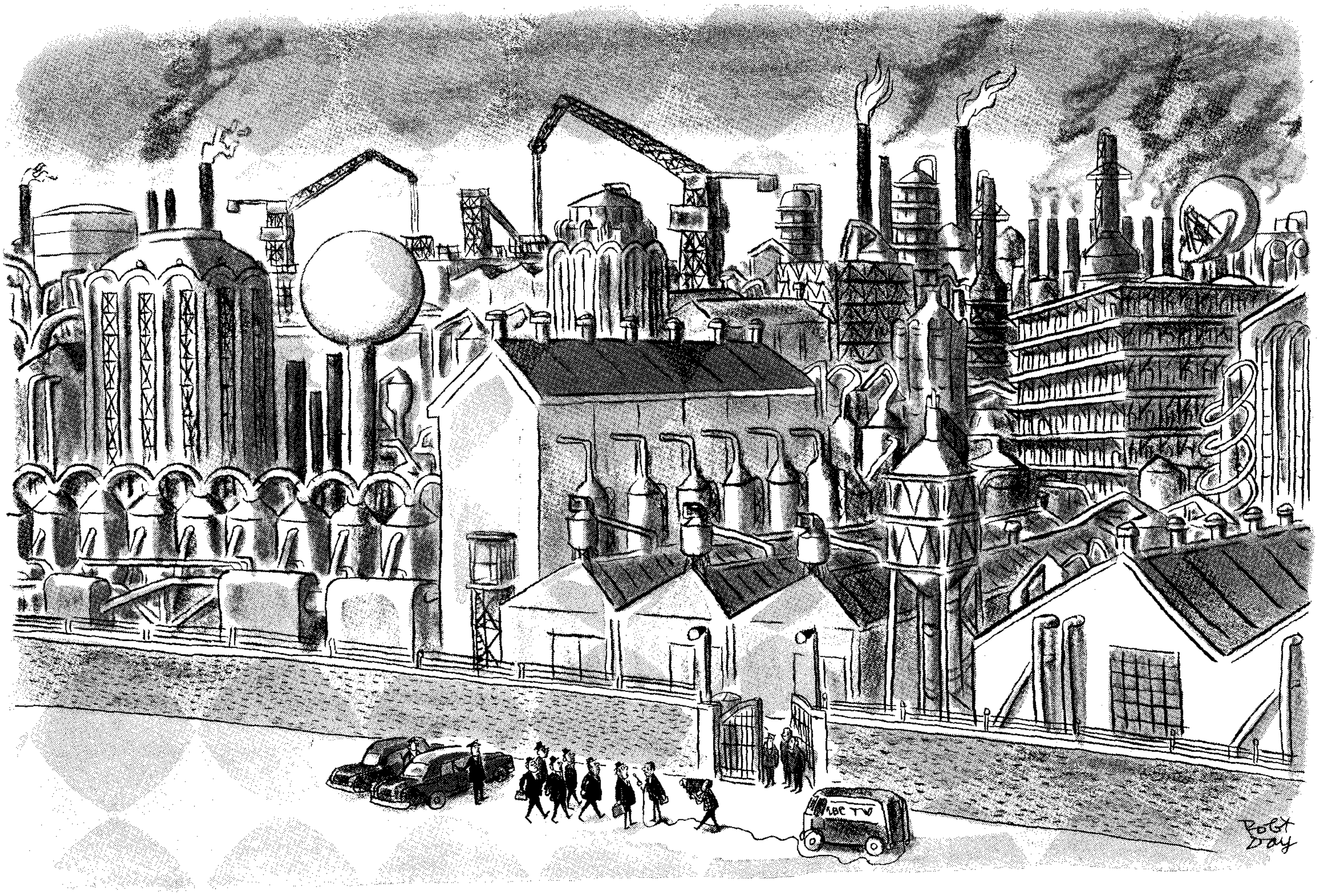
"Why Mahler?" we asked as Mr. Bernstein stared gloomily at the wall, absorbed in his private dilemma.

"Because I feel very close to him," Mr. Bernstein said. "The identification is so strong on so many levels. Sometimes I feel as though I'd written this music myself. I chose the Third because it happens to strike a wonderful note between grandeur and poignancy. It doesn't have a finale like the Second, where bells peal and organs break out. Nor does it have an ending of resignation, like the Ninth, in which everything fades and floats heavenward in anticipation of death. I didn't want to make this occasion either festive or funereal. On the other hand, it is an ending and there should be a definite finale."

Mr. Bernstein lit another cigarette and added that there were excellent musical reasons for his choice as well. "Mahler was a very great conductor of the Philharmonic, and a composer whose work sums up that whole extraordinary arch of symphonic music that begins with Mozart," he said. "It was Mahler's destiny to take German Viennese music as it developed between 1770 and 1910 and wrap it up and say the last amen over it. So when you play a symphony like this as the final one, you are, as Mahler did, saying '*Lebe wohl*'—'Farewell'—to all symphonic music. With the disappearance of tonality, the symphonic concept has—except for a few epigonic accretions such as Sibelius, Prokofieff, and Shostakovich—disappeared as well. *Lebe wohl.*"

We asked Mr. Bernstein what he planned to do in the immediate future. He replied that he was leaving almost immediately for Vienna, to conduct Beethoven's Missa Solemnis for the hundredth anniversary of the Staatsoper. "From there I go to Rome, to talk over a film with Franco Zeffirelli," he said. "It has to do with St. Francis, and it will be a musical picture. I'm not just writing the score—I've had that. It's a matter of our doing everything together from the beginning. I wouldn't call it an opera. I suppose it may develop into a new art form."

Lighting another cigarette, Mr. Bernstein observed that he had no intention of giving up conducting. "I'll be back at the Philharmonic for five weeks next year," he said. "And I will conduct abroad—London, Paris, Rome,



"As a Congressional committee investigating our vast industrial complex, we have come to take a closer look."

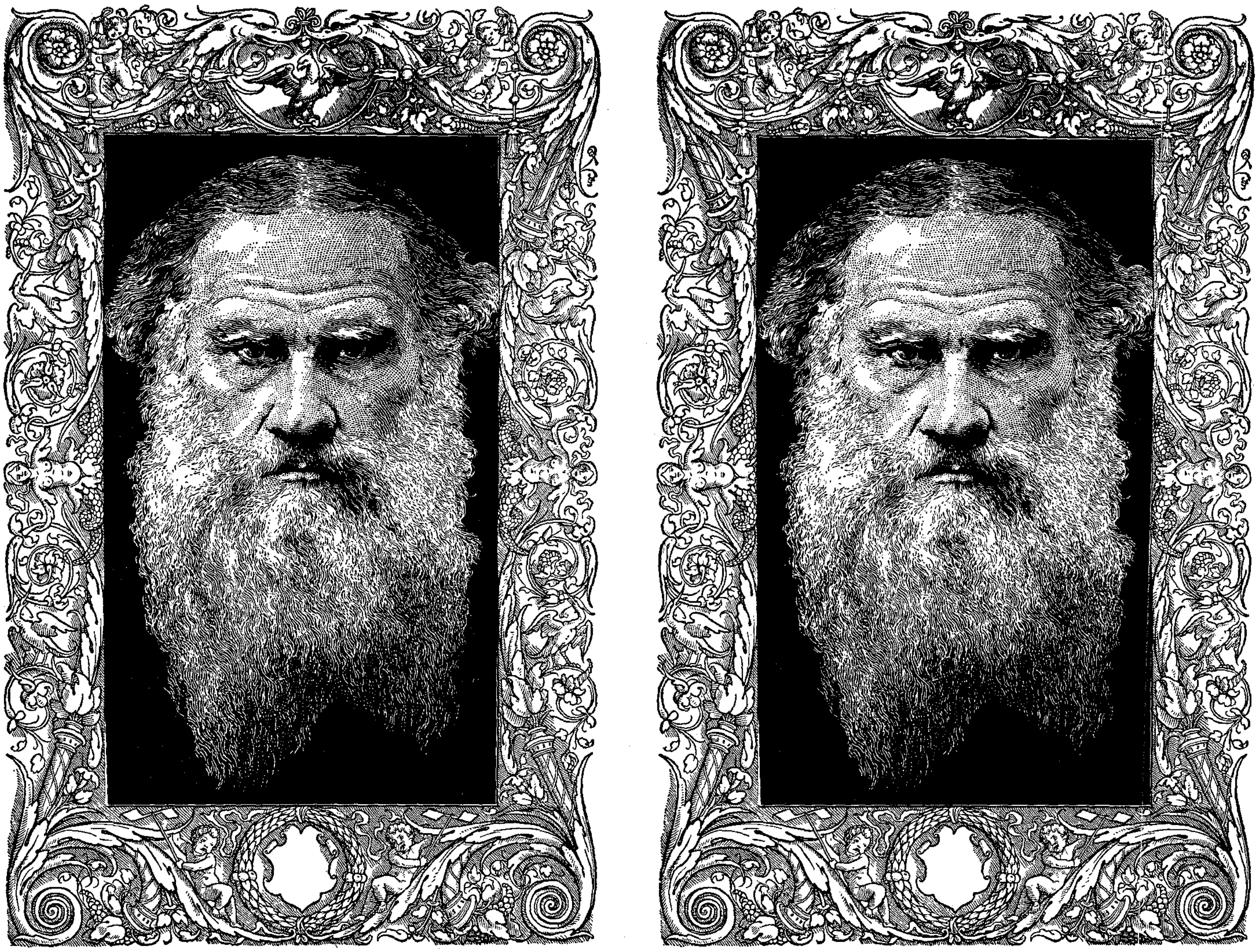
• •

Vienna, and Israel. What I've really done is to give up the time-consuming responsibilities that go with being musical director of an orchestra that has a fifty-two-week schedule—auditions, recording sessions, television programs, tours, summer-festival performances—to concentrate on creative work. I plan to divide my year into two six-month periods—the first for conducting, the second for composing. There is a certain amount of decompression that has to take place between one and the other. You have to get all those notes of Mahler and everybody else out of your head before you can find your own."

Mr. Milburn reappeared and announced that the recording session could not be cancelled but that one and a half hours of extra rehearsal time had been scheduled for Tuesday. Mr. Bernstein grimaced and picked up his score. "There are six problematical movements in here," he said. "Especially the finale, which we won't do until Wednesday afternoon. It's not technically difficult, but it's terribly hard to sustain a very slow tempo with intensity and beauty for twenty-five minutes."

We returned to the Philharmonic auditorium on Wednesday, as the orchestra started to work on the sixth movement—a serene and lyrical outpouring of characteristic Mahlerian sound. Mr. Bernstein, tired-looking and evidently troubled, stopped the musicians frequently, correcting parts and making adjustments in the tonal balance of the various sections. At the end of the first read-through, he sat hunched on the podium, turning back the pages of his score deliberately and almost painfully. "That was a twenty-five-minute bore," he said to the orchestra in a low voice. "Obviously, it's an impossible movement to play this slowly unless it has incredible inner intensity. That's the only way to keep the music alive. What we've just read didn't stand a chance; it was full of clichés and banalities. You all know this, because we've done this music together. It can be a piece of such magic *if* it's played right, *if* you keep the *pianissimo* of that very special Mahler kind. I'm not asking you to play me a farewell. But think of Dimitri, think of Joe Zizza, and George Judd—of all the people who have left us. That's what this music means."

He raised his baton, and turned to the first violins a second before the downbeat. "Now just breathe a little on the strings," he told them. The violins came in feather-light, and suddenly everything seemed to fall into place. Mr. Bernstein, relaxed and contented, leaned forward, murmuring "Good . . . Beautiful . . . Marvellous . . ." as the orchestra, which seemed to be trying hard to please him, played the movement over again. Then he put down his baton and began to shape the music with his hands, pulling chords toward his chest, sketching delicate *pianissimi* with a smile and a finger to his lips, making the strings sing as he bent toward them playing an invisible violin. Near the end, his hair falling over his eyes, he leaped to his feet and flung his arms wide, embracing Mahler's magnificent, organlike finale. As the last notes died away, there was a short silence. Mr. Bernstein brushed his hair back and stretched out his hands to the orchestra. "Thank you," he said. "I think it will go very well."

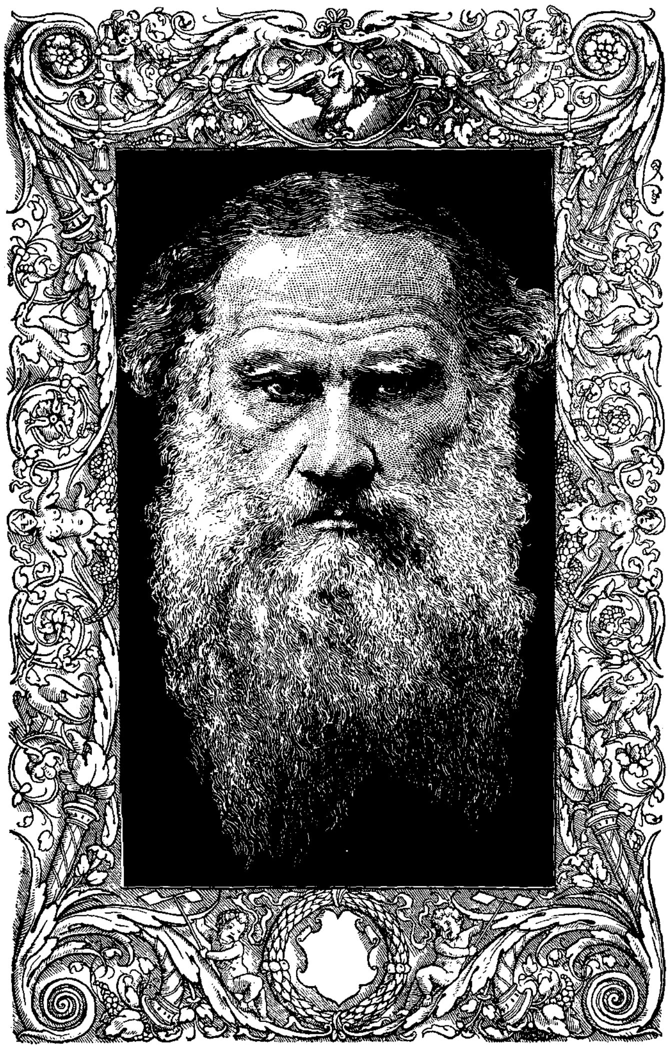


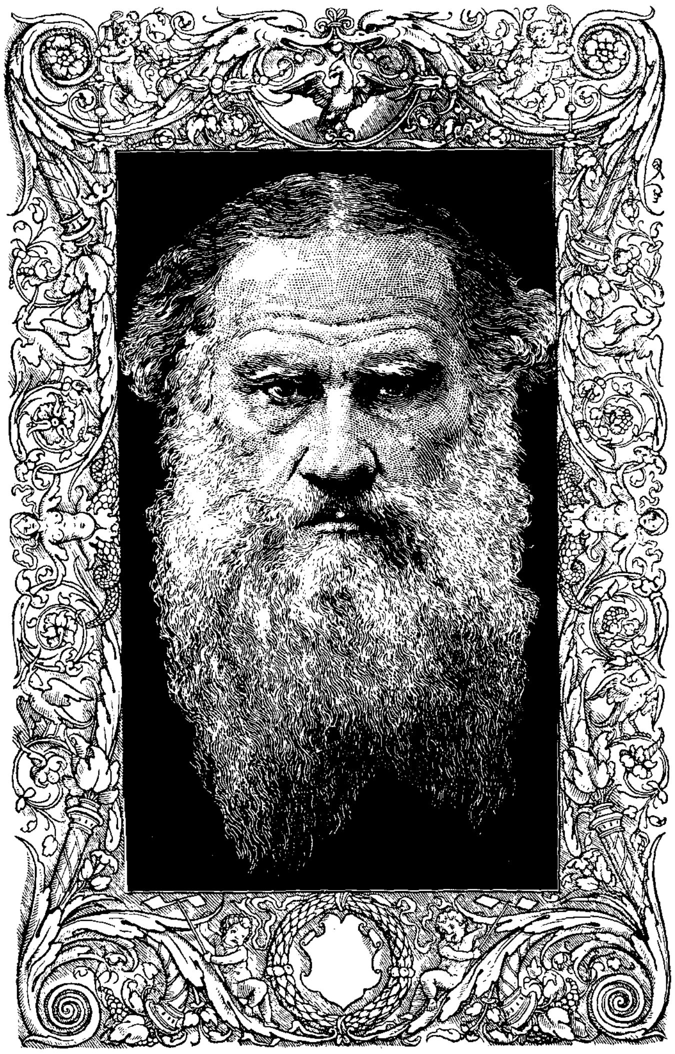
AT THE TOLSTOY MUSEUM

At the Tolstoy Museum we sat and wept. Paper streamers came out of our eyes. Our gaze drifted toward the pictures. They were placed too high on the wall. We suggested to the director that they be lowered six inches at least. He looked unhappy but said he would see to it. The holdings of the Tolstoy Museum consist principally of some thirty thousand pictures of Count Leo Tolstoy.

After they had lowered the pictures we went back to the Tolstoy Museum. I don't think you can peer into one man's face too long—for too long a period. A great many human passions could be discerned, behind the skin.

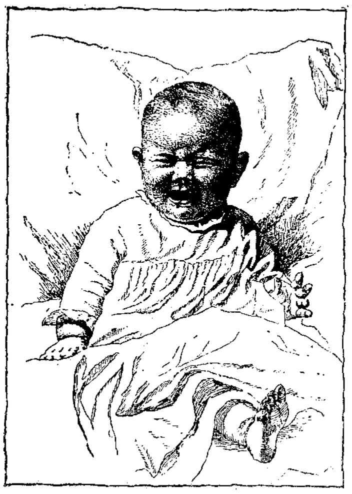
Tolstoy means "fat" in Russian. His grandfather sent his linen to Holland to be washed. His mother *did not know* any bad words. As a youth he shaved off his eyebrows, hoping they would grow back bushier. He first contracted gonorrhea in 1847. He was once bitten on the face by a bear. He became a vegetarian in 1885. To



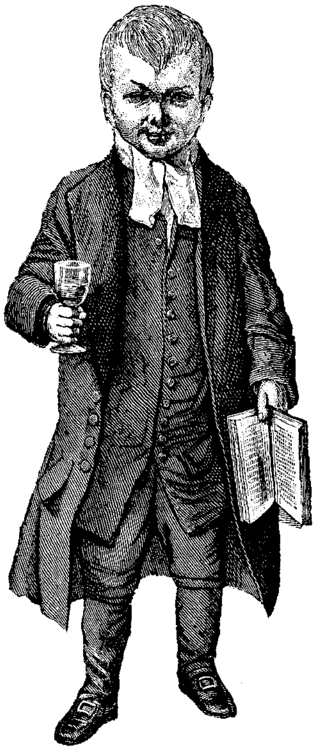


make himself interesting, he occasionally bowed backward.

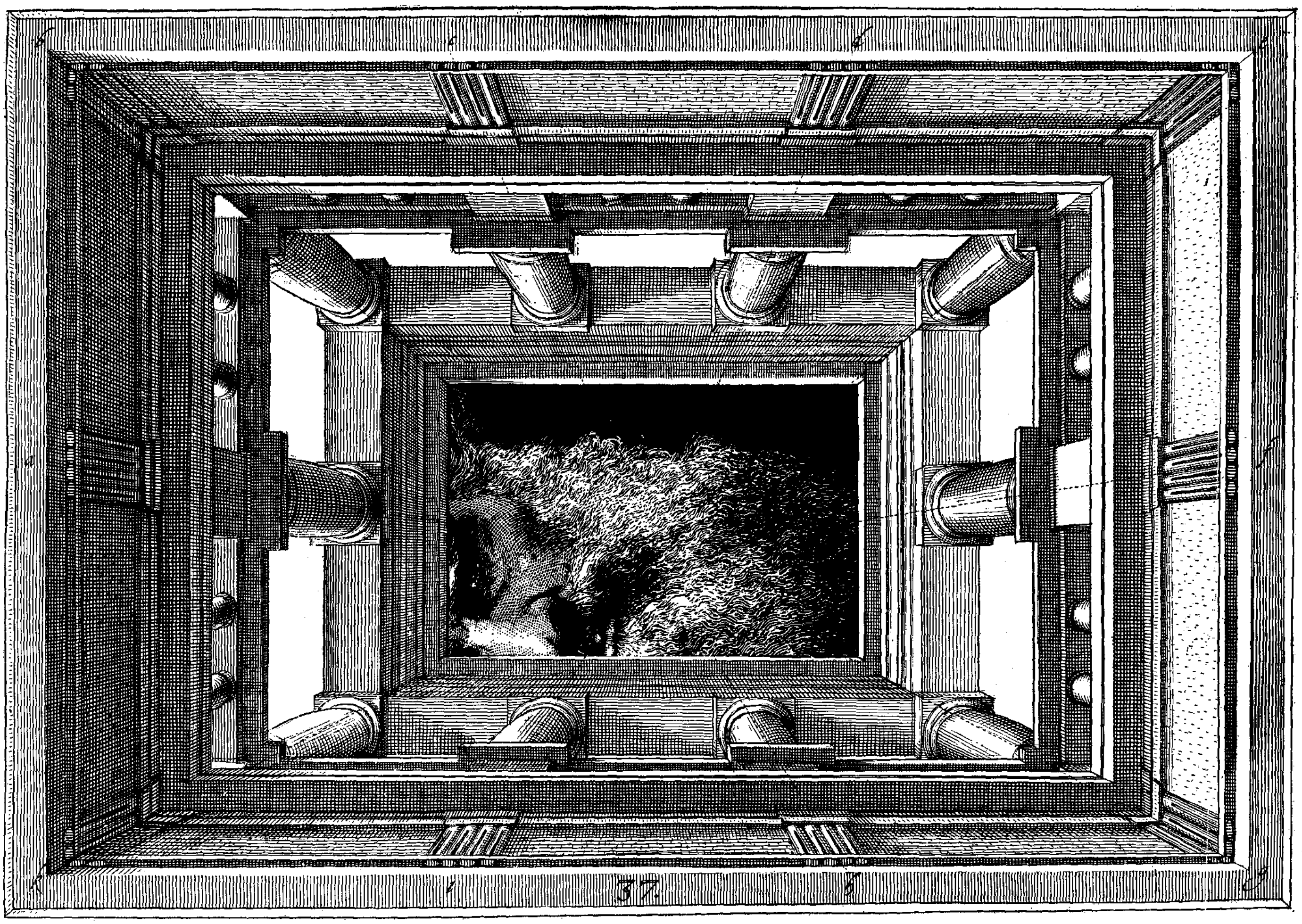
I WAS eating a sandwich at the Tolstoy Museum. The Tolstoy Museum is made of stone—many stones, cunningly wrought. Viewed from the street, it has the aspect of three stacked boxes: the first, second, and third levels. These are of increasing size. The first level is, say, the size of a shoebox, the second level the size of a case of whiskey, and the third level the size of a box that contained a new over-



After a portrait
by Lepp



"Tolstoy as a Youth,"
sculpture by Fetip



View from third level to floor of entrance court

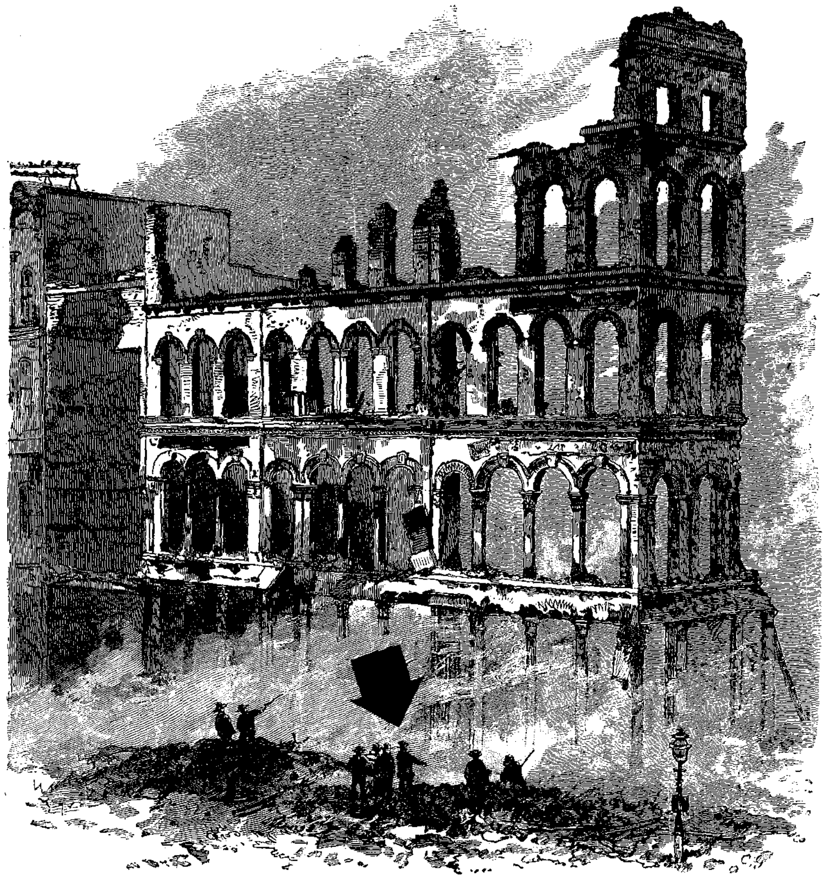
coat. The amazing cantilever of the third level has been much talked about. The glass floor there allows one to look straight down and provides a sort of "floating" feeling. The entire building, viewed from the street, suggests that it is about to fall on you. This the architects relate to Tolstoy's moral authority.

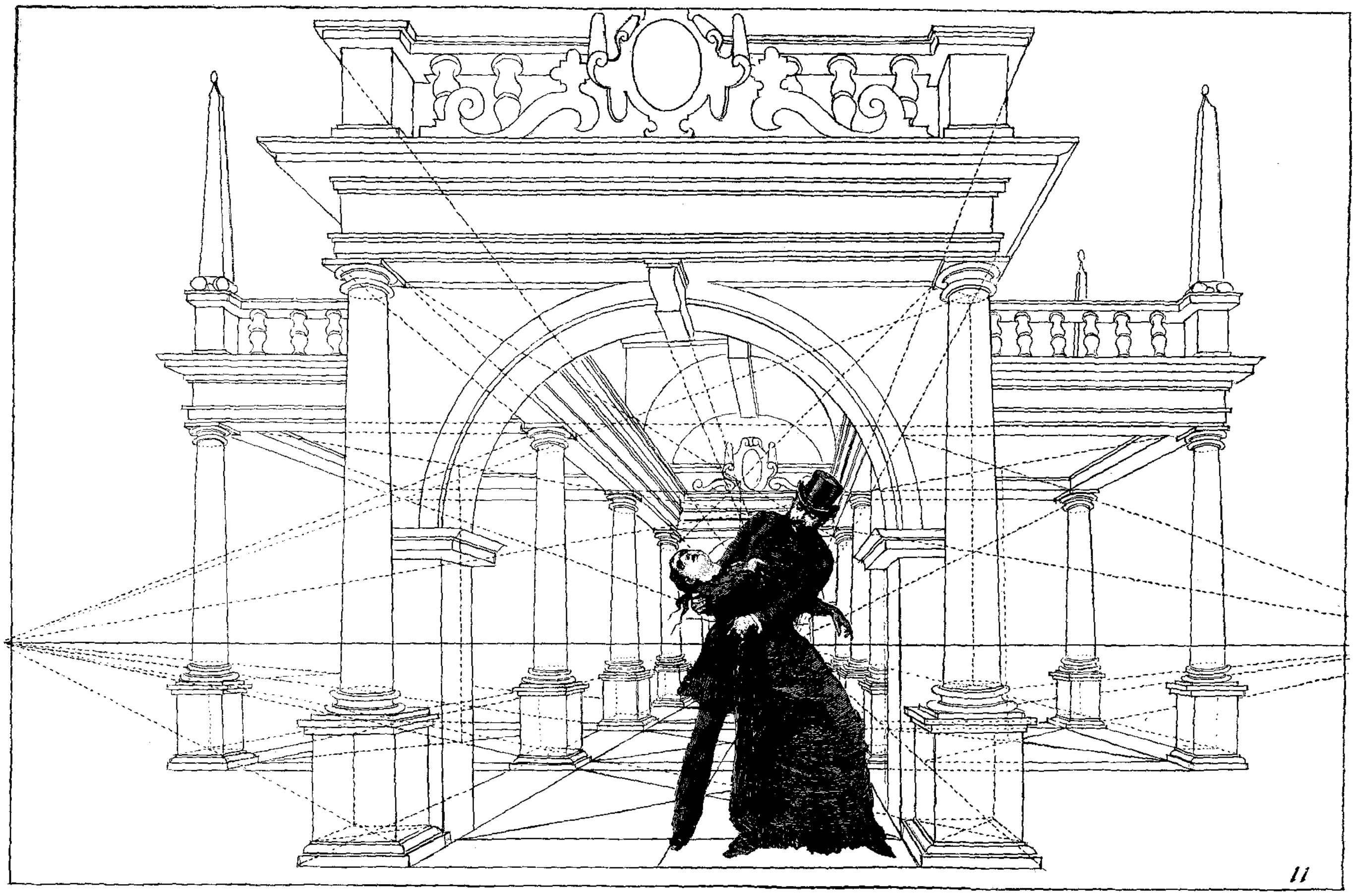
In the basement of the Tolstoy Museum carpenters uncrated new pictures of Count Leo Tolstoy. The huge crates stencilled FRAGILE in red ink. . . .

The guards at the Tolstoy Museum carry buckets in which there are stacks of clean white pocket handkerchiefs. More than any other museum, the Tolstoy Museum induces weeping. Even the bare title of a Tolstoy work, with its burden of love, can induce weeping—for example, the article titled "Who Should Teach Whom to Write, We the Peasant Children or the Peasant Children Us?" Many people stand before this article, weeping. Too, those who are caught by Tolstoy's eyes, in the various portraits, room after room after room, are not unaffected by the experience. It is like, people say, committing a small crime and being discovered at it by your father, who stands in four doorways, looking at you.

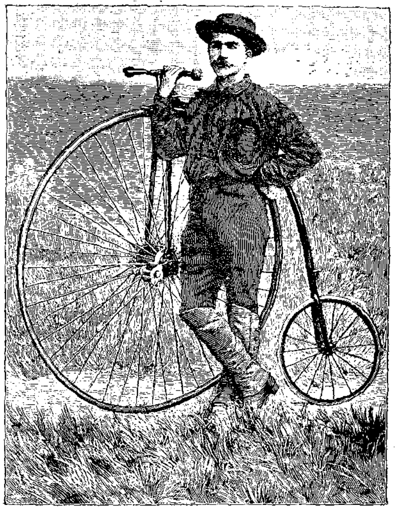
I WAS reading a story of Tolstoy's at the Tolstoy Museum. In this story a bishop is sailing on a ship. One of his fellow-passengers tells the bishop about an island on which three hermits live. The hermits are said to be extremely devout. The bishop is seized with a desire to see and talk with the hermits. He persuades the captain of the ship to anchor near the island. He goes ashore in a small boat. He speaks to the hermits. The hermits tell the bishop how they worship God. They have a prayer that goes: "Three of You, three of us, have mercy on us." The bishop feels that this is a prayer prayed in the wrong way. He undertakes to teach the hermits the Lord's Prayer. The hermits learn the Lord's Prayer but with the greatest difficulty. Night has fallen by the time they have got it correctly.

The bishop returns to his ship, happy that he has been able to assist the hermits in their worship. The ship sails on. The bishop sits alone on deck, thinking about the experiences of the day. He sees a light in the sky, behind the ship. The light is the three hermits moving over the water, hand in hand, without moving their feet. They catch up with the ship, saying: "We have for-

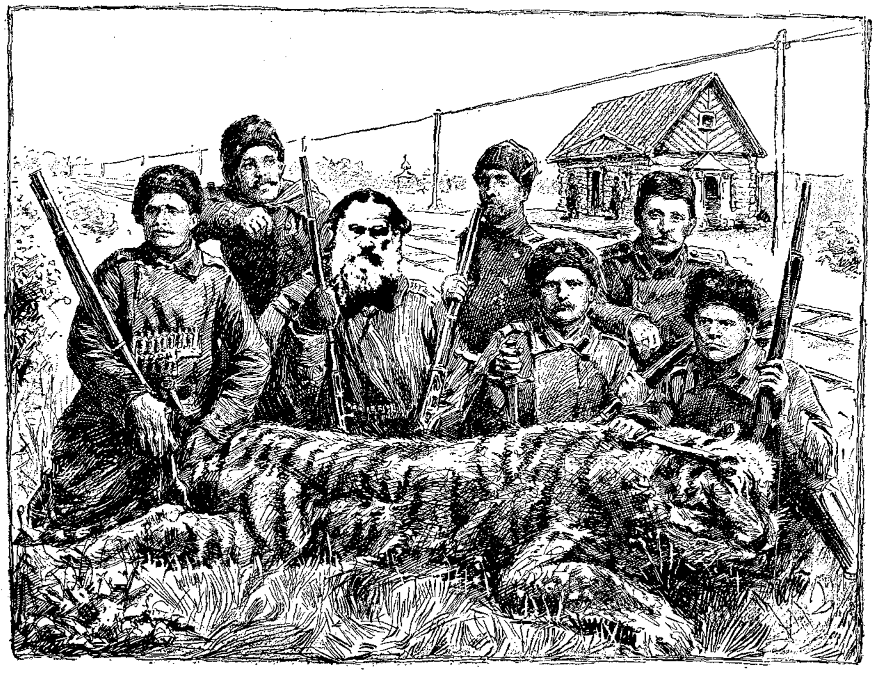

At the disaster (arrow indicates Tolstoy)



The Anna-Vronsky Pavilion



At Starogladkovskaya,
about 1852



Tiger hunt, Siberia

gotten, servant of God, we have forgotten your teaching!" They ask him to teach them again. The bishop crosses himself. Then he tells the hermits that their prayer, too, reaches God. "It is not for me to teach you. Pray for us sinners!" The bishop bows to the deck. The hermits fly back over the sea to their island.

The story is written in a very simple style. It is said to originate in a folktale. There is a version of it in St. Augustine. I was incredibly depressed by reading this story. Its beauty. Distance.

AT the Tolstoy Museum, sadness grasped the 741 Sunday visitors.* The Museum was offering a series of lectures on the text "Why Do

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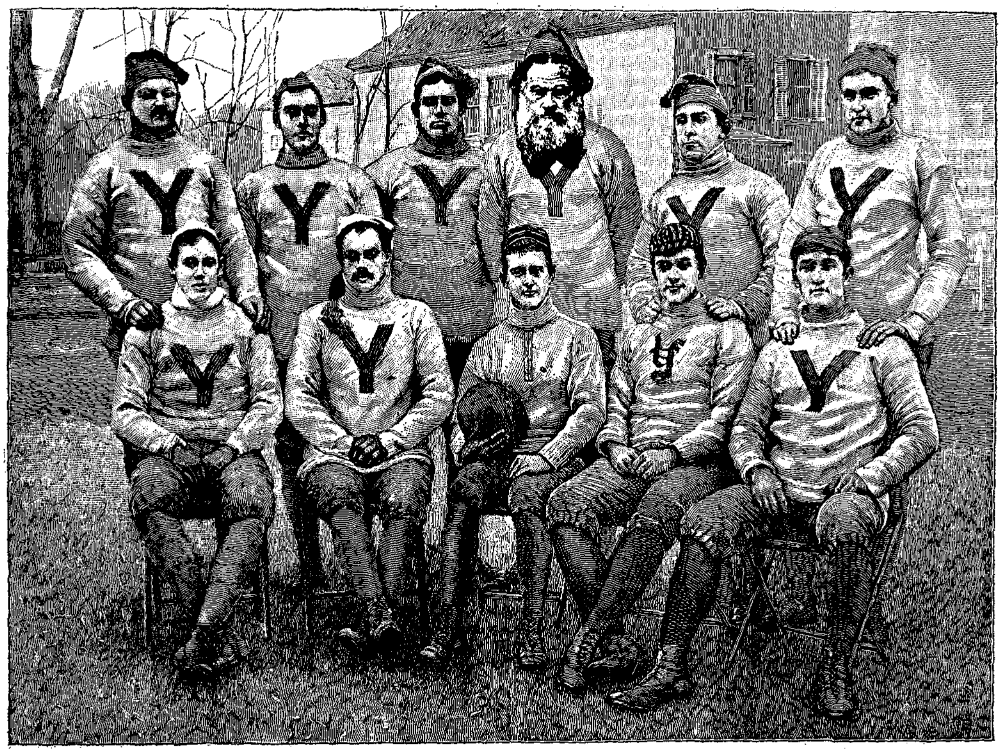
* By coincidence, the number of people Tolstoy persuaded to sign temperance pledges during a two-year effort (1888-89).



The Yasnaya Polyana team

Men Stupefy Themselves?" The visitors were made sad by these eloquent speakers, who were probably right.

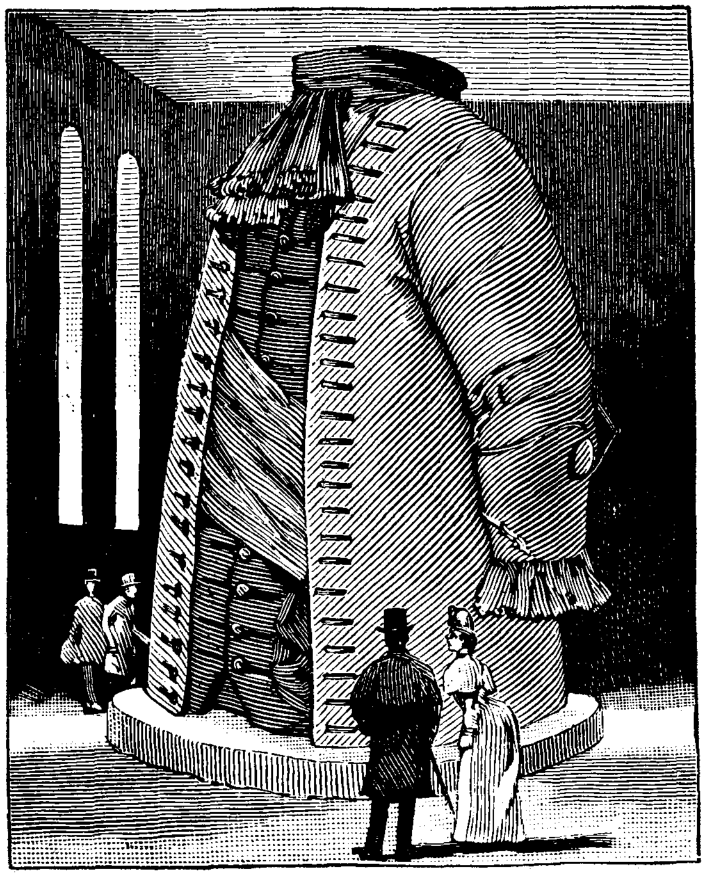
People stared at tiny pictures of Turgenev, Nekrasov, and Fet. These and other small pictures hung alongside extremely large pictures of Count Leo Tolstoy.

In the plaza, a sinister musician played a wood trumpet while two children watched.

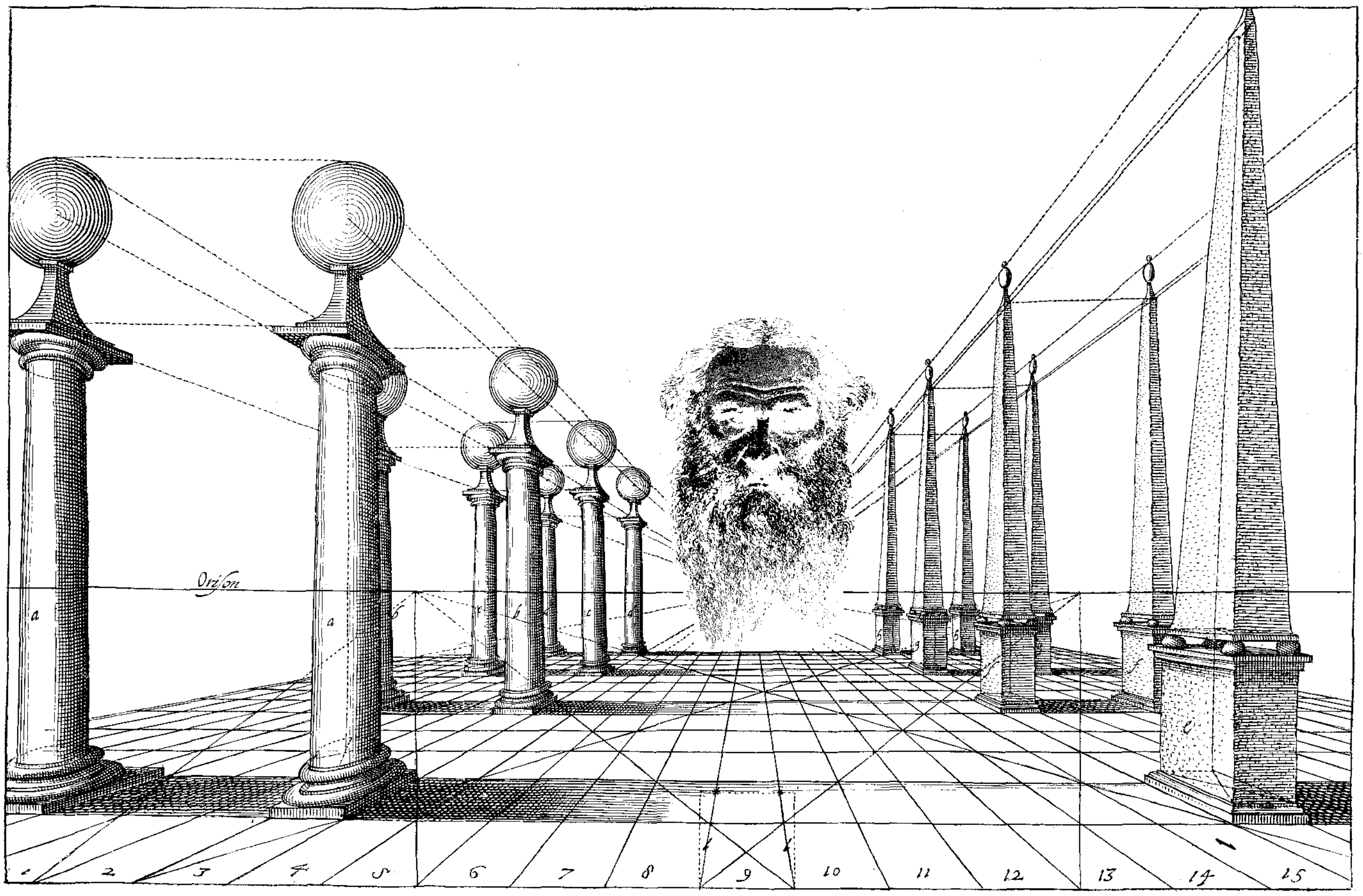
We considered the 640,086 pages (Jubilee Edition) of the author's published work. Some people wanted him to go away, but other people were glad we had him. "He has been a lifelong source of inspiration to me," one said.

I haven't made up my mind. Standing here in the "Summer in the Country" Room, several hazes passed over my eyes. Still, I think I will march on to "A Landlord's Morning." Perhaps something vivifying will happen to me there.

—Donald Barthelme



Tolstoy's coat



Museum plaza with monumental head (Closed Mondays)

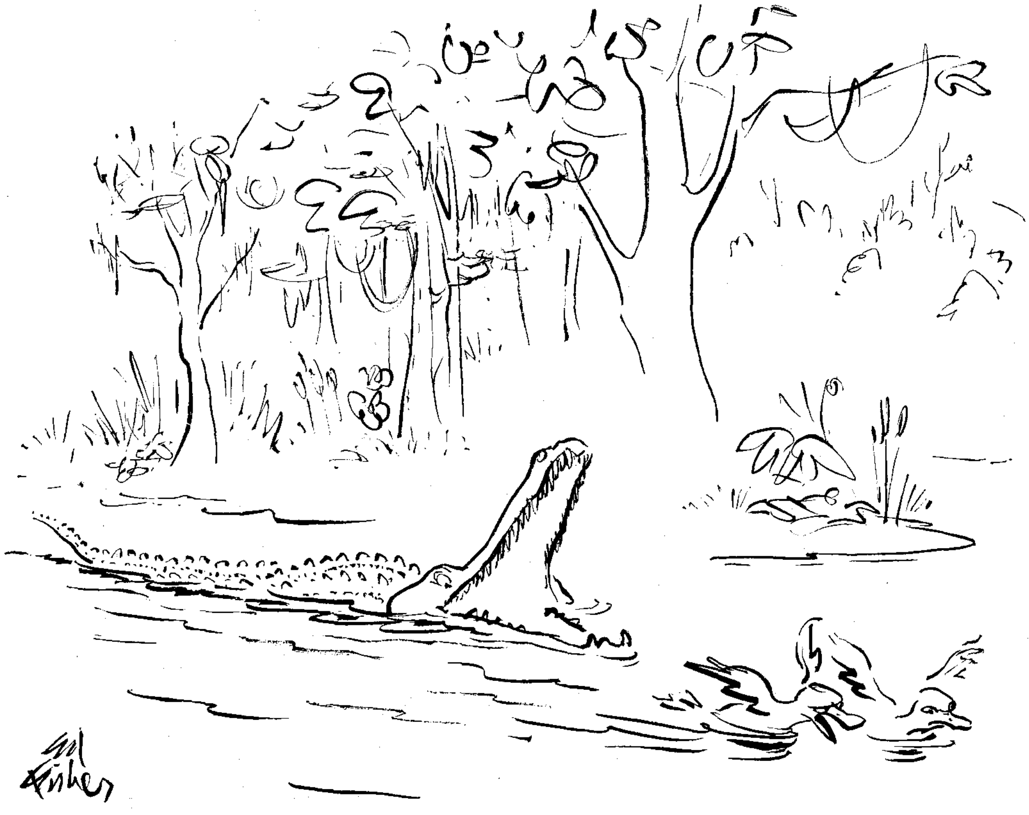
THE CORNER

THE town is one of those that people pass through on the way to somewhere else; so its inhabitants have become expert in giving directions. Ray Blandy cannot be on his porch five minutes before a car, baffled by the lack of signs at the corner, will shout to him, "Is this the way to the wharf?" or "Am I on the right road to East Mather?" Using words and gestures that have become rote, Ray heads it on its way, with something of the satisfaction with which he mails a letter, or flushes a toilet, or puts in another week at Universal Electronics. Catty-corner across the awkward intersection (Wharf Street swerves south and meets Reservoir Road and Prudence Street at acute, half-blind angles), Mr. Latroy, a milkman who is home from noon on, and who is also an auxiliary policeman, directs automobiles uncertain if, to reach the famous old textile mill in Lacetown, they should bear left around the traffic island or go straight up the hill. There is nothing on the corner to hold cars here except the small variety store run by an old Dutch couple, the Van Der Bijns. Its modest size and dim, rusted advertisements are geared to foot traffic. Children going to school stop here for candy, and townspeople after work stop for cigarettes and bread, but for long tracts of the day there is little for Mr. Van Der Bijn to do but sit behind his display windows and grieve that the cars passing through take the corner too fast.

There have been accidents. Eight years ago, around eleven o'clock of a muggy July morning, when Susan Craven had been standing on her sidewalk wondering whether she should go to the playground or give Linda Latroy's back yard one more try, a clamfish truck hurriedly rounding the corner snapped a kingbolt, went right up over the banking, swung—while the driver wildly twisted the slack steering wheel—within a foot of unblinking, preoccupied Susan, bounced back down the banking, straight across Prudence Street, and smack, in a shower of shingles, into the house then owned by Miss Beulah Cogswell. She has since died, after living for years on her telling of the accident: "*Well,* I was in the kitchen making my morning *tea* and naturally thought it was just *another* of those dreadful sonic booms. But, *when* I go with my cup and saucer into the front parlor here *right* where my television set had been was this dirty windshield with a man's absolutely *white* face, mouthing like a fish, the carpet *drenched* with shingles and plaster and the corner cupboard three feet into the room and not one, would you be*lieve* it, not a single piece of bone china so much as *cracked!*" Now her house is occupied by a young couple with a baby that cries all night. The Cravens have moved to Falmouth, selling their house to the Blandys. And the Latroy girls have heard that Susan is married, to an Air Force man from Otis, though eight years ago, when death brushed her, she was only eleven.

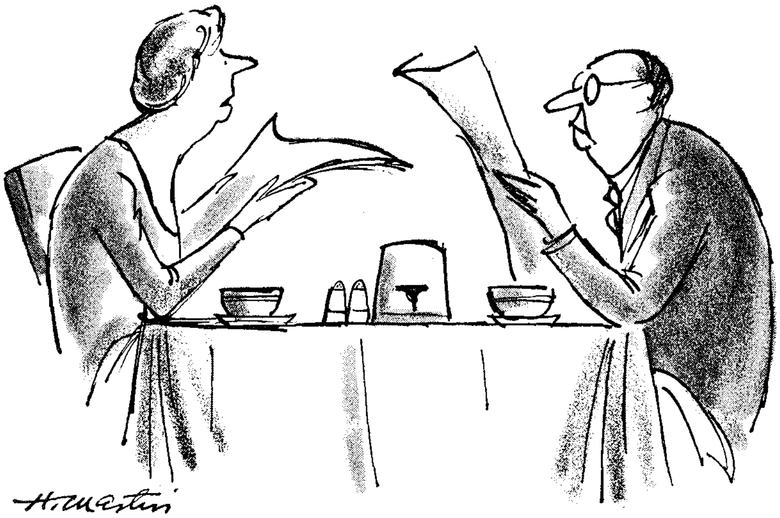
Long before this, so long ago only the Van Der Bijns and Mrs. Billy Hannaford witnessed the wreckage, a drunken driver took the corner too fast in the opposite direction from the truck and skidded up over the curb into the left-hand display window of the variety store. No one was hurt; the Van Der Bijns were asleep upstairs and the drunk, well known locally, remained relaxed and amused. But the accident left a delicate scar on the corner, in the perceptible disparity between the two large plate-glass panes: the left one is less wavery and golden in tint than the right, and its frame is of newer molding, which does not perfectly match.

Somewhere between these two accidents there is an old man down from New Hampshire, lost, blinded, he said, by blazing headlights, who drove right over the traffic island, straddling it in his high 1939 Buick, shearing off the Stop sign and eviscerating his muffler on the stump. And lost in the snowy mists of time is the child who sledded down Reservoir Road and was crushed beneath a Studebaker, in the days before cars could be counted on to be everywhere. It is strange that more accidents do not occur. Everyone ignores the rusty Stop sign. Teen-agers begin drag races down by the wharf and use the traffic island as a finish post. Friday and Saturday nights, there is screeching and roaring until two and three in the morning. Trucks heave and shift gears, turning north. Summer weekends see a parade of motorboats on trailers. The housing development, Marshview, on the east end of town, adds dozens of cars to the daily traffic. The corner has been already widened—the Van Der Bijns' house once had a front yard. Old photographs exist, on sepia cardboard, that show fewer wires on the poles, a great maple where none now stands, a front yard at the house that was not then a store, the dark house painted white, no porch



"*Well, they can't become extinct too soon to suit* me!"

at the Blandys', no traffic island, and a soft, trodden, lanelike look to the surface of the street. When the Van Der Bijns move or die (the same thing in the eyes of the town), their house will be taken by eminent domain and the corner widened still further, enabling the cars to go still faster. Engineers' drawings are already on file at Town Hall.



"Harry, is there anything we, as a couple, should be doing about National Pickle Week?"

Yet, though the inhabitants strain their ears at night waiting for the squeal of tires to mushroom into the crash of metal and the splintering of glass, nothing usually happens. The corner is one of those places where nothing much happens except traffic and weather. Even death, when it came for Miss Cogswell, came as a form of traffic, as an ambulance in the driveway, and a cluster of curious neighborhood children.

The weather happens mostly in the elm, a vast elm not yet felled by the blight. Its branches overarch the corner. Its drooping twigs brush the roofs of the dark house, the young couple's house, and the Latroys'. Shaped like a river system, meandering tributaries thickening and flowing into the trunk, but three-dimensional, a solid set of streets where pigeons strut, meet, and mate, the tree's pattern of limbs fills the Blandys' bedroom windows and their eyes on awaking in all weathers: glistening and sullen in November rain, so one feels the awful weight the tree upholds, like a cast-iron cloud; airy tracery after a snow, or in the froth of bloom; in summer a curtain of green, with a lemon-yellow leaf, turned early, here and there, like a random stitch. Lying bedridden in fever or in despair, it has seemed to each of the Blandys, separately, that though there was nothing to life but lying here looking at the elm forever, it would suffice—it would be, though just barely, enough.

The elm's leaves in autumn blow by the bushel down Prudence Street into the Van Der Bijns' side yard, confirming the old man's contention that the weather is always outrageous. He came to this country before the war, foreseeing it, and still finds the intemperancies of the American climate remarkable. The faithful gray damp of Holland is in his bones. For months ahead of time, he foresees the troublesome wonder of snow, and gloats over his bizarre fate of having to shovel it. Though weak from his long days of sitting, he shovels compulsively, even during a blizzard trying to keep his forty feet of sidewalk as clean as swept tiles. Some ironical gallantry seems intended—a humorous grateful willingness to have the land that gave him refuge take his life with its barbaric weather. Our summer's extremes also astonish him. Four sunny days become a drought in his eyes, which are delft blue and perpetually wide open, within deep, skeletal sockets. Each growing season, as he observes its effects on Mrs. Hannaford's bushes and lawn, seems in some way abnormal, unprecedented, weird. "Naaow, da forsydia last yaar wasn't aaout yet vor two weeks!" "Naaow, I'fe nefer once zeen her grass zo zoon brown!"

And Mrs. Hannaford, whose house of all the houses on the corner is most distant from the elm, sees this tree as a benign veil drawn across the tar-shingled roofs and ungainly dormers of the neighborhood, as a sea fan superimposed on a cockleshell sunset, as a living entity that has doubled its size since as a girl she studied it from the same windows she now sleeps behind, and thought she saw the silhouette of Jesus moving in its branches, and wondered if the end of the world had come.

The people on the corner do not know each other very well. It is the houses who know each other, whose windows watch. Mrs. Billy Hannaford goes to the Episcopal church whenever Communion is offered; she dresses in purple and walks with a cane, her cheeks painted salmon, her hair rinsed blue. Some weekend nights, cars belonging to the Blandys' friends are parked in front of their house until hours after midnight. The young couple's baby cries. The man who lives in the dark house is off in his car from seven to seven, and his wife is indistinguishable among the two or three ginger-haired women who come and go. The Latroys have beautiful blond daughters, and much of the hot-rodding on the corner is for their benefit. This is what the houses know of each other's inner lives, what their windows can verify.

RAIN made Ray Blandy romantic and he had hoped to make love, but his wife had fallen asleep in the middle of an embrace, and he had risen from the bed in anger. It was Saturday midnight. He stood by the window, wanting to be loved by the rain. There was a nearing roar of motors and a braking slither, and he saw (this is what he thought he saw) a speeding VW bus pursued by a black sedan. The bus disappeared behind the edge of the dark house. The sedan skidded on the smooth patch where just that April some frost-heaves had been re-tarred. The sedan's weight swung from side to side, like an accelerated dance step. Out of control, the car went up with one pair of tires onto the sidewalk, and also disappeared. Then, there was a thump, not deafening but definite, and deeply satisfying; and a silence. Then the high-pitched gear whine of a prolonged backing-up. The VW bus appeared, backward, from behind the dark house. Shouting voices dropped to a mutter. Mr. Latroy, wearing his auxiliary-policeman's badge, appeared in front of his house. The Van Der Bijns' lights went on.

June Blandy sat up in bed. "What was that?"

"You mean you weren't asleep, you were just faking?"

"I was sound asleep, but something thumped."

"Sonic boom," he told her. She missed the allusion. He told her, "A car lost control going around the corner and hit something up the street. I can't see what."

"Why are you just standing there? Let's *go*." Last year, when a dog had been hit on the corner and their neighbors from the curb idly watched it yelp and writhe, she had spontaneously run into the street and taken the broken animal into her arms. Now she put on her bathrobe and was past him, and down the stairs, and out the door. He looked in two closets for a bathrobe or a raincoat and, afraid of missing everything, followed her into the drizzle in his pajamas.

The corner had cracked open like a piñata, spilling gaily dressed people. Mr. Van Der Bijn wore a long nightcap, with a tassel—who would have imagined it? Mrs., her daytime braids undone, had gray hair down to her waist. The young mother, baby on hip, wore bell-bottom pants of crimson crushed velvet: her normal at-home costume? Why were so many people up and dressed after midnight? Did Mr. Latroy never sleep? His milk route began at four. From the dark house emerged two middle-aged women, ginger-haired and flirtatious, in house slippers. "That's a cute costume," one of them said to Ray. A tense, slight man with a rash of pimples on his forehead, he looked down and adjusted his pajama fly.

His wife told him, "About six people got out of the car into the bus and drove away. Shouldn't somebody have stopped them, or done *some*thing?" She had turned from him to address a larger audience, her voice lifted operatically.

The mother in red pants said, "One of them came into the house to call the police and another one came after her and said not to bother, they'd drive to the station, it'd be faster." She had a narrow, impoverished face but an exotic broad accent, Midwestern or Western. As she spoke, she kept bouncing the baby on her hip.

A ginger-haired lady said, "One of them said it was all right, she was the wife of a fireman."

"Uh-ohh," the other said. "He's been going to too many fires." There was general laughter.

The drizzle was lifting, but they drew snugly closer beneath the sheltering elm, as if to consolidate their sudden conquest of the distance the houses had always imposed between them. "Naaow, isn't dis wedder somezing," Mr. Van Der Bijn said, and again they all laughed, having heard him say it so often before. The driver of the disabled car glanced toward them enviously. His sedan was up the street, sideways against a telephone pole; it had spun almost totally around. His gaze inhibited the carnival crowd on the corner. He smelled of recent danger, and was dangerous. The man who lived in the dark house emerged in pants and rumpled shirt and spectacles; his eyes looked rubbed, as after sleep or a long bout of television. His ladies grew animated; the more flirtatious one told Ray her version of the accident. The VW was coming down Prudence Street, and didn't stop at the Stop sign, they never do, and the black sedan, to avoid hitting it, swerved to the left, into the pole. Ray told her, No, he had happened to be at his window, and the VW was being chased by the other—a drag race, obviously. June asked, "Hasn't *any*body called the police?"

Mrs. Van Der Bijn said, "Mr. Latroy has." But by this she meant, probably, that in a sense he *was* police; for he had not moved from the sidewalk. He stood there serenely, his face tilted upward, as if basking on a sunny day. The window above him lit up, and two of his beautiful daughters were framed in it, their blond hair incandescent. A carload of male teen-agers swung around the corner, abruptly braked, and eased by. The two daughters waved. Another car stopped, and asked the way to East Mather. Three voices at once—Ray, Mr. Latroy, and a ginger-haired lady—chorused the directions.

June was conferring with the girl in velvet pants. The girl agreed to go inside and call the police. Her husband was asleep. He was a very sound sleeper. "I can never get the lunk up, to take care of the brat. Every night, it's the same story."

"She has fear," Mrs. Van Der Bijn announced. "You must sing her to sleep."

The girl studied Mrs. Van Der Bijn and handed her the baby and went into her house. The baby began its feeble, well-practiced whimper, paced to last for hours. Mrs. Van Der Bijn began to sing, in a distant lost language, low in her throat.

The driver of the sedan came closer. He swaggered like a man with something to sell, his hands in his pockets. He was a young stocky man, with hair combed wet, so the tooth furrows showed. "It's all right," he told them. "I got everybody's number. Nothing to worry about," he said, and told them his story. There was a third car. A yellow convertible, a crazy man. Down by the wharf, it had cut right in front of him, right through that metal rail there, and tried to run him off the road. He had given chase, lost control at the corner, and had this accident. There was a VW bus right behind him. It had stopped, and the people in it had said they knew the driver of the convertible, and would catch him and bring him back. As some kind of insurance, the sedan's passengers had crowded into the bus, and off they had

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SPRING

Its coming rankles the swamp where the brook spills
such a reek of things splitting and smoking,
and the mud banks shuddering into green, and
gas over the cabbage burning.
The deer ruts, scraping her neck down the teeth of a branch.

Pods crack and fall puff till they tear
gnats' grubs, toadstools, bundles of black eggs,
and the flowers sweet alyssum, cicely, sweet gale,
and trillium, spreading the wood's lips.
The elm bud breaks its back and lifts from the twig.

I drift. Where's my fashion gone?
Sunk in some brown wet, with leaves stuck to my back, I hear
the mud's murmur nymphs calling,
lids opening, tongues and toes unfolding.
Oh, why does he wait? Here are my arms. Oh, look!

—Eleanor Munro

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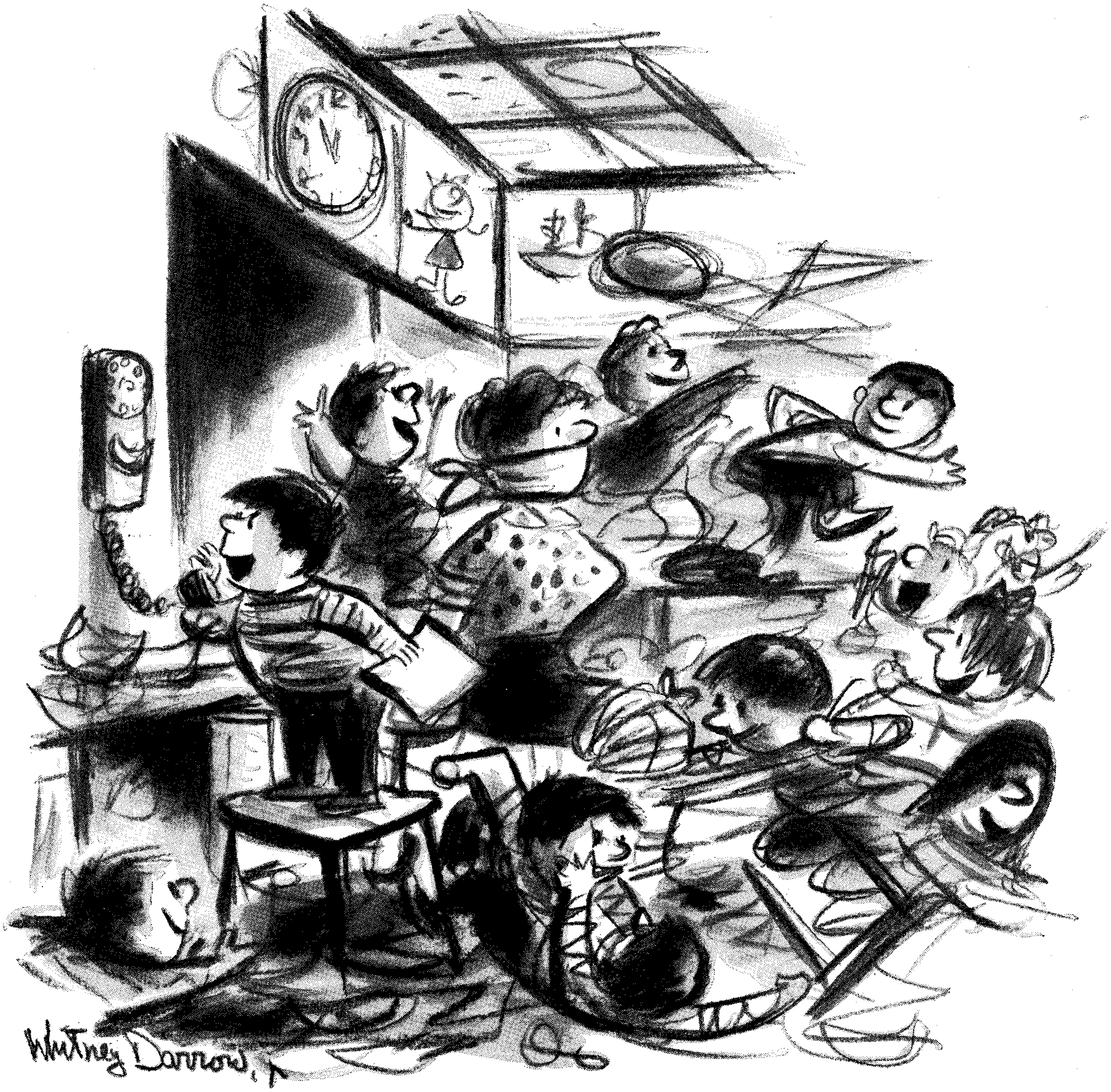

"This is Henderson, speaking for Miss Gordy's second-grade ad-hoc students' committee. Here's a list of our demands."

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all gone. They should be back any minute. At any rate, it didn't matter, because he had the numbers.

It was a strange story, but he pulled from a pocket the little pad upon which he had firmly written down two long numbers. Ray wondered how the man had focussed his eyes on those speeding, shuttling vehicles, and why in his own memory the bus had been ahead of the sedan, and why he had not seen the third car, the convertible. The rest of the corner, too, distrusted the driver's story, and, amid polite comments and expressions of interest, slowly closed against him, isolating him again. Undiscouraged, like an encyclopedia salesman turned from the door, the driver walked briskly away, toward his crippled car and, farther down the street, an approaching blue twinkle.

The police car pulled up. They all knew the cops that emerged; one was a wife-beater, and the other had been a high-school football star. The baby's mother came out of her house and stood so close that Ray, looking down, saw beside his own knobby wet bare feet cerise satin slippers, with bunny-tail pompons. It was as when bombs fall, baring swaths of wallpaper, tasselled furniture, unexpected brightnesses, broken diagrams. The policemen softly interviewed the driver, the people at the corner watched from a safe distance and kept their versions to themselves, the gentle event of the rain ceased, the law closed its notebook, the elm sighed, the little crowd reluctantly broke up and returned to their houses. Later, some heard, but only the street lamp saw, the tow truck come and take the sedan away. Overhead, the clouds paled and pulled apart, revealing stars.

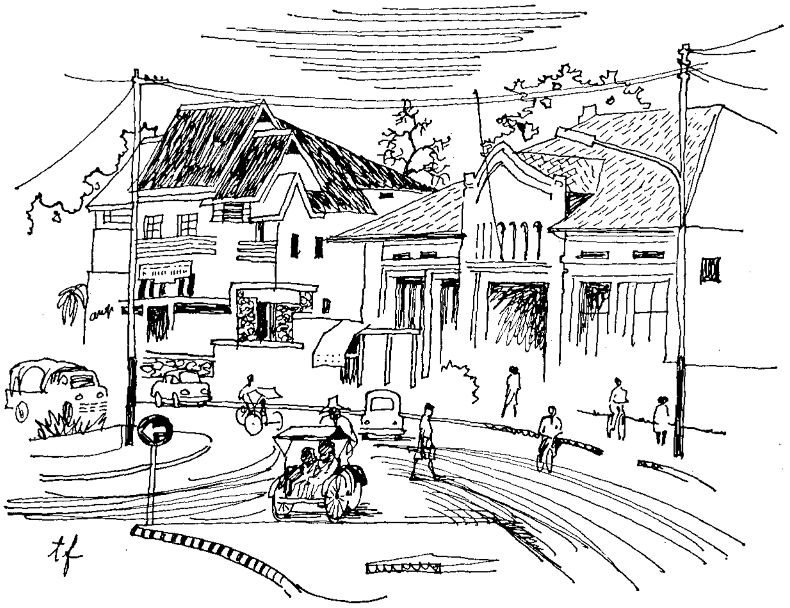
The driver's story had been strange, but no stranger, to the people who live here, than the truth that the corner is one among many on the map of the town, and the town is a dot on the map of the state, and the state a mere patch on the globe.

—JOHN UPDIKE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INDONESIA

II—THE RISE AND FALL OF GUIDED DEMOCRACY



ONE of the strangest political events to take place anywhere during this century was, undoubtedly, the transformation of the huge new island republic of Indonesia, at the beginning of the present decade, from a fumbling parliamentary democracy into a phantasmagoric oligarchy led by the nation's flamboyant President, Sukarno. Amid a panoply of ritualistic symbols and political incantations vaguely derived from Javanese mysticism, he dazed his people with a torrent of catchy slogans and acronyms based on a mishmash of French, English, Javanese, and anything else that occurred to him, the whole amounting to his own version of Newspeak. All of this made it easy to condemn Sukarno as a charlatan, but there was more to him, and to his methods, than that. His cultural revivalism, his use of mystical imagery to arouse revolutionary fervor, his creation and prolongation of crises, his adventuristic foreign activities and manufacture of external enemies to serve as scapegoats—these were all the fruits of calculation on Sukarno's part; essentially, they were tactics designed to take people's minds off their abject poverty, to mask the government's inability to deal with the economic and social situation in a rational way. Ultimately, Sukarno's policies led his country to the brink of a Communist takeover and his countrymen to shocking mass killings, after which he was ignominiously tossed aside.

Any nationalist revolution, whether violent or peaceful, is concerned as much with a search for identity as with a search for freedom. In August, 1950, when a nominally united Republic of Indonesia replaced a brief experiment in federalism called the Republic of the United States of Indonesia—to which the Dutch had granted independence and recognition the previous year—there momentarily existed, in embryonic form, a shared outlook that could be described as the only real concept of identity modern Indonesia has ever had. True, the Dutch were still managing to hang on to their economic holdings—in fact, they were to do so for seven more years—but at that climactic moment in 1950 all of Indonesia, except for a few pockets of colonial resistance, considered itself one, emotionally at least, under the titular leadership of Sukarno, as President, and the parliamentary leadership of Muhammad Natsir, the Prime Minister. However, the government of the fledgling republic faced, as had the Dutch colonial government before it, the gigantic task of extending its authority and control across the whole chain of three thousand islands, with their widely varying power structures, social and religious differences, and class distinctions among more than seventy-five million people. The revolutionary struggle had consistently been directed toward gaining independence first and taking up the challenge of social change later. It was during the process of trying to meet the challenge and define and unite the republic that the specific conditions standing in the way of the search for a stable and permanent Indonesian identity became apparent. These factors were expressed in an initial conflict between a well-trained, managerial-minded group of Indonesian reformers and more visionary elements, addicted to careless revolutionary rationalizations. The conflict was finally resolved with the assumption of fuller powers by Sukarno, the embodiment of the visionary approach, who subsequently instituted what he called "Guided Democracy" and "Guided Economy." Not long afterward, Sukarno switched from a tacit partnership with the military to a more than tacit partnership with the Indonesian Communist Party (Partai Komunis Indonesia, or P.K.I.). This alliance ultimately culminated in the Communist-led coup attempt of September 30-October 1, 1965, and the bloodbath that followed, during which between a hundred and fifty thousand and four hundred thousand Indonesians, mostly Communists or Communist sympathizers, were murdered.

As long as Sukarno ran the country, he regarded himself not only as the founder of the Indonesian revolution but as the personification of Indonesia and "the tongue of the Indonesian people." Now that he is out of the picture, the country has taken on a more sober mood, and seems to feel less impelled to deal with everything—including the search for national identity—in frenzied emotional terms. Though this is probably a healthy reaction, it has left a vacuum. Indonesia may no longer need Sukarno, but it does need a unifying force of some kind. While the present leaders of Indonesia, mostly Army officers, under President Suharto, an ex-officio general—who, like Sukarno and many other Indonesians, uses only one name—have declared their intention of returning to the early, idealistic roots and sources of their country's revolution, they are more immediately concerned with the need to repair the economic and social wreckage Sukarno left behind and with lifting the country out of political stagnation.

IT was often predicted, on the basis of what had happened in South Vietnam, South Korea, Thailand, Burma, and many of the emergent African nations, that the military would eventually take over in Indonesia. Nevertheless, the Army's ascendancy seems, in retrospect, not to have been the inevitable development that it was elsewhere. There was certainly no lack of civilian talent in the new republic of 1950. Prime Minister Natsir, the head of the predominant Muslim party, the Masjumi, was a dedicated Socialist and Islamic nationalist leader, the author of eight books about Islam, and an ardent anti-Communist who believed that all Indonesia's religious and political groups should coöperate to create a social-democratic state sympathetic to Islam but not dominated by it. He had worked closely since 1945 with Soetan Sjahrir, a Socialist, who had been the Prime Minister in the original revolutionary government, during its four years of alternately fighting and negotiating with the Dutch. The Vice-President, Muhammad Hatta, was a trained economist, who had set up the new country's civil service and had put its economy back in motion. He and Natsir were strong advocates of parliamentary rule, and Natsir's program, which was subscribed to at first even by the leading oppositionists, the Indonesian Nationalist Party (Partai Nasional Indonesia, or P.N.I.), was a model of moderation and common sense. Though the orientation of the Natsir government was essentially capitalist, it sought a mixed economy that would gradually move toward Socialism as a new managerial class was trained. However, the republic's early Cabinets enjoyed only moderate success in fulfilling the nation's basic needs—increasing rice production, restoring communications, and curbing bandit activity. Moreover, they failed almost completely in efforts to reduce the swollen ranks of soldiers and civil-service workers—a major problem that still exists today—and to move successfully against the Darul Islam, an extremist Muslim movement that had gained control of sections of West Java and was not wholly put down for thirteen years.

In those days, there was something lacking: a sense of fervor. At that time, I made my first trip to Indonesia, and I was struck by the impatience of the younger generation, who had been weaned on nationalist passion and revolutionary excitement. To them, an efficient, rational approach under the mild banner of constitutional democracy seemed dull indeed. They wanted a fresh cause to which they could dedicate themselves, and by 1952 many of these young, impassioned elements, as well as some military factions, had begun to look toward President Sukarno—or Bung (Brother) Karno, as he liked to hear himself called. Sukarno, in the words of an American student of Indonesia, Willard Hanna, became what he was "because he typifies Indonesians both in their strengths and weaknesses. He is susceptible not to the planned focussing but to the random convergence of many influences such as to make him at once . . . a Marxist, a Socialist, a capitalist, a democrat, a dictator, a puppet, a playboy, a prophet, and more than a little of an intellectual anarchist." Sukarno was, perhaps above all, a supreme, compulsive romantic, and he demonstrated this continuously in both his public and private life; in addition to his "official" wives, he had at least three unofficial ones and a steady succession of mistresses all over the world. After the failure of a coup planned by disgruntled Army officers in October, 1952, Sukarno moved closer to an alliance with the P.N.I., which would remain loyal to him to the end. This secular party, which was led by Ali Sastroamidjojo, took power in July, 1953, and held it for two years.

During those early years of the republic, there was much clamor for "Indonesianization" of the Western- and Chinese-dominated economy, and the split between secular and religious political elements began to widen. Under the Nationalists, Indonesian foreign policy became more militantly neutralist, which meant more xenophobic, and this new attitude—one manifestation of which was demands for West Irian (then Dutch New Guinea)—found noisy and emotional expression in the conference of Asian and African nations held at Bandung, in West Java, in the spring of 1955, which was attended by top leaders from all over the world, including Nehru and Chou En-lai. The affairs of government were further neglected because the country was on the eve of its first full-scale elections—for a new Parliament, in September, 1955; and for a Constituent Assembly, which was to write a new constitution, in December of that year.

By this time, too, the P.K.I., after having remained in the background at first, had become an important force. Following the defeat of a Communist revolt in East Java in September, 1948, in which a number of Communist leaders were killed, the Party had all but disintegrated, and its remnants had gone underground. One of its young, Moscow-oriented leaders, Dipa Nusantara Aidit, had fled the country and, with a colleague, M. H. Lukman, who gravitated more toward the Chinese Communists, had gone to North

"Twenty-seven birds to choose from and we come up with a raconteur!"

THE HORATIANS

Into what fictive worlds can imagination
translate you, Flaccus, and your kin? Not the Courts of
Grand Opera, that *galère*
of lunatics, power-famished

or love-ravenous, belting out their arias,
nor the Wards of Buffa, either, where abnormal
growths of self-love are excised
by the crude surgery of a

Practical Joke. Perhaps the only invented
story in which your appearance seems credible
is the Whodunit: I can
believe in one of you solving

a murder which has the professionals baffled,
thanks to your knowledge of local topography.
In our world all of you share
a love for some particular

place and stretch of country, a farm near Tivoli
or a Radnorshire village: what the Capital
holds out as a lure, a chance
to get into Society,

does not tempt you, who wry from crowds, traffic-noises,
blue-stockings and millionaires. Your tastes run to
small dinner-parties, small rooms,
and the tone of voice that suits them,

neither truckle nor thrasonical, but softly
certain (a sound wood-winds imitate better
than strings), your most worldly wish
a genteel sufficiency of

land or lolly. Among those I really know, the
British branch of the family, how many have
found in the Anglican Church
your Maecenas who enabled

a life without cumber, as pastors adjective
to rustic flocks, as organists in trollopish
cathedral towns. Then, in all
labyrinthine economies

there are obscure nooks into which Authority
never pokes a suspicious nose, *embusqué* havens
for natural bachelors
and political idiots,

Zoological and Botanical Gardens,
museum-basements displaying feudal armor
or old coins: there, too, we find
you among the custodians.

Some of you have written poems, usually
short ones, and some kept diaries, seldom published
till after your deaths, but most
make no memorable impact

except on your friends and dogs. Enthusiastic
Youth writes you off as cold, who cannot be found on
barricades, and never shoot
either yourselves or your lovers.

You thought well of your Odes, Flaccus, and believed they
would live, but knew, and have taught your descendants to
say with you: "As makers go,
compared with Pindar or any

of the great foudroyant masters who won't stop to
amend, we are, for all our polish, of little
stature, and, as human lives,
compared with authentic martyrs

like Regulus, of no account. We can only
do what it seems to us we were made for, look at
this world with a happy eye,
but from a sober perspective."

—W. H. Auden

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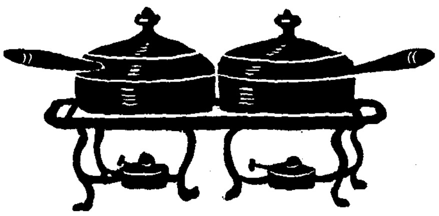
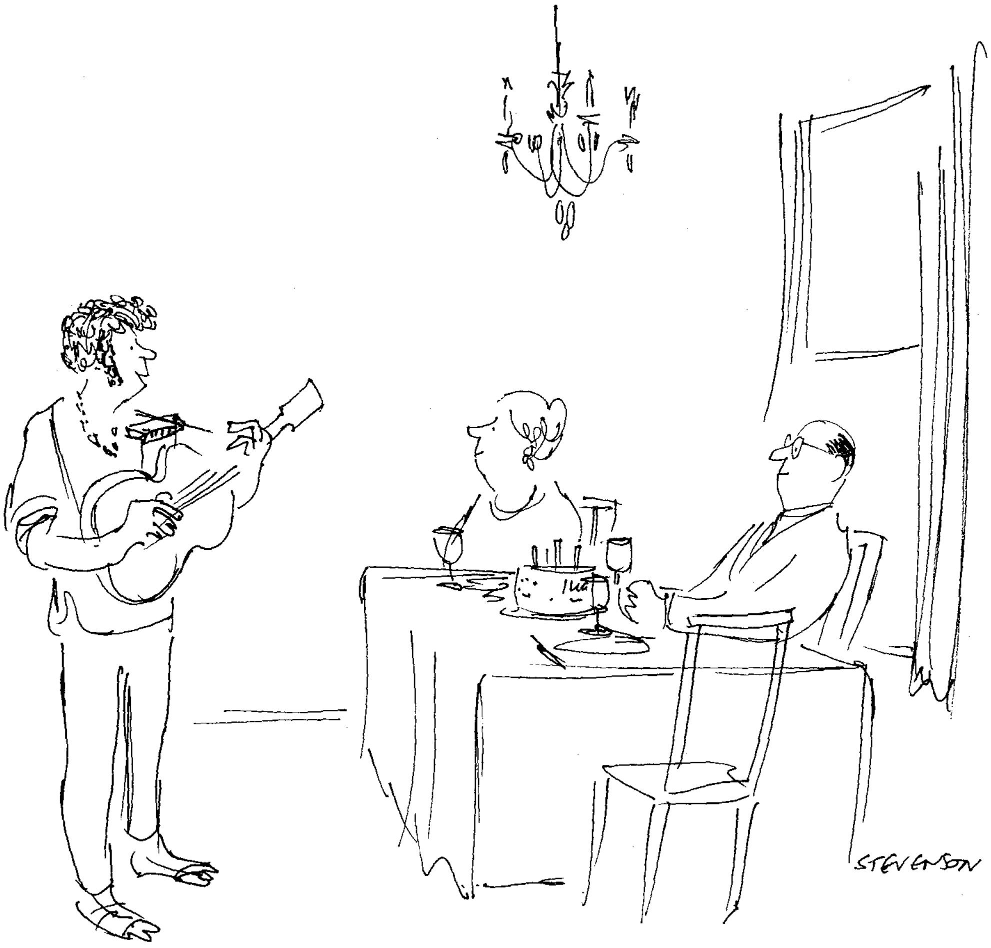
Vietnam, where for a short time the two observed the Vietminh fighting the French. In July, 1950, they returned secretly to Indonesia, where Aidit, after being briefly arrested and released, set about reorganizing the P.K.I. He and Lukman started a newspaper, *Bintang Merah*, and launched mass appeals that built the Party up to a hundred and sixty-five thousand members by mid-1954 and to a million by the time of the 1955 parliamentary elections. Under Aidit's dominant tutelage, the Party was quick to take advantage of various opportunities it saw, particularly in overcrowded Java, to gather mass support among peasants, workers, young people, women, and veterans; it started a series of "movements" and associations to rally these and other elements. From the outset, its radical militancy found a ready response. The other parties had tended to neglect the *kampong* (village units), which were dominated by the *lurah*, or village headmen, and, in Muslim communities, by *imam*, or spiritual leaders; by schoolteachers; and by *kijai*, or scholars. Life in the countryside was extremely monotonous, especially after dusk, and the P.K.I.'s aim was to fill this void with its mass organizations and build up its image as a patriotic party supporting President Sukarno and opposed to the use of force.

A well-known Indonesian social historian, Soedjatmoko, who is now Ambassador to the United States, has written, "The parcelling out of arable land into even tinier plots, the rise of landless agricultural labor, and rural unemployment, all set in the context of a national economy grinding to a standstill, were the basic causes of social tensions in rural Java. The specific political response, however, was conditioned by factors emerging from the subsoil of the Javanese cultural tradition. All this suggests two different reaction patterns . . . the one paternalistic and authoritarian, with a statist and bureaucratic orientation, the other with a strong proclivity for radicalism and revolutionary action." In a general way, the P.N.I. represented the paternalist-bureaucratic element, and was thus obliged to adopt an increasingly defensive posture as the P.K.I. made strong inroads in Central and East Java. Another student of Indonesia, the





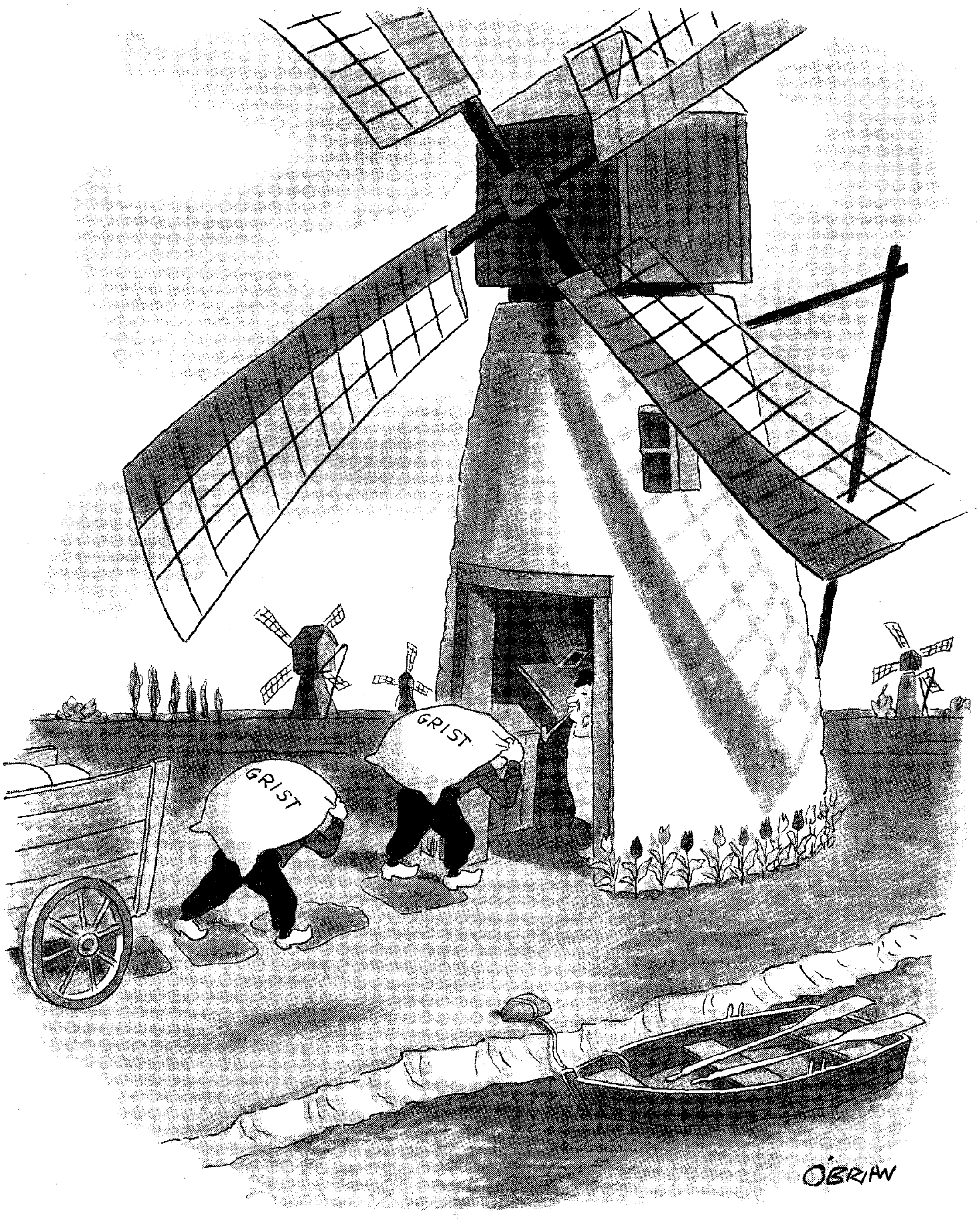
"I wrote this especially for your birthday, Pop. It's about how enlightened American business executives have created a viable economy and a mobile and progressive social structure."

American Arnold C. Brackman, has pointed out in his book "Indonesian Communism" that the political reliability of the new P.K.I. mass organizations, which ultimately grew to a membership claimed by the Communists to be as much as sixteen million, was open to serious question—and the failure of the 1965 Communist coup attempt certainly demonstrated as much. However, Brackman goes on, the real significance of the P.K.I.'s identification with nationalism and with Sukarno in the early and middle fifties was that it "succeeded in destroying the post-independence opportunities of the Sjahrir Socialists [Partai Socialis Indonesia, or P.S.I.] to develop the non-Communist Left." In effect, this sounded the death knell for parliamentary democracy in Indonesia even before the country had its first national election.

During the 1955 election campaign, the P.K.I. proved itself the best-financed and best-organized party. Certainly it employed the best propagandists, who cleverly joined general appeals, such as those for more land for the poor peasants, with local causes. They handed out thousands of kites to children. (Kite-flying in Indonesia is more than a national pastime, it is a virtual obsession.) Everywhere, too, they loudly praised Sukarno and his *Pantja Sila*—a doctrine of belief in the five principles of God, nationalism, humanism, democracy, and social justice—to which all the parties had originally subscribed, but which by now had more or less become the special property of the P.N.I. and the P.K.I. in the growing contest between them and the Muslims, both the reformist Masjumi Party and the more conservative Nahdatul Ulama, or N.U. The elections—the only national ones ever held in Indonesia—were carried out in a mood of high enthusiasm and were both fair and orderly. Of nearly thirty-eight million votes cast, the P.N.I. won 22.3 per cent and the Masjumi 20.9 per cent, which meant that each got fifty-seven of the two hundred and fifty-seven seats in the new Parliament. The N.U. got 18.4 per cent of the votes, for forty-five seats, and the P.K.I. finished a strong fourth, with 16.4 per cent and thirty-nine seats. This last was a remarkable showing for a party that only a few years earlier had been a hunted, bankrupt victim of Dutch persecution. The election eliminated the Socialists and set the stage for regional conflicts so severe as to threaten Indonesia's very survival. The P.N.I., the P.K.I., and the N.U. derived almost all their strength from Java, which contained two-thirds of the country's total population, but the Masjumi, though it had some strength among the Sundanese people of West Java, was essentially based in the "outer islands"—especially in Sumatra, the big island to the northwest of Java, and in Sulawesi (Celebes), to the northeast. In the face of unresolved social and economic cleavages, it quickly became apparent that the political parties, even in coalition, could not rule the country or provide its people with all the good things, including jobs and new consumer goods, that had been promised them.

What Indonesia mostly seemed to lack was a focus of power. As Soedjatmoko has put it, the absence of national and political goals created "mere bickering among the political powers for a greater share of the spoils." Essentially, the secular-minded, Java-based parties and groups, which dominated the civil service and the Army, operated without ideology and sometimes solely on the basis of opportunism and of personal ties and loyalties. Their strength lay in the predominant part of the population that was only nominally Muslim. Within the more devout Muslim community, the tradition-minded N.U. had an influence that was generally confined to the village-bound peasants of Java, while the more modern Masjumi found its strength among the more sophisticated shopkeepers and middlemen of the other islands. Tensions were aggravated in the seven military regions into which the republic was divided by rivalries between officers and civilian officials. The commanders usually ran their regions as autonomous fiefs, and their loyalty to Djakarta was nominal and sporadic. They supported themselves and their commands by organized smuggling trade with Singapore and Manila. In this confused picture, Sukarno alone held things together. He had the continuing support of most, though not all, of the Army, and he did not wait long after the 1955 elections to consolidate his own political power. In one of his speeches, he asked, "Whoever heard of a three-legged horse?," thus signalling the start of his effort to get the P.N.I. to create a "four-legged horse" by taking the Communists into the non-functioning coalition of the P.N.I., the N.U., and the Masjumi. His Prime Minister, Ali Sastroamidjojo, balked, however, because he had come to fear the Communists' rising strength. By the end of October, 1956, Sukarno was no longer interested in any kind of party-coalition "horse" but had an entirely different idea. Upon returning from a two-month trip to the Iron Curtain countries and to China, where he had been particularly impressed by the factories and the new communes, he declared that Indonesia had made a big mistake in ever allowing political parties to be established. He condemned the parties for their "selfishness," and demanded that they "bury themselves." He went on to speak with admiration of people in China who "work like ants," and added, "The democracy I would like to have for Indonesia is not the liberal democracy of Western Europe. . . . What I would like to have for Indonesia is a guided democracy . . . especially if we want to construct it in the way I saw in the Chinese People's Republic." The politicians, naturally, were not interested in digging their own graves, but Sukarno and the Army were now moving toward a consolidation of their partnership that would leave all the parties except the P.K.I. either in hopeless rebellion or in a stultifying vacuum.

At the end of 1956, Hatta, in protest against Sukarno's new dictatorial concepts, resigned his post as Vice-President. At the same time, the military commanders of North, Central, and South Sumatra and some of their civilian supporters pulled off bloodless coups that overthrew Djakarta-appointed civilian officials in these places. A counter-revolt in the northern part of the island presently reëstablished Djakarta's rule, but the two other regions remained under the control of the military, who accused the central government, not without justification, of neglect, corruption, and undue leniency toward the Communists. The Masjumi, which was in sympathy with the rebels, quit the government, accentuating the split between the Java-based parties and the outer-island elements. The Communists watched what was happening with obvious satisfaction and waited for Sukarno's next step.



They did not wait long. At the end of February, 1957, Sukarno outlined what he called his *konsepsi* (over-all conception of government), and, in so doing, revealed for the first time what he meant by "Guided Democracy." Since Indonesia's levels of literacy and prosperity were so low that it could not emulate Western democracy, he said, the "experiment" it had been making had to be abandoned. In its place he called for the creation of a new *gotong-royong* (mutual help) Cabinet, to include the Communists, and—more important—for the establishment of a new advisory council of "functional groups," composed of representatives of labor, youth, peasants, business entrepreneurs, and so on. The Communists, some smaller radical parties, and the P.N.I. supported Sukarno's plan, but all the Muslim elements and the more moderate political groups opposed it. The Army, under the Chief of Staff, General Abdul Haris Nasution, which did not want to challenge Sukarno directly but did want more power for itself, moved into the position of arbiter.

By this time, Aidit had deployed his P.K.I. mass organizations—trucks with loudspeakers were plying the streets of Djakarta, and painted slogans had blossomed on public buildings—and as the situation soon

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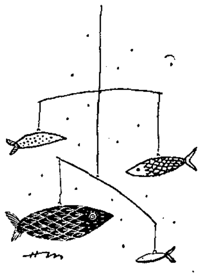
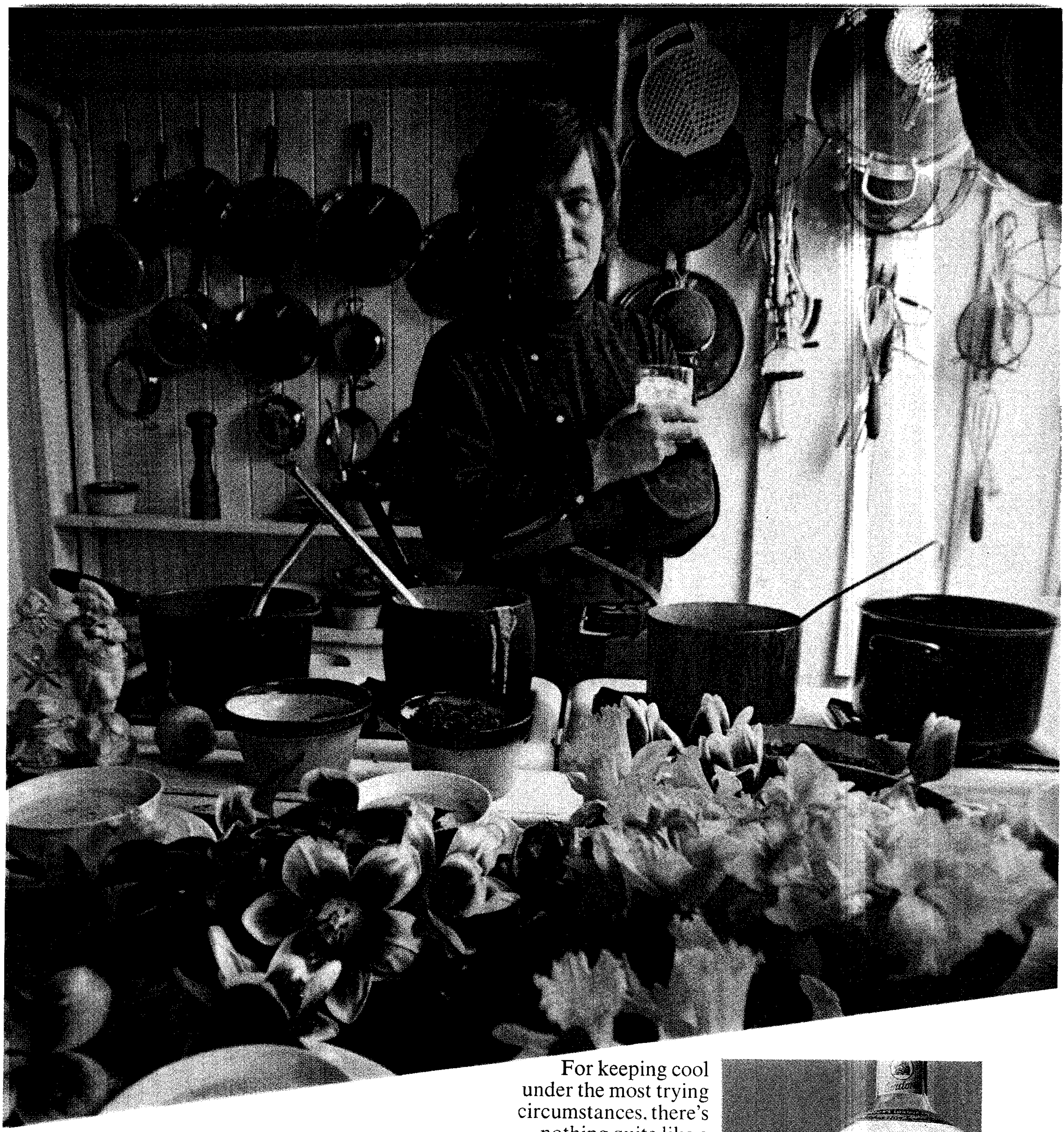
began to get out of hand, Nasution ordered an end to the demonstrations. Meanwhile, fresh military outbreaks were taking place in four provinces in the islands east of Java. Succumbing to the various pressures, the Cabinet of Ali Sastroamidjojo resigned. Sukarno immediately placed the whole country under martial law, and announced that he would choose a new government—an activity that had theretofore been left to the party politicians. Sukarno's new Cabinet, headed by Prime Minister Djuanda, the former Minister of Planning, contained no members of the P.K.I., but it did include two well-known Communist sympathizers. More significantly, two ministries were given to a new political organization calling itself the Generation of 1945, which was headed by a left-wing Sukarno man named Chaerul Saleh and was composed principally of labor, youth, and veterans' groups. This amorphous coalition was to be the fourth leg of the horse that Sukarno would ride to his goal of Guided Democracy, and the P.K.I. was to be its willing groom. In the summer of 1957, the P.K.I. emerged as the strongest party in the Java provincial elections, with 27.4 per cent of the total vote.



That November, when the United Nations General Assembly failed to adopt a resolution proposed by Indonesia and eighteen other members of the Afro-Asian bloc requesting the Secretary-General's assistance in solving the West Irian problem, Sukarno declared that he was prepared to adopt "other means" to acquire the territory, and that they would "startle the world." He was then more than startled himself by an attempt on his life—the work of a band of anti-Communist Muslim youths who tossed four grenades into a school Sukarno was visiting. Nine people were killed and a hundred and fifty wounded, but Sukarno escaped unhurt—a circumstance that increased the awe with which he had long been regarded by his myth-ridden fellow-Javanese, and that strengthened his supporters' belief that he was destined to rule Indonesia as a father figure, if not a god figure, indefinitely.

EARLY in December, 1957, left-wing employees of the principal inter-island shipping line, which was owned by Dutch interests, seized the company's Djakarta office and hoisted a red flag over it. Prime Minister Djuanda used this event as a pretext to order the immediate expulsion of the Dutch, and within a few days virtually all the Dutch plantations, banks, and business firms in the country had been seized, most of them by the P.K.I.-controlled labor union, known as S.O.B.S.I. There were then forty-six thousand Dutch citizens living in Indonesia, and they hurriedly packed their belongings and prepared to leave. The Army as well as the government obtained major benefits from the overnight nationalization; even if the economy could scarcely function, the seizure provided a wealth of fresh patronage that Sukarno and the Army could happily divide. The Communists wisely lay low, in the knowledge that under the current confused conditions the P.K.I.'s chances of achieving full control of the country were small, because the Party had almost no existence outside Java. They supported the Djakarta government publicly but criticized it at the village level, and went on getting ready for what they realized would someday be a showdown with the military. The Army and the civil police—and, to a lesser extent, the Navy and the Air Force—now controlled virtually the whole state administrative apparatus. The authority of the armed forces extended to the collection of customs and to all other export and import operations; to immigration and alien movements; to transportation and communications; to almost all commercial activity, including the operation, by the Army itself, of the former Dutch estates; to censorship and to most types of investigation, including the investigation of corruption; and to all aspects of political activity, including public meetings and even some social gatherings. The military had the right to requisition almost anything it wanted, from automobiles and gasoline to planes and houses, giving it tremendous economic power, not to mention the opportunity to make tremendous profits.

At this point, the simmering resistance to the government came to a boil, as dissident officers and disaffected liberal politicians—including two former Prime Ministers, Natsir and Harahap—attempted to mount a full-scale anti-Djakarta, anti-Sukarno revolt based on the outer islands, particularly Sumatra and Sulawesi. It was a cry of despair over the demise of parliamentary democracy and over the whole nationalist revolution gone awry, and



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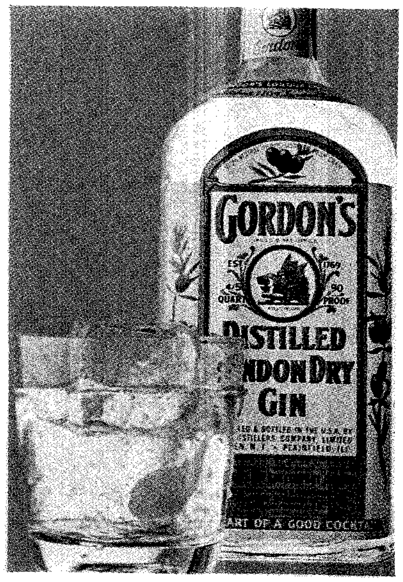

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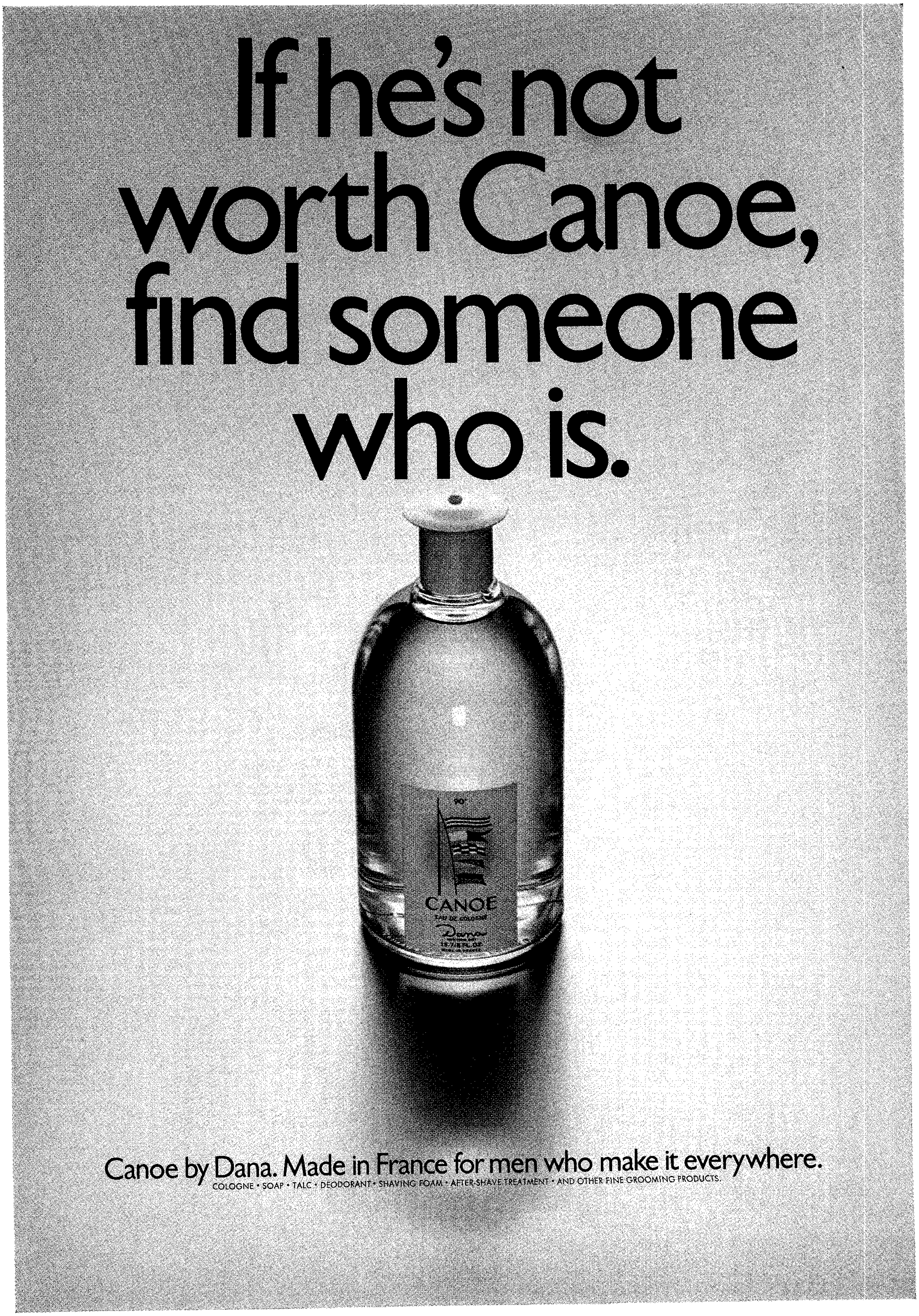
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for a moment it struck the conscience not only of many Indonesians but of much of the rest of the world, including the United States. By June, 1958, however, because of fundamental strategic errors, because of squabbles among the dissident leaders, and because they failed to create any sort of administration more appealing to the outer-island peoples than Djakarta's, the rebellion failed. The United States, which had (through the C.I.A.) temporarily funnelled military aid to the rebels, again began shipping arms to Djakarta, apparently believing that the most useful policy was to bolster the Indonesian Army for an ultimate showdown with the Communists. The two real poles of authority were now Sukarno and the Army—the latter had gained a great deal of political strength as a result of the quick defeat of the rebel elements, though it remained divided within itself. In East and Central Java, the Communists had begun to infiltrate the local troops, a factor which was to prove highly significant later. While Sukarno had established a political equilibrium with the Army, he also needed the P.K.I., if for no other reason than that the Communists, by far the best-organized party in Java, had the propaganda machinery which, reaching as it did all the way down to the village level, would enable him to maintain his popular strength. The P.K.I., for its part, needed Sukarno to protect it from the Army, and he did so by permitting it to hold public meetings, which the Army wanted to ban, and by appearing himself from time to time at big Communist rallies.

In February, 1959, Sukarno made new demands for autocratic powers. Declaring that Indonesia was on the brink of the "abyss of annihilation," he called for a "return to the constitution of 1945"—a document that had been replaced by a provisional constitution in 1950, and that provided for a strong executive, with the power to appoint Cabinet ministers who would remain in office for at least five years, unless the President fired them, and to govern without parliamentary interference. On July 5, 1959, by direct Presidential decree, the Constituent Assembly was dissolved and the 1945 constitution was reinstated, although the elected Parliament continued its deliberations in a desultory manner. Guided Democracy had come to Indonesia.

"I tell you frankly," Sukarno said to a crowd at about this time, "I belong to that group of people who are bound in spiritual longing by the romanticism

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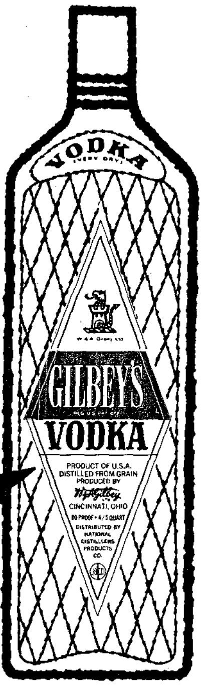

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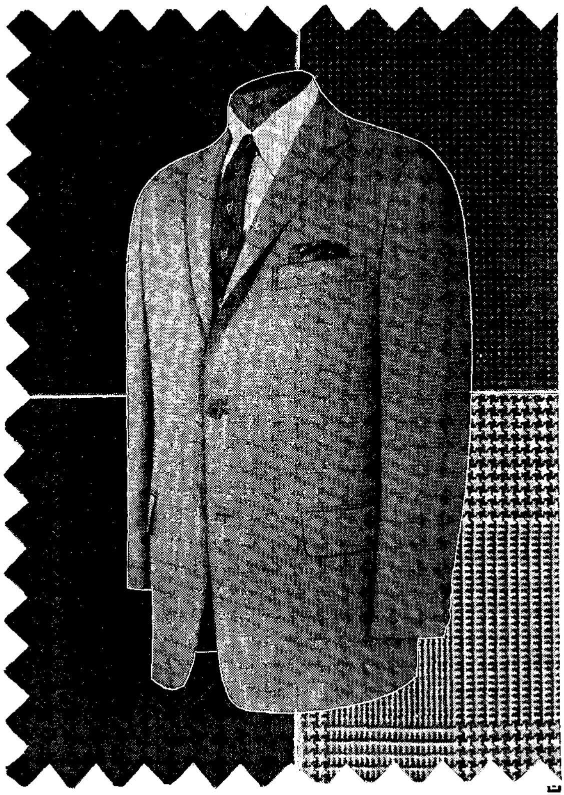

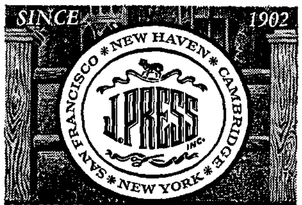

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of revolution. I am inspired by it. I am fascinated by it. I am completely absorbed by it. I am crazed, I am obsessed by the romanticism of revolution. . . . That is why I, who have been given the topmost leadership in the struggle of the Indonesian nation, never tire of appealing and exhorting: Solve our national problems in a revolutionary way; make the revolutionary spirit surge on; see to it that the fire of our revolution does not die or grow dim—not even for a single moment. Come, then, keep fanning the flames of the leaping fire of revolution! Brothers and sisters, let us become logs to feed the flames of revolution!"

While repeatedly calling for "a thoroughgoing revolutionary overhaul of our state and social system," Sukarno rode his "Back to 1945" theme to death, and if he didn't bore people—and it must be granted that he seldom did—he left them confused, bewildered, and unfulfilled, in large part because most of them did not as yet possess either of the two prime necessities that he kept promising: *sandang-pangan*, or food and clothing, primarily rice and cloth, which remained in short supply while prices skyrocketed. "I am no holy man or reincarnation of God," Sukarno declaimed. "I am just an ordinary human being, like you and you." In reality, there was little that was "ordinary" about Sukarno—except, perhaps, that he was totally ignorant of economics, because the subject bored him. Certainly he had extraordinary political instincts, and, among other things, a remarkable sense of timing. He applied his profound understanding of Indonesian traditions to the problems he dealt with, generally in a dramatic fashion all his own, making himself sound like one of the heroes of the *wayang*, the shadow plays that are entwined with Javanese mythology. But as he tried to balance his Javanese mysticism against his crypto-Marxism and his sense of opportunism, he increasingly removed himself from the Indonesian people, even as he insisted more and more vehemently that he personified them.

SUKARNO, it must be said, was as much the result as the cause of Indonesia's failure to come to grips with the problems of modern nationhood; these problems had simply proved too much for the political élite of the new republic to handle, and Sukarno, when he moved forcibly onto the scene, didn't even try to handle them. Instead, he built what he thought would be a new, unitary governmental

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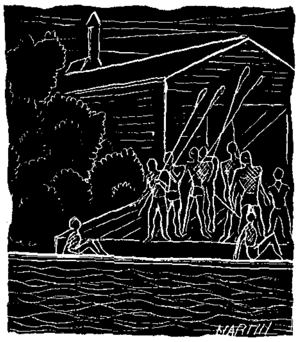
structure, and it turned out to be another administrative labyrinth. Then, in September, 1959, he reorganized Indonesia's regional governments, doing away with elected regional councils, and making the governors of the regions, which were akin to provinces, accountable directly to him. These moves further served to "bury" the political parties, as Sukarno had suggested, and the parties were further damaged by another Sukarno edict that forbade any high-ranking government official from belonging to any of them. The P.K.I., especially, was disturbed by this decree; in fact, the Communists at this point, although they still supported Sukarno, were edgy. They had earlier gone along with a Presidential regulation prohibiting aliens in rural areas from engaging in retail trade—a move aimed at the many thousands of Chinese small merchants, who were the backbone of business throughout the countryside, and who served as bankers, pawnbrokers, and middlemen. But when some forty thousand Chinese were expelled under the regulation, the P.K.I. and several other parties moved to oppose the strictness with which the rule was being enforced. Around this time, too, the Communist mass organizations began demonstrating against rising prices.

Into this atmosphere of dissension came Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev, who arrived in Indonesia early in 1960 for an eleven-day tour. The trip seemed less than a wild success for Sukarno and for the P.K.I. To start with, Khrushchev did not seem overly enthusiastic about Sukarno's campaign to make the Dutch give Indonesia West Irian. Then, typically, Khrushchev could not resist issuing an earthy ideological warning to the P.K.I. that mass support was no substitute for militant policy. "The Communist Party is not a grocery store, where the more customers you attract, and the more soap, rotten herring, or other spoiled goods you sell, the more you gain," he said. (The warning proved a prophetic one.) The climax of Khrushchev's trip came when he appeared before Parliament and delivered a speech that had an unexpected effect on the immediate Indonesian political situation. The deputies, annoyed by Sukarno's recent assumptions of personal power, sat and listened to Khrushchev in silence; even when he mentioned West Irian, only the Communists applauded, and then very briefly. Sukarno was incensed, and was not altogether mollified when Khrushchev, at the conclusion of his visit, pledged Indonesia a twelve-year credit amounting to a quarter of a billion dollars at two and a half per cent interest.

A week later, the four leading parties—the P.N.I., the P.K.I., the N.U., and the Masjumi—joined forces to oppose a draft budget submitted by Sukarno, whereupon he dissolved Parliament, on the pretext that it had failed to live up to "the spirit of . . . Guided Democracy" and to "the Political Manifesto of the Republic." The latter was a declaration—he referred to it, characteristically, as *Manipol*—that had evolved from his 1959 Independence Day speech, to which he had added some expository notes and the extra acronym *Usdek*. This last was a coinage from the first letters of five of his propaganda tags: *Undang-undang Dasar '45* (Return to the 1945 Constitution), *Socialisme à la Indonesia* (Indonesian Socialism), *Demokrasi Terpimpin* (Guided Democracy), *Ekonomi Terpimpin* (Guided Economy), and *Kepribadian Indonesia* (Indonesian Identity). From that moment on, *Manipol-Usdek* would be Indonesia's new political creed.



The acronymic era ushered in by *Manipol-Usdek* furnished Sukarno with the cabalistic dialectic he felt he needed to dramatize his revolution as he carried on his battle with Parliament and the political parties. He was obviously determined, despite another attempt on his life—when a young Indonesian pilot machine-gunned two of his palaces from a MIG-17—to make it clear that Guided Democracy was a permanent fixture. At the end of June, 1960, he appointed a new *gotong-royong* Parliament of two hundred and eighty-three members, who represented nine political parties and a score of functional groups, and in mid-August he appointed three hundred and twenty-six more members, forming a new Provisional People's Consultative Congress, or M.P.R.S.—composed of the members of Parliament plus an equal number of members appointed by the President—supposedly the highest body in the land. Two days later, he declared the Masjumi and the

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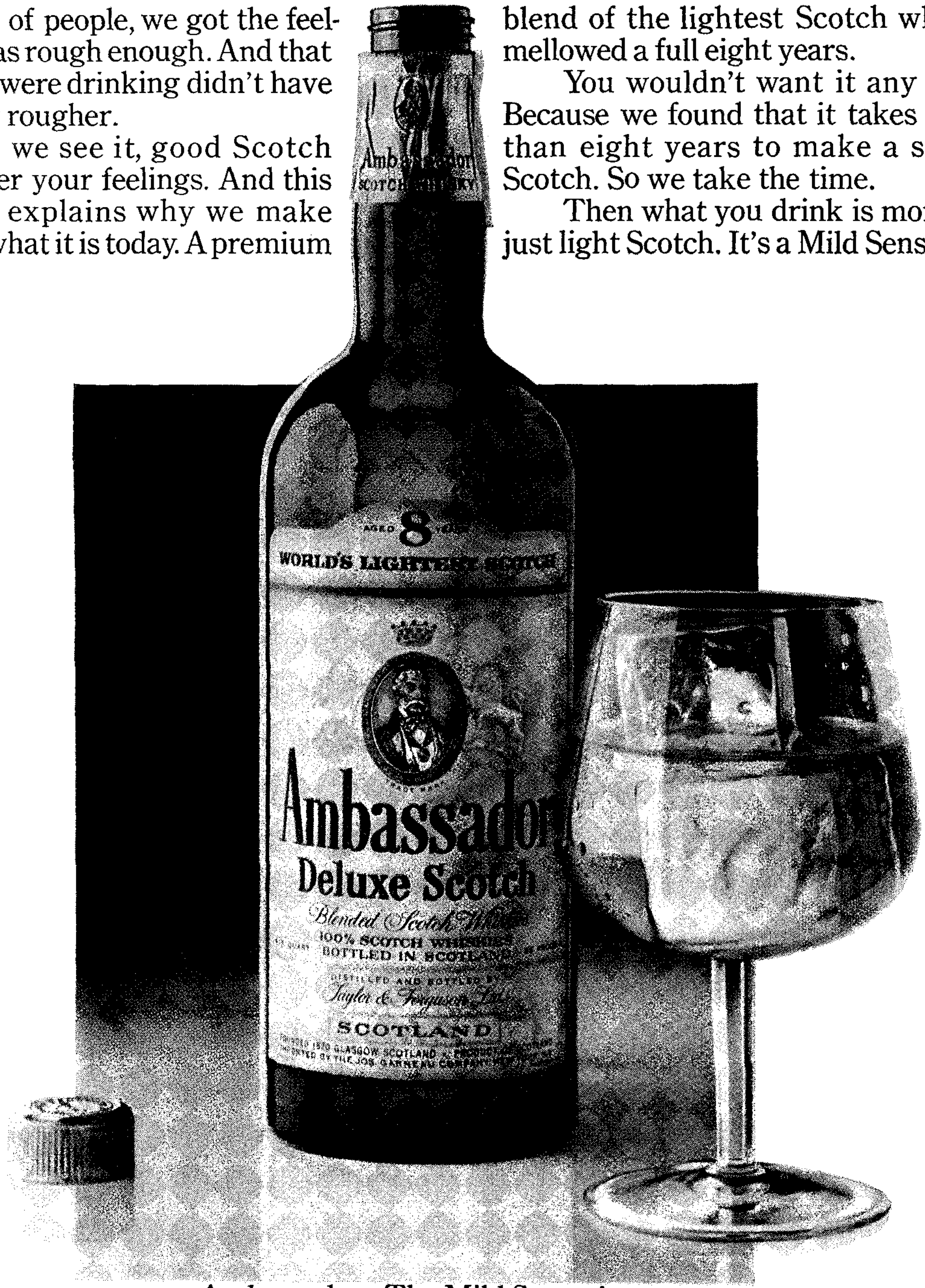
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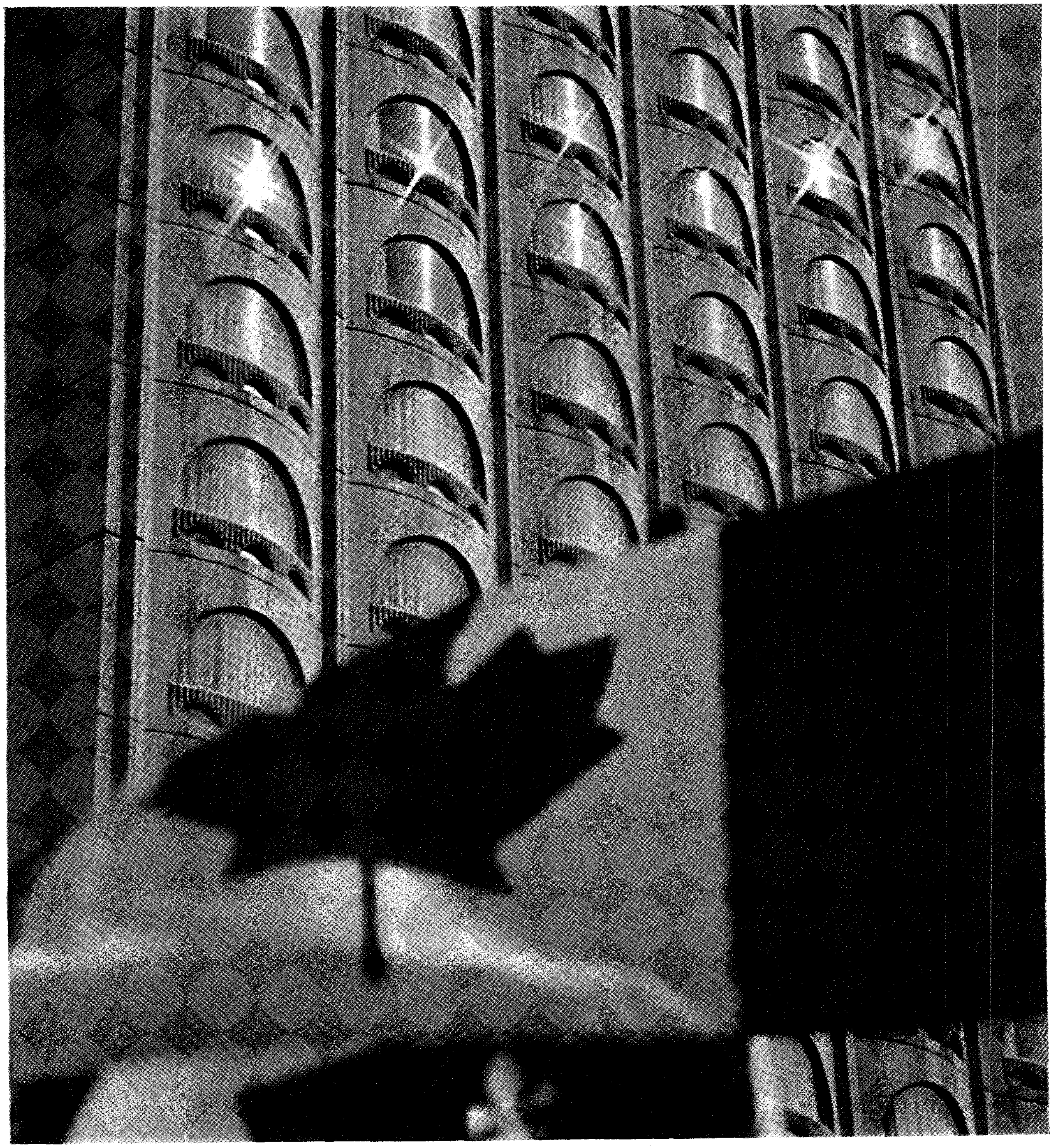

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P.S.I. illegal, and a month later he prohibited all parties from engaging in any overt political activity whatever, and placed harsh restrictions on the press. All "foreign influences," including the Boy Scouts and the Rotarians, were banned. In the months that followed, *Manipol-Usdek* was pushed with a vengeance, not only in the press but also in high schools and colleges and throughout the civil service and the administrative channels of the state-run enterprises. Young people going abroad to study, for example, had to swear that they believed in *Manipol-Usdek* and that they would not marry while they were out of the country, and all government employees who were regarded as something less than loyal to the precepts of the Sukarno regime were "retooled;" that is, demoted or, sometimes, pensioned off.

Among the first groups to suffer from the new policies were teachers, writers, and journalists, who, out of fear or because they had been directly threatened with loss of jobs and even arrest, found that they had to either remain silent or perjure themselves in order to go on making even a meagre living. Although, for the most part, the dissident intellectuals were left alone and allowed to continue quietly writing and studying as long as they did not stir up trouble, a few of the leading liberal politicians did not fare so well, and were imprisoned. They remained in jail until after the 1965 upheaval, with the exception of the Socialist Soetan Sjahrir, who died in Switzerland in April, 1966. These instances of intellectual and political repression under Sukarno, which are certainly not comparable in severity to what has taken place in other modern dictatorships, were no doubt no worse than they were partly because Sukarno had such a strong desire to maintain an impressive façade.

Among Sukarno's few tangible accomplishments during this period was the temporary resolution of the West Irian crisis, which had been smoldering for thirteen years. After the failure of numerous efforts to settle the affair bilaterally or with the help of friendly nations, Sukarno, at the end of 1961, noisily ordered the Indonesians to prepare for mobilization, in accordance with his earlier threat to use "other means" to obtain the all but useless territory. At the start of 1962—at a time when this policy of *konfrontasi*, or "confrontation," with the Dutch was consuming nearly three-quarters of the national budget and sending the soaring national deficit higher than ever—the

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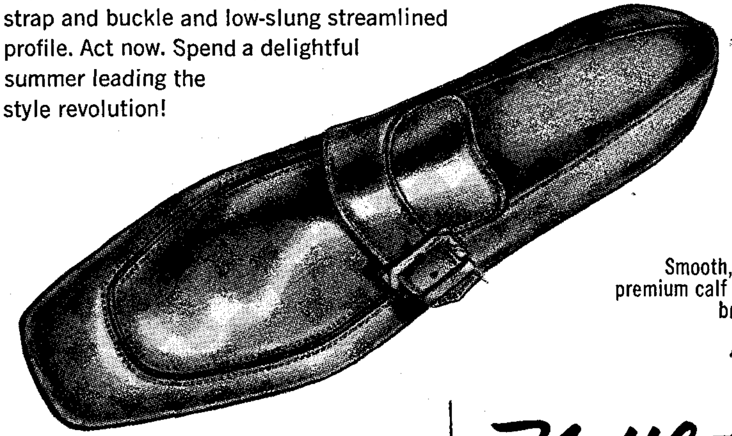

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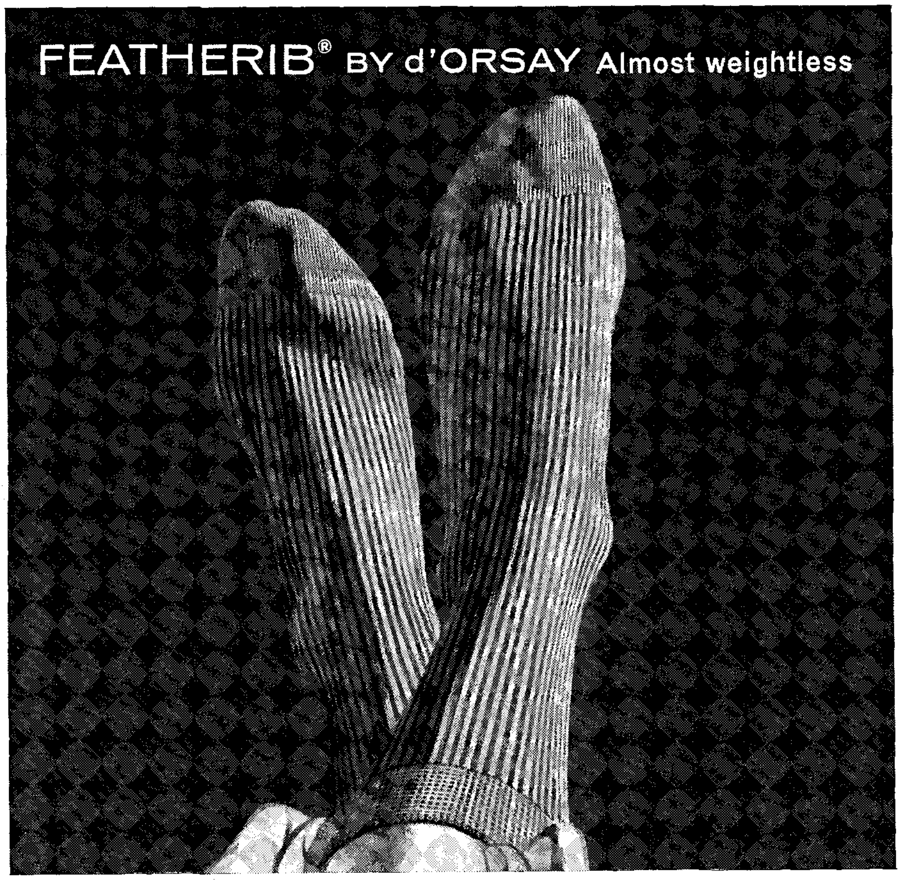

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Indonesians dropped some "volunteer" paratroopers into West Irian. Small-scale fighting broke out as the Dutch repelled them, and the action threatened to turn into a larger conflict, possibly involving the Western powers. This danger was averted when the United States and the United Nations together persuaded the Dutch to back down; by the terms of the settlement, West Irian was turned over to the United Nations, but only briefly, and in May, 1963, Indonesia was given control of the area, though the inhabitants were promised the right of self-determination before January 1, 1970. A plebiscite of sorts has been scheduled for this summer, but a couple of weeks ago a tribal revolt broke out when dissident elements among the eight hundred and fourteen thousand people kidnapped or intimidated some Indonesian officials. The revolt, which prompted the Indonesians to send in paratroopers, signified the Papuan population's dissatisfaction over Djakarta's decision not to allow a one-man, one-vote decision on independence but to let a thousand tribal and community leaders decide the issue. In a larger sense, it also reflected the fact that the Indonesians had done even less than the Dutch had been doing to develop the area.

After the West Irian settlement, there was some expectation that Sukarno might finally turn his attention to Indonesia's countless internal problems. Indeed, he announced that economic reform and rehabilitation would now get top priority. Notwithstanding largesse from nations—foremost among them the United States and the Soviet Union—that were competing for Sukarno's favor or succumbing to his Cold War blackmail, the country's economic condition was worse then than it had ever been. The foreign aid, properly used, might have filled the worst gaps if most of it had not been channelled into chauvinistic display. The result was a further fragmentation of the already diffuse economy and a national mood in which almost everyone simply fended for himself as best he could—the majority to subsist and the rest to get rich. The price index rose from a base of one hundred in 1953 to three thousand in early 1963; rubber production decreased by about ten per cent in the decade between 1950 and 1960, and slipped more rapidly thereafter, owing to a failure to plant enough new rubber trees; the production of rice in 1963 was lower than it had been fifteen years before, though the country's population had grown by

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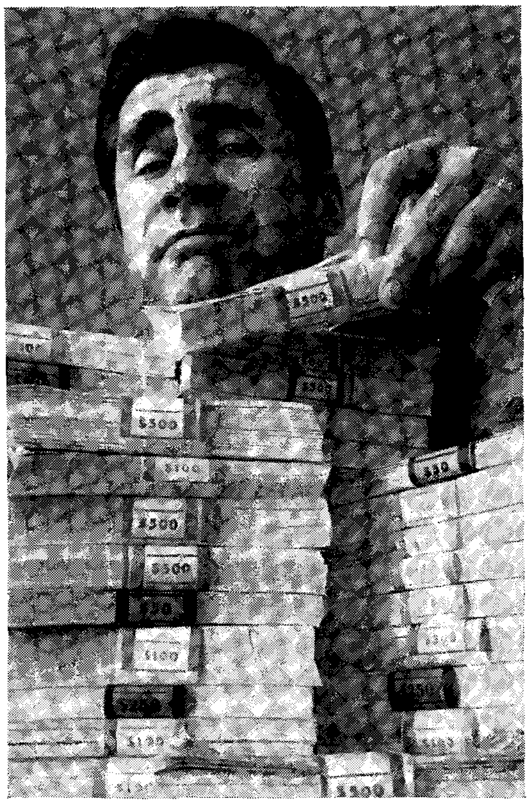

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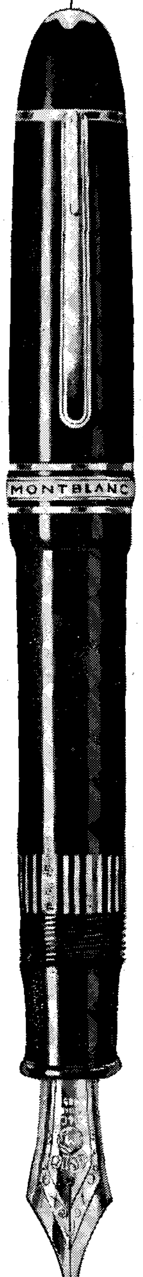

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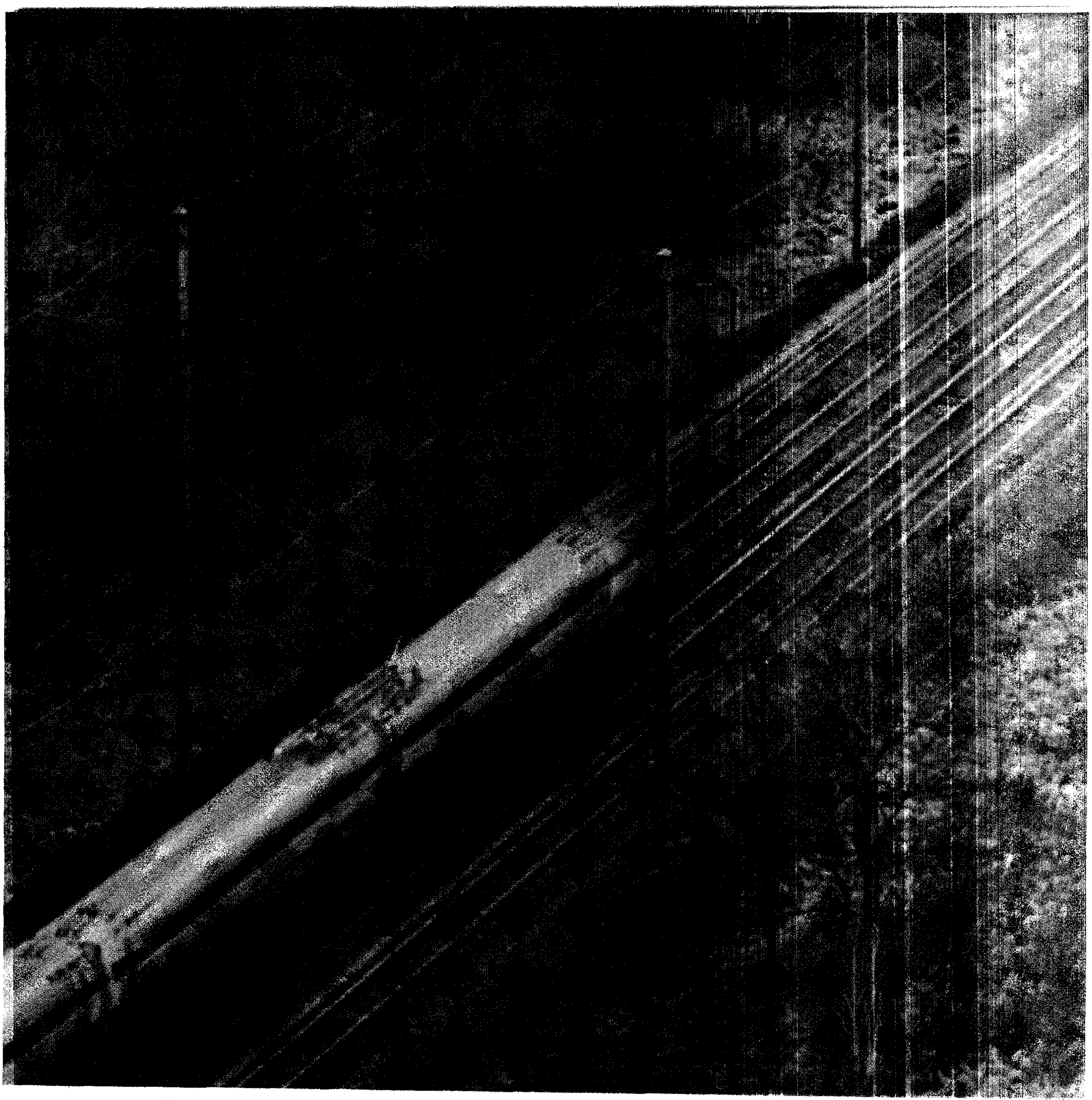
more than a third—to almost a hundred million; virtually nothing was done to tap Indonesia's rich mineral resources, and its roads and railways were literally disintegrating. As all these things, and many more, became manifest, money grew to be all but meaningless; the rupiah, supposedly pegged since 1959 at forty-five to the American dollar, fell to the rate of ten to fifteen thousand to a dollar on the free market. In such an atmosphere, it was no longer possible to exercise any real economic controls. Civil servants, who were supposed to work from eight in the morning until two in the afternoon, appeared at their offices for an hour or two and then went off to other jobs, as traders, clerks, teachers, or translators. Corruption extended from the asking of exorbitant prices for scarce goods ("The price of an article is determined not by supply and demand but by the number of officials whose hands it must pass through," it was said) to simple bribery for everything from the procurement of contracts to the privilege of entering children in school. Over-regulation, epitomized by fantastic numbers of forms to be filled out for everything, became a disease in the bureaucracy, where jobs were now handed out mostly for political gain. Survival depended on being "part of the system," and the poor, from college professors to *betjak* (pedicab) drivers, had to scrounge to supplement their meagre incomes of a few dollars a month.

THE hope that after the end of the West Irian crisis Indonesia would seriously attempt to deal with its domestic problems was quickly blasted. In the fall of 1963, Sukarno saw a new opportunity to attack the "imperialist forces," and, unable to resist such a lure, challenged the existence of the newly created nation of Malaysia. This marked the beginning of the end for Bung Karno. The Malaysian affair was a long and complicated one for Indonesia and for the areas that were originally supposed to compose Malaysia—Malaya, Singapore, and the three British dependencies of Sarawak, Brunei, and Sabah. Indonesia claimed to see the new nation as a potential British base against the growing liberation movement in Southeast Asia. In December, 1962, following the failure of a nationalist uprising in tiny Brunei, which had been supported surreptitiously by the Indonesians, Djakarta officially protested against the formation of Malaysia. A compromise appeared likely in the spring and summer of 1963, when Indonesia and the Philippines, which were also involved in the dispute because of an old claim to Sabah, agreed to accept the concept of Malaysia if a United Nations referendum should demonstrate that the people of Sabah and Sarawak supported the project. At the end of August, the Malayans announced that Malaysia would be officially formed on September 16, 1963, whatever the results of the referendum in Sabah and Sarawak. This gave Sukarno all the provocation he needed to launch a new *konfrontasi* policy. Once again, even more than during the showdown over West Irian, the country was aroused to fever pitch. Ultimately, as had also happened in the West Irian affair, words led to actions. Beginning in August, 1964, several thousand Indonesian guerrillas were landed on the Malay Peninsula. Almost all of them were quickly rounded up by the Malaysian Army and police, and were killed or imprisoned. More significant clashes occurred in the border areas between Sarawak and Sabah and Kalimantan (the Indonesian part of Borneo). While Sukarno had no intention of starting a full-scale war over Malaysia, he did indulge to the full his taste for brinksmanship. He forced the British and their Commonwealth allies to dispatch sixty thousand troops to Singapore and Borneo, and to bolster their Far Eastern fleet with an aircraft carrier and several other vessels—all of which cost Britain more than it cared to spend in defense of territories it had thought it was getting rid of once and for all, and undoubtedly hastened its desire to divest itself permanently of its East of Suez responsibilities. This was just what Sukarno wanted.

At this time, Sukarno was moving away from Moscow in the direction of Peking, and had all but broken with the United States. The history of Indonesia's relations with Communist China had been one of ups and downs ever since the two nations signed a trade agreement in 1953. There had been differences over the



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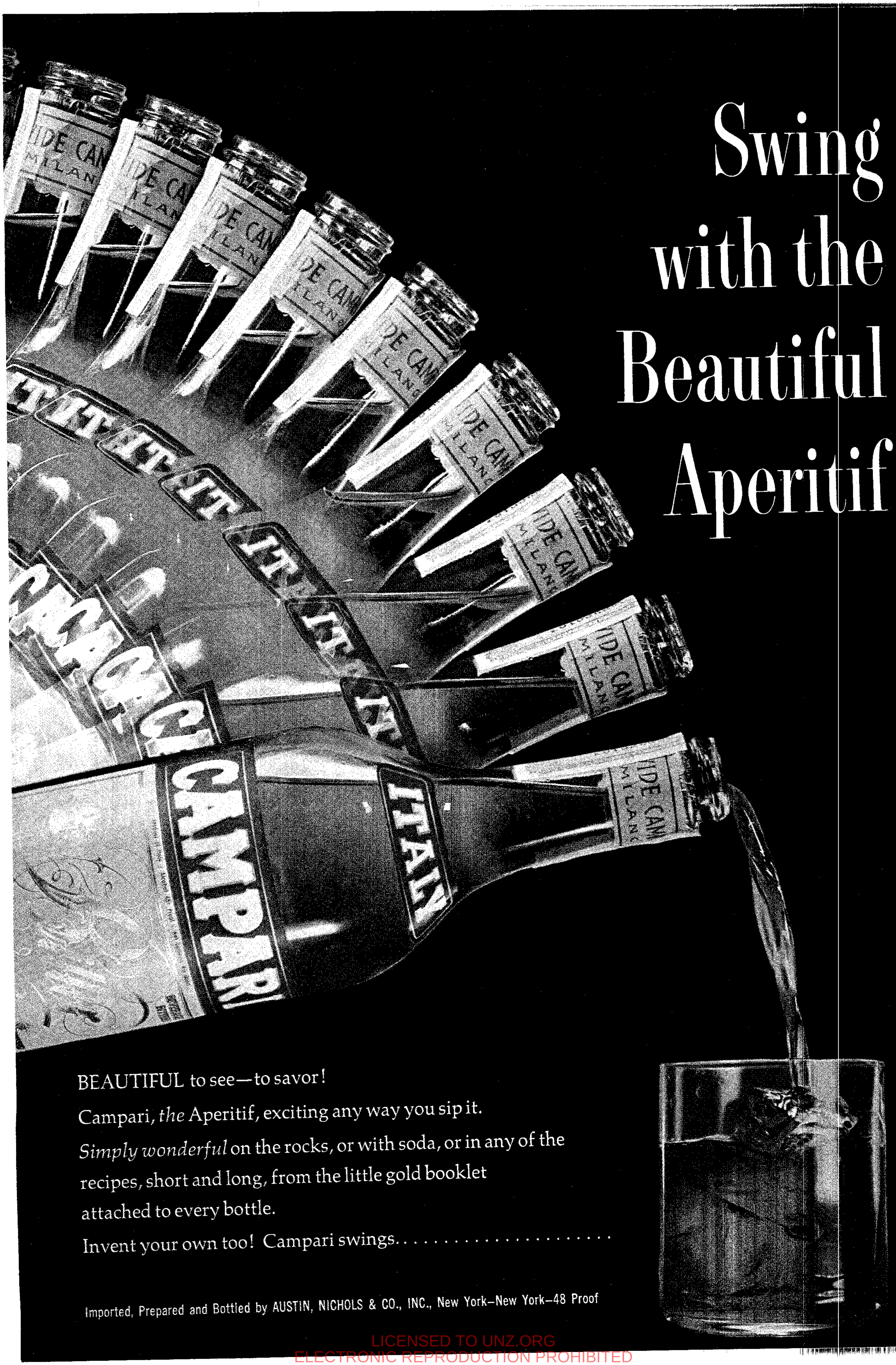
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½ Campari
½ Cranberry juice
Juice of ¼ lemon
Twist of lemon
Pour over ice into an Old Fashioned glass and stir. Add twist of lemon.

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⅓ Campari
⅓ Pure Orange Juice
⅓ Vodka
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Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into chilled glass.

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treatment of Chinese merchants in Indonesia, but then there had been a 1960 treaty granting Chinese residents dual-nationality rights. Peking was lavish with praise of Sukarno's diplomatic victory in West Irian, and early in 1963 Sukarno's Foreign Minister, Subandrio—who was to play a vital role in furthering relations with China—made a trip to Peking. Ultimately, the Chinese, who had been somewhat hesitant at first about supporting Indonesia's anti-Malaysia policy, gave it their full approval—which was more than the Russians did, to Sukarno's vast annoyance. More important than Sukarno's swing toward Peking at this time was Aidit's. Returning from a trip to Europe and Soviet Russia in the fall of 1963, the P.K.I. leader stopped off in China for several weeks and conferred with the top leaders there. In a recent analysis of Aidit's speeches in China during the month of September, 1963, Guy Pauker, of the Rand Corporation, has noted an important shift of emphasis. Aidit dropped his line of advocating the "peaceful path to victory" and coöperation with the Army. At the end of the month, speaking in Canton, he declared that the P.K.I. "must have confidence in its own strength," and that the Party "will always be on the side of Marxism-Leninism and will oppose revisionism." One factor in Aidit's shift, beyond Chinese prodding, was his disillusion with the Russians after their capitulation in the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962.

The most significant events in the development of the Chinese-Indonesian alliance took place at the end of 1964 and the beginning of 1965. In November, 1964, Sukarno, who had by now recognized North Korea, North Vietnam, and the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, met with Premier Chou En-lai in Shanghai, and later in the month China's Foreign Minister, Ch'en Yi, arrived in Djakarta to spend a week in secret talks with Sukarno, various members of the P.K.I., and with some of the pro-leftist elements of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force. Ch'en Yi is known to have promised the Indonesians aid in building up their guerrilla forces against Malaysia and also to have promised to send Chinese arms for the creation of a peasant-and-worker militia within Indonesia, which the P.K.I. had been urging on Sukarno but he had so far resisted, because of pressure from the Army. In the second week of December, Foreign Minister Subandrio, who was now also First

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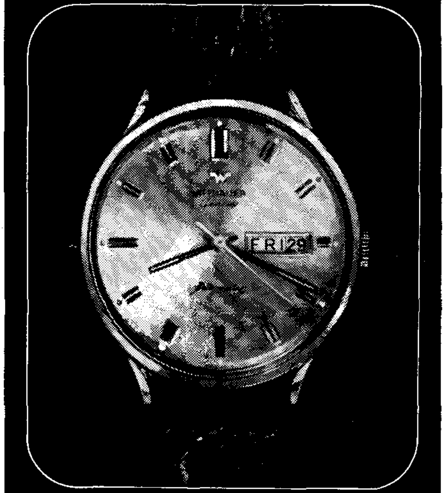

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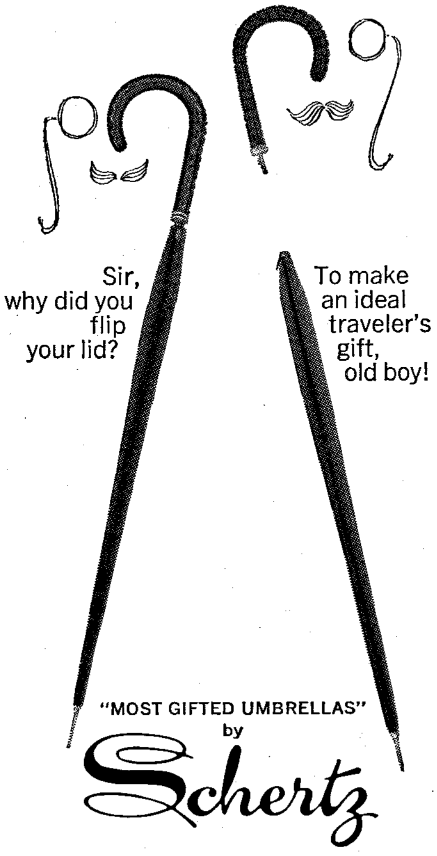
Deputy Prime Minister, met with a group of Indonesian diplomats in New York and secretly outlined to them the larger strategy of the new alliance, which he said was aimed at dividing the British from the Americans and eliminating all remaining "imperialist" bases in Southeast Asia. On March 1, 1965, after much urging by Peking, Sukarno withdrew Indonesia from membership in the United Nations and its affiliated agencies, using as his excuse the seating of Malaysia in the Security Council.

All this plotting between Peking and Djakarta had been matched within Indonesia by increasingly close relations between the P.K.I. and Sukarno. Despite his long and supple public balancing act between the Army and the Communists, Sukarno was now starting to move openly, and with surprising speed and candor, to the left. Some observers believe that a firm agreement had been reached between him and the P.K.I. as early as the spring of 1964, whereby, in return for the support of the Communists in his lifetime, Sukarno agreed to designate them as his legitimate revolutionary heirs. Throughout this period, in any case, Sukarno had steadily harped on an old theme, *Nasakom* (an acronym for *Nationalisme-Agama-Komunisme*, or Nationalism-Religion-Communism), insisting that the Communists be included along with nationalist and Islamic elements in the reorganization of Indonesian society, and intimating that he regarded the militant Communists as an authentic national force and the most important element in this grouping.

HAVING rejected several offers from world powers to help settle the Malaysian issue—with or without the assistance of the United Nations—Sukarno now moved boldly ahead with his plan to form a rival organization to the U.N. He called this CONEFO (Conference of the New Emerging Forces), and proclaimed a *Dasa Warsa* (Sanskrit for "tenth anniversary") celebration in Djakarta in April, 1965, a decade after the original Bandung Asian-African conference. To his great displeasure, only thirty-five of the sixty nations he had invited to participate sent representatives, and only three of twenty chiefs of state he had expected showed up. Despite the failure of the powwow to build up the Afro-Asian world anew, Sukarno left no doubt as to who he thought its chief enemies were. There were posters showing Sukarno, Chou En-lai, and Nasser pushing a fat American capitalist into a



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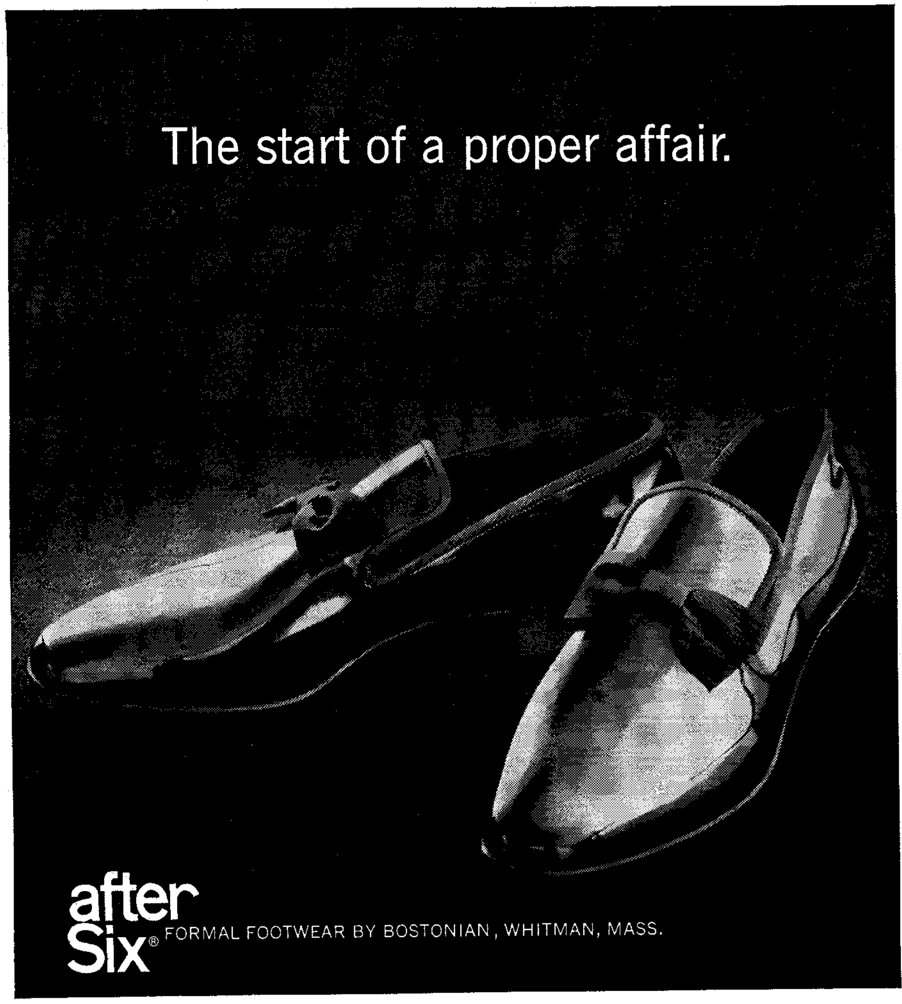

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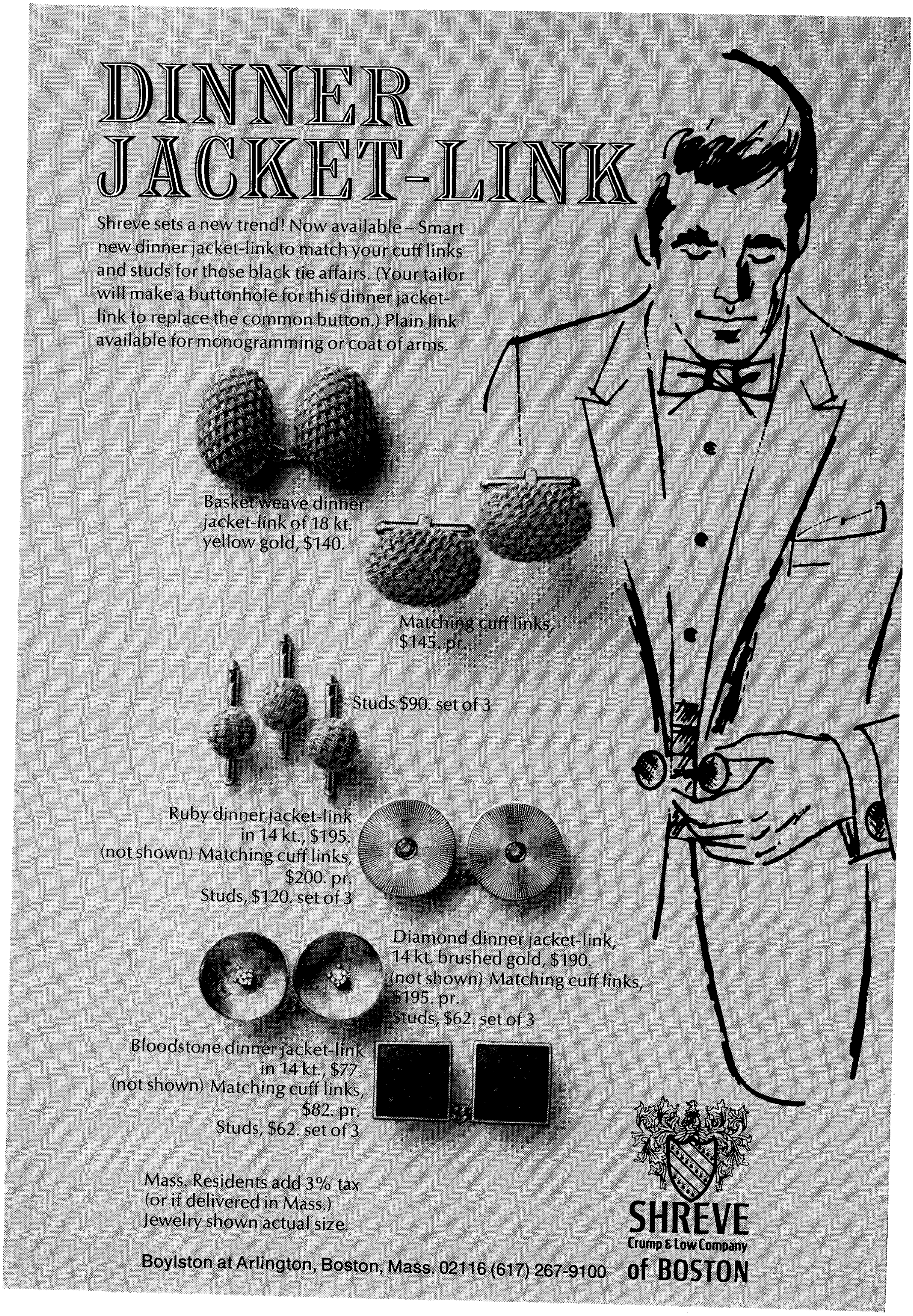

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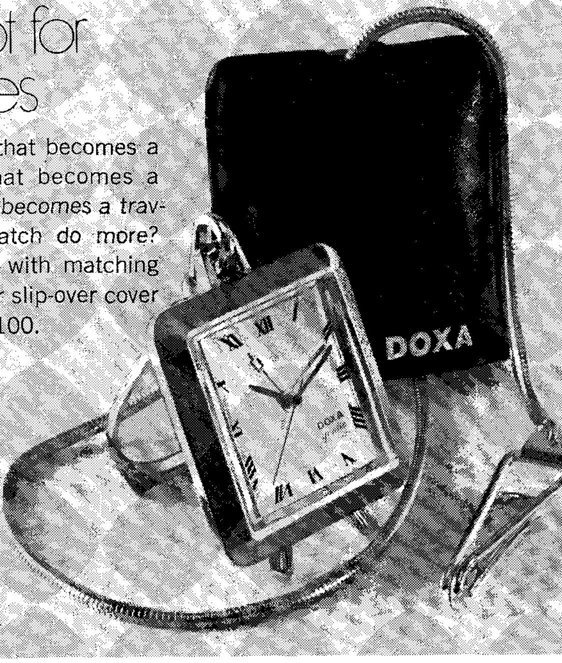

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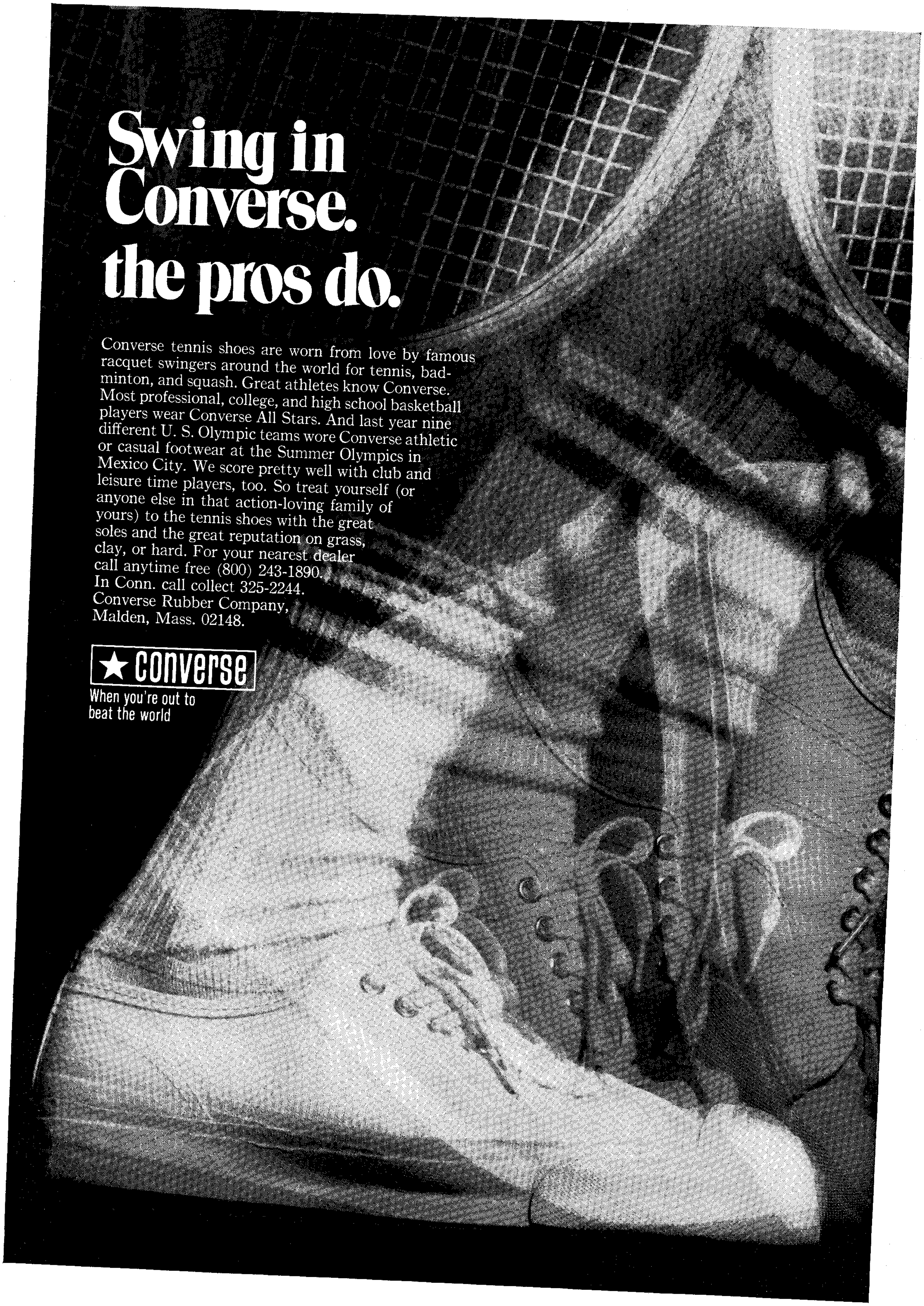
bonfire of skyscrapers, the Vietcong shooting down American planes, American soldiers throwing vials of poison gas at Vietnamese villagers. A large mural showed an Indonesian decapitating John Bull with a huge sword while a fellow-patriot smashed President Johnson's head with a sledgehammer. Even the American Ambassador, Howard P. Jones, who had served in Indonesia for seven years and had become one of Sukarno's closest personal friends, was not spared. Two days before the *Dasa Warsa* party officially began, Ellsworth Bunker, who had conceived the formula that had settled the West Irian crisis to Indonesia's satisfaction, quietly left Djakarta after the failure of a two-week-long attempt to persuade Sukarno to call off his anti-American demonstrations. A year before Bunker undertook his mission, Sukarno, at a meeting attended by Ambassador Jones, had shouted, "To hell with your aid!" and he had subsequently repeated the phrase in numerous speeches. At one point, the grounds of Ambassador Jones' residence had been invaded by a mob of five hundred students; there had been a series of P.K.I.-mounted demonstrations against United States Information Service libraries, which were accused of "poisoning the minds of our youth," and Sukarno had done nothing to stop Communist assaults against American rubber, oil, and other companies in Indonesia. Gradually, he had either taken over all the American firms or imposed so many controls on them that they had voluntarily closed down. A couple of his anti-American moves had boomeranged, however. American movies had been banned, but the prohibition had given rise to so many complaints that Sukarno had been forced to relent and allow them to be shown again. Also, despite Sukarno's own well-publicized fondness for dancing of all sorts, he had banned the cha-cha, the Twist, and other Western dances as "crazy" and ordered them replaced by the *lenso* (a regional, Frug-like dance, from the island of Ambon) and traditional Indonesian folk dances. Here, too, he ran into opposition; private "clubs" violated the ban, and Indonesian teenagers, as well as members of the older generation, openly considered it a joke.

Regardless of films and dances, there was little doubt, in mid-1965, which way Indonesia was moving politically. At the end of May, addressing a huge rally in Djakarta in celebration of the P.K.I.'s forty-fifth anniversary, Sukarno referred to Aidit as "my brother and my friend," adding, "It's



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not strange at all that I embrace the P.K.I. The P.K.I. has always stood in the forefront of the implementation of the policies of the Indonesian revolution." As for the Army, Sukarno, in the same speech, made it clear that he thought many top officers had lost their old revolutionary zeal. By this time, too, Sukarno had begun to reveal an awareness of his own mortality and to acknowledge that there was truth in reports of his physical ailments. Even though, in referring to the possibility of his death, Sukarno seemed to leave little doubt about his political will and testament, his designated heirs, the Communists, may not have been as eager as he assumed they were to accept the mantle he wanted to bestow on them. They had convinced him by this time that the peasants and workers should be armed as a "fifth force," which was ultimately supposed to comprise fifteen million people. Sukarno had thereupon claimed this to be his own idea, declaring that "every citizen shall have the right and the duty to participate in the defense of the state," and in September he sent Air Vice Marshal Omar Dhani, the head of the Air Force, who was an ardent Communist sympathizer, to Peking to negotiate a shipment of arms ostensibly for the new People's Militia. The P.K.I. had not yet persuaded him, as it had hoped, to introduce a political-commissar system in the armed forces (the Army had so far fought this off) or to give the Communists a full share of important government portfolios. Aidit and other Communist leaders had shown a certain impatience over these matters. Speaking at a Communist trade-union conference in September, Aidit said that the people themselves had to choose, that "if they do not want to be the anvil, then they should become the hammer," and that Party workers, as they took the lead in getting rid of the "bureaucratic capitalists [a catchword for well-to-do generals], pilferers, and corrupters," should be "daring, daring, and still more daring—take over, take over, and take over again, act, act, and act again." During this period, however, Aidit publicly continued to point out that all nine legal political parties in Indonesia had accepted Sukarno's dictum that the nation was still in a stage of "democratic revolution" that would gradually evolve into "Socialism." And, paying homage to the Sukarno theory of *Nasakom*, Aidit said, "We remain Communists, but we have to be tolerant of nationalism and religion."

There is, then, evidence that in spite of various displays of impatience, and in spite of the efforts of Peking to step up the revolutionary timetable, the Communists wanted to move slowly and to edge Sukarno gradually down the Communist path while invoking the *Nasakom* formula. In building up their mass strength, they had late in 1963 begun a campaign of "unilateral action" in Central and East Java, urging the seizure of government land, and of land owned by absentee landlords, and its distribution among the propertyless peasants. By thus choosing to deal in their own way with the Malthusian imperative, the Communists had heightened the tensions, including religious ones, that already existed in Java, and a considerable number of killings had already taken place involving Muslim landlords and their political supporters and the Communist-inspired peasantry. According to the Communists' own timetable, as it has been subsequently revealed in Party documents, 1970 was to be the year of ultimate victory. Two domestic factors upset this schedule—Sukarno's apparently fast-declining health, and the P.K.I.'s suspicion that the military leaders were preparing to take some sort of action against both Sukarno and the Communists. There was a third, external factor as well—the war in Vietnam. Had it not been for the American buildup in South Vietnam in the spring and summer of 1965, which averted a probable Vietcong victory and indicated that American power would remain in Southeast Asia, the Communist coup attempt that autumn might not have occurred when it did, and might not have failed.

THERE are those who maintain that what took place on the evening of September 30th and the morning of October 1st in 1965 was not truly an abortive coup d'état at all but merely an effort by the P.K.I. and some radical politicians and ambitious left-wing members of the armed forces to "preserve the revolution" by forcing a political shift to the left. If this is so, and there was no intention on the part of the plotters to overthrow the existing government and establish a completely Communist regime, then the means adopted were, to put it mildly, extreme. They included a plan to eliminate seven of Indonesia's top-ranking generals, who were thought to stand in the way

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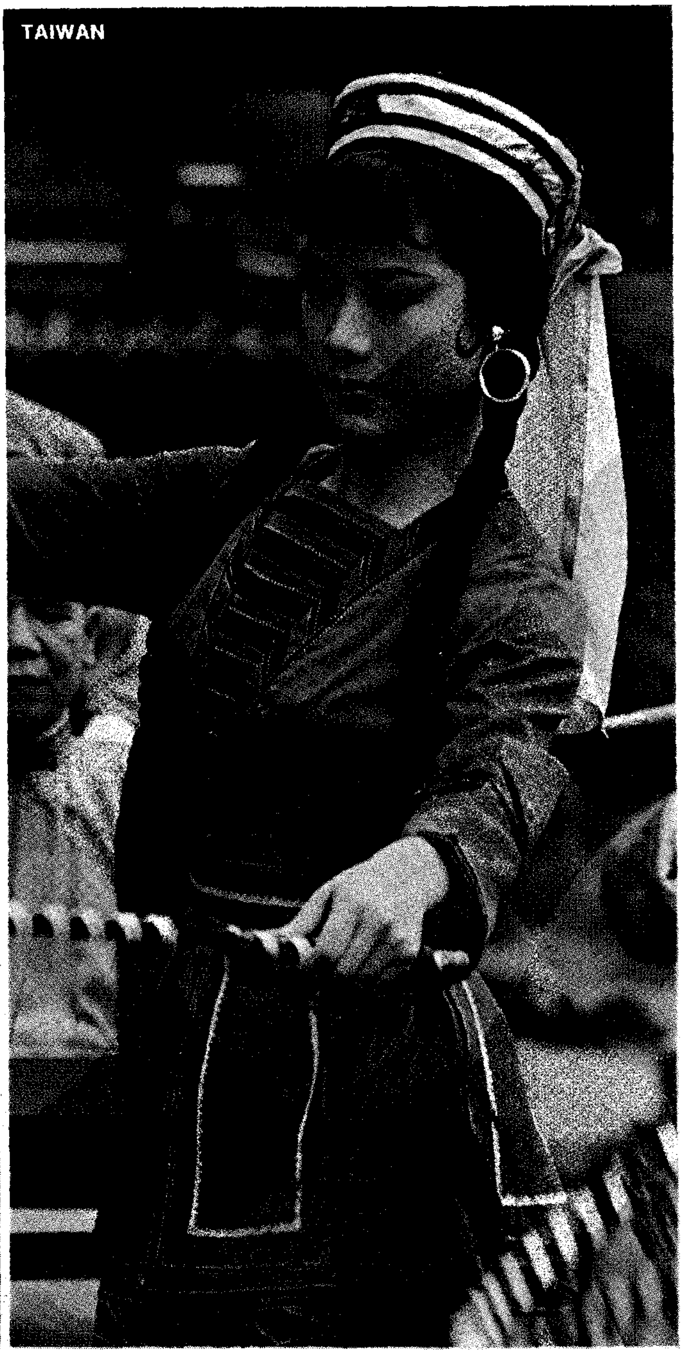

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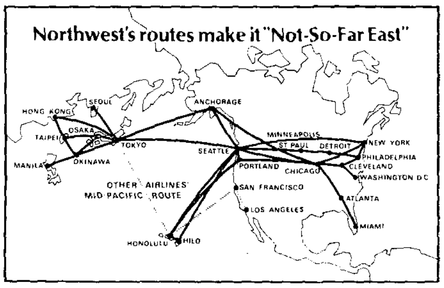
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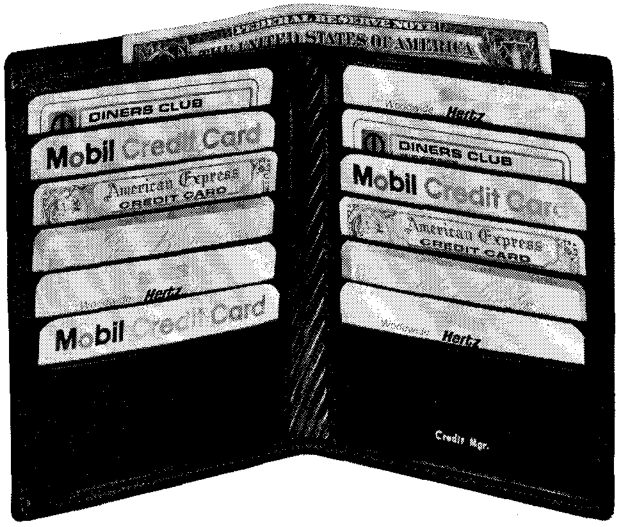
You can pay more for a rugged watch than you pay for a Bulova Oceanographer. But you'll have a tough time finding a tougher watch. **Bulova** of President Sukarno's efforts to *Nasakom*-ize the government. Whatever the ultimate aims of the conspirators, they brutally murdered six of the seven generals. The seventh, General Nasution, narrowly escaped. It was his escape, coupled with the failure of the plotters to go after three or four other key figures—most notably General Suharto, who was then the commander of KOSTRAD, the Strategic Forces of the Army—that caused the coup, or *Putsch*, or whatever one wants to call it, to fail. When the Army, led by Suharto—who, as senior officer on duty, took full charge without consulting the absent Sukarno—quickly rallied its forces, the disorganized and poorly coordinated rebel groups in Djakarta disintegrated within a few hours. When the rebels in a number of other Javanese cities and villages tried to sustain themselves, they failed to muster enough support, and long-smoldering resentments between the Communists and the conservative Muslim and military factions found an outlet in the slaughter that followed. The political death throes of Sukarno, in the following year and a half, were, if anything, more painful than most physical deaths. In a way, he committed extended political suicide, chiefly by refusing to admit that, if he had not been apprised of all the plot's details, he had known, beyond what now seems any reasonable doubt, that a coup was going to be attempted and that he would be the central figure in it.

At the public trials of those accused of taking part in the conspiracy, it became known that discussion of the proposed coup began sometime in the summer of 1965. At that time, Sukarno suffered two severe kidney attacks, the second on August 5th, at a public ceremony in Djakarta, when he collapsed on the platform. Aidit was in Peking at the time, and upon being told of the President's critical condition he hurried home with two Chinese doctors who had previously treated Sukarno with herbs and acupuncture—the Chinese practice of sticking needles into the body to draw off pain and poison. Sukarno recovered somewhat, but the doctors told Aidit that the President remained in danger of another attack, which could cause paralysis or death. It is possible, of course, that the Chinese, being eager to stir up trouble in Indonesia, deliberately exaggerated the seriousness of Sukarno's condition. In any event, the reports, which the Chinese Embassy also disseminated in certain quarters, stimulated the scheming and counter-scheming between the



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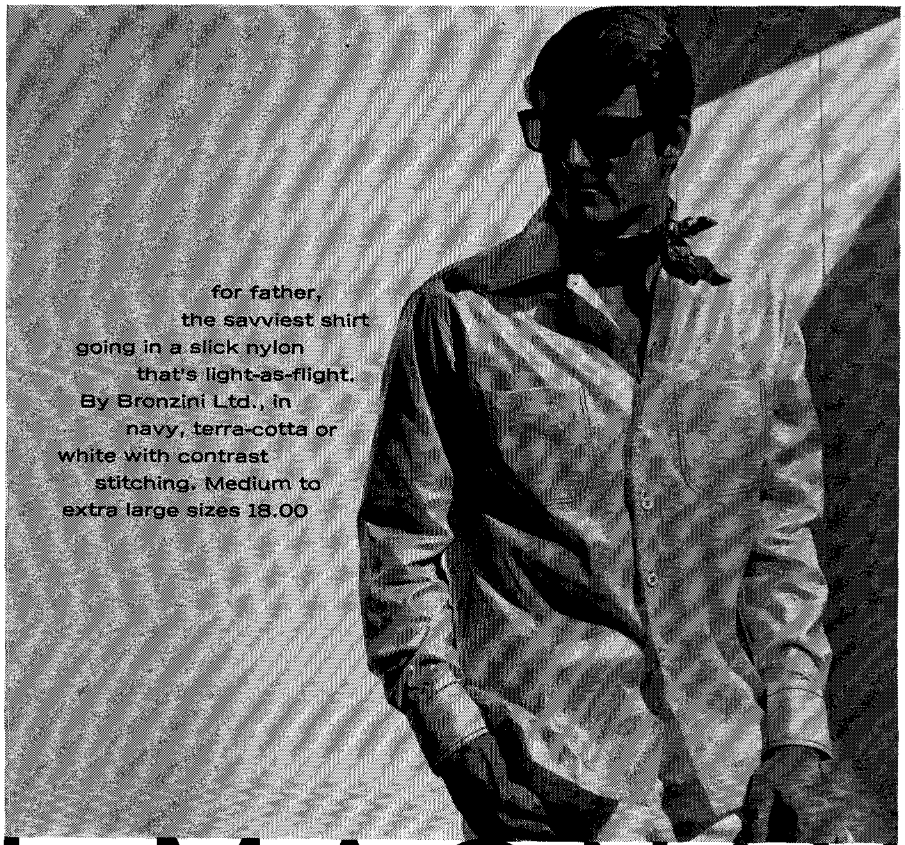

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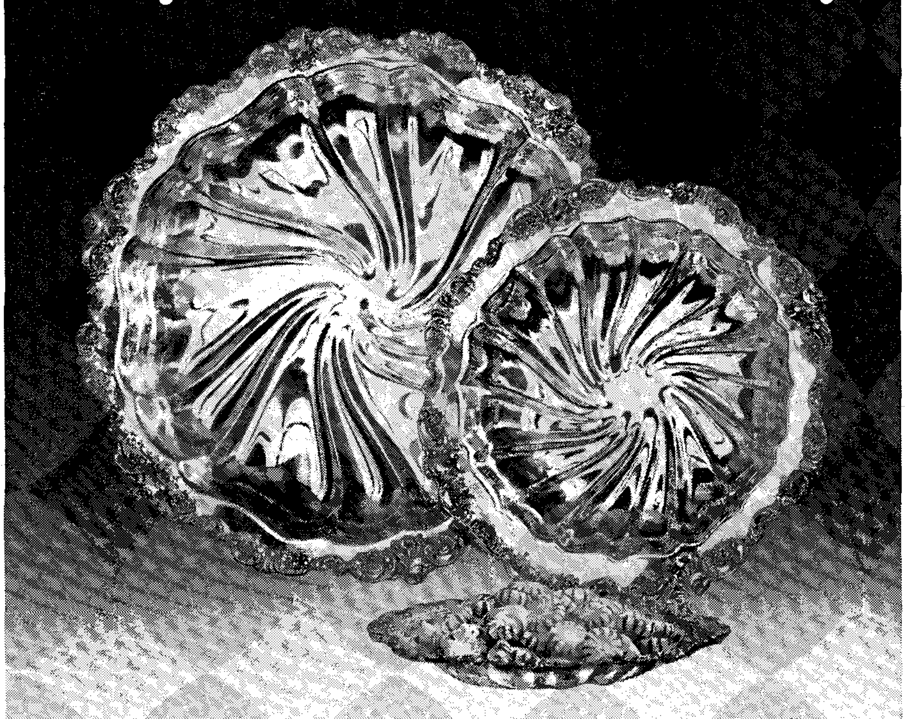

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P.K.I. and the generals, and were surely one of the important factors in the timing of the attempted coup.

Aidit called a series of meetings of the P.K.I. Politburo to analyze the current situation. Its discussions are known to have dealt with Sukarno's health; with the reported existence of a so-called Council of Generals, which might try a power grab before Sukarno died; and with the existence of a group of "progressive officers" in the Army who were devising measures to forestall such a power grab. The role of the Council of Generals has remained one of the most hotly disputed elements of the plot. Whatever its true functions, Aidit told the Politburo he had learned from the Chief of Staff of the Central Intelligence Bureau of the Army that the Council of Generals was a secret organization composed of about twenty top Indonesian officers who planned to set up a military government, perhaps retaining Sukarno—if he lived—as a symbol of national unity. Some of the generals may indeed have thought this would be a good idea, but in their subsequent accounts of the coup episode they insisted that the Council—which they also insisted bore no such name—was merely a group of senior officers that had been formed early in 1965 by General Achmad Yani, the Army Chief of Staff, for the purpose of meeting from time to time to discuss "political matters" and internal Army affairs having to do mainly with the promotion and retirement of senior officers. The formation of the group may well have been inspired by the generals' fear that Sukarno was moving too far and too fast to the left, but it seems unlikely that such a loosely organized body had conceived any plot to grab power, particularly in view of the extent to which they were intimidated by Sukarno. On the other hand, there may have been a secret set of contingency plans to deal with a possible Communist power play or to handle an emergency when Sukarno was no longer around. Whatever the generals discussed, almost from the moment they first met as a group the Communists used the existence of that group to justify their claims of a military conspiracy.

During August and September, Aidit made it clear to the P.K.I. Politburo, as some of his colleagues revealed in subsequent treason trials, that he wanted the P.K.I. to strike first and prevent a takeover by the generals. This could best be accomplished, he indicated, by employing "progressive-minded" Army officers. Once the Politburo agreed that some "preven-

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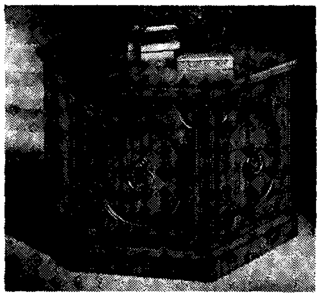

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©Worth: Division of Gravely Furniture Company, Ridgeway, Virginia 24148 tive" action should be taken, the planning, according to the court testimony, became the province of a highly secret *Biro Chusus*, or Special Bureau, which was directly under Aidit. Aidit had secretly established this in November, 1964—without telling the rest of the Politburo—ostensibly as an agency to build closer relations with military officers who were willing to coöperate with the Party. Aidit's lieutenants in the Special Bureau were a pair of underground agents who used the Party names Sjam and Pono, and they, in effect, became the managers of the projected coup not only for Djakarta but for all of Java. According to what Sjam later testified, the Special Bureau had managed to establish direct contacts with some two hundred and fifty pro-Communist members of the armed forces in Central Java, nearly as many in East Java, about a hundred in West Java, fifty in Djakarta, and sixty in Sumatra. The Special Bureau had a network of regional committees that was separate from the regular P.K.I. structure. During the planning for the coup, which was done in a series of ten meetings in Djakarta in August and September, members of the Special Bureau and a number of P.K.I. sympathizers in the armed forces were present. By mid-September, the plotters had decided that certain troops could be definitely counted on: a battalion serving as the President's private guard, from the Tjakrabirawa Regiment; some infantry and Air Force elements; and about two thousand members of the Pemuda Rakyat (the P.K.I.-organized People's Youth) and the Gerakan Wanita Indonesia, or *Gerwani* (the Indonesian Women's Movement), another P.K.I. front. Since the first week of July, a total of three thousand seven hundred members of these and other Communist front groups had been receiving training as part of the "fifth force"—civilian militia—which Sukarno had finally authorized. This training was being conducted in a remote, swampy area, called Lubang Buaja (which means Crocodile Hole), adjoining Halim airbase, fifteen miles south of Djakarta. The choice of this site had been no accident; Dhani had made it available. Dhani was a vain and ambitious man whom the Communists had flattered into believing that he might someday, with their backing, succeed Sukarno as President. Thanks to him, the Air Force had been thoroughly infiltrated by members and sympathizers of the P.K.I. One of them, Lieutenant Colonel Heru Atmodjo, was Dhani's assistant chief intelligence officer, and another, a Major Sujono, directed the training at Lubang Buaja. As the plan for the coup took shape, it was decided that the seven top generals, including Nasution, should be abducted and killed, and that in order to make it appear that the plot was an internal Army affair squads of Army troops would be used for this part of the operation. In Djakarta, a number of vital installations, including the President's palace, the radio station, and the telecommunications center, would be occupied and used to maintain control of the city and its population.

Certainly by mid-September, if not sooner, Sukarno was aware that there was unusual activity among both the Communists and the generals, and he was making it quite clear where his sympathies lay. Court testimony from the treason trials indicates that by then he had been told at least something of the P.K.I. scheme. Thereafter, any non-Communist who sought to warn him that the P.K.I. was about to take action was peremptorily dismissed as having "a phobia about Communists." One officer who gave Sukarno such a warning was rebuked and told "not to interfere." Sukarno angrily told him, "Don't you know that the generals are rotten?" and cryptically added, hinting at his own participation in the plot, "Only in a revolution may a father devour his own children."

This same officer also tried to warn General Yani, one of the plot's primary targets. Yani merely waved him aside, dismissing the plot as "Communist psychological warfare," even though, a week earlier, General Parman, the head of Army intelligence, had received new evidence of what the Communists were up to. Parman himself was almost as nonchalant as Yani about the whole thing, and if the two generals (both of whom were among the six murdered) were simply pretending to be ignorant of what was going on in order to mask a plot of their own, they were certainly magnificently calm actors at a highly dangerous moment. Sukarno, for his part, either thought they *were* acting or was consciously going along with the Com-

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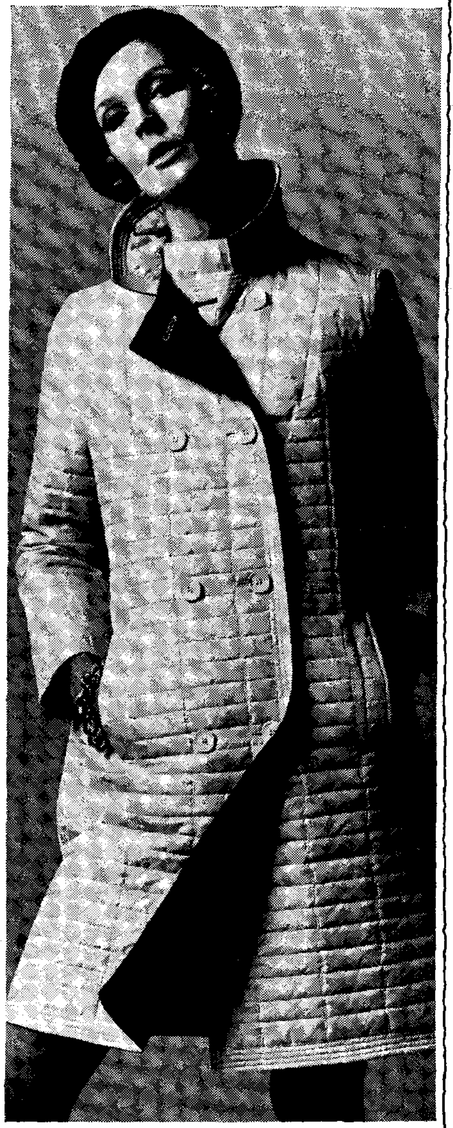

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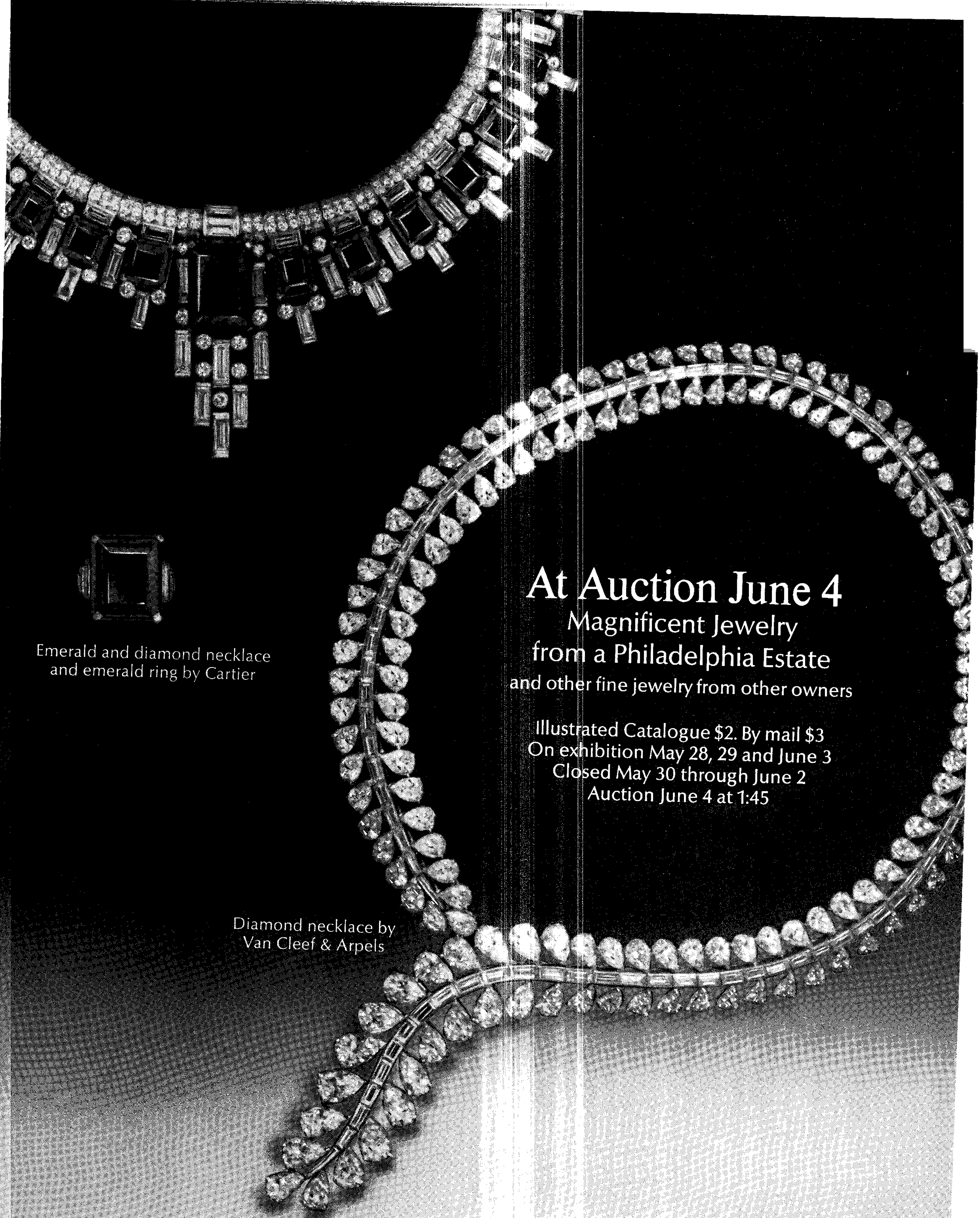

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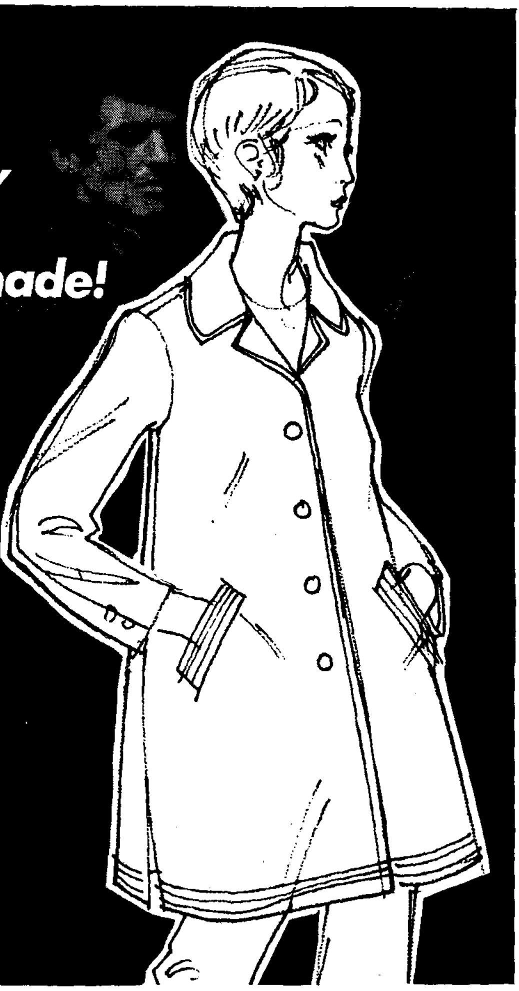

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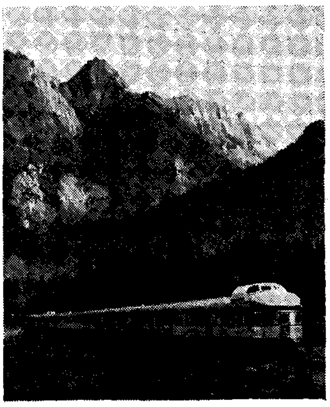

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munists' efforts to use an alleged generals' plot as a pretext to launch their own coup.

At nine o'clock on the morning of September 29th, Marshal Dhani told Sukarno that the Council of Generals planned to stage a coup on October 5th, which was Armed Forces Day. Dhani later testified that Sukarno "seemed *to know all about the* subject." Dhani also told Sukarno that the men in league with General Mustafa Sjarif Supardjo, a key figure in the coup, were getting "restive." Supardjo was the leader of the progressive element in the Army and, as such, the main link between the dissident military elements and the Communists. Arrogant and ambitious, Supardjo had only recently been made a general, and part of his resentment of his superiors apparently stemmed from this delay in his promotion. For this reason, and because of his political convictions, he had helped spread the rumors about the Council of Generals. Supardjo was in contact with the Communists principally through Sjam, with whom he had been meeting privately for two or three months. On September 27th, without authorization from his superior, General Suharto, he left his command in Kalimantan, and on the 29th he attended a meeting in Djakarta with, among others, Sjam and Pono; Colonel Latief, commander of the First Infantry Brigade of the Djakarta garrison, one of the plotters; and Lieutenant Colonel Untung, who commanded the Tjakrabirawa battalion.

Untung, the official leader of the uprising, was a paratrooper who had taken part in the West Irian campaign and who, like Supardjo, was well known for his pro-Communist views. During September, Untung and Sjam met frequently with Colonel Latief. On the evening of September 29th and in the early morning of September 30th, the conspirators held the last of their preparatory meetings. Untung's men of the Tjakrabirawa battalion, along with a few additional infantry squads, were given the toughest assignment—to kidnap or assassinate the seven generals. Two Javanese battalions were to surround the Presidential palace on Merdeka Square and to occupy the radio station and the telecommunications building, on two other sides of the square. The youth and the women training at Lubang Buaja were to be held in reserve there. The plotters gave each of the contingents a code name based on the name of a *wayang* character, and a system of passwords and automobile horn and headlight re-

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How much additional last-minute contact Sukarno had with the conspirators is a mystery that has still not been fully cleared up. There is some evidence that he met privately with Supardjo late in the day on the twenty-ninth. If so, the meeting was presumably intended to fill him in not only on the broad outlines of the plot but on some of its mechanics as well, so that he could more easily make plans of his own while playing the role of a more or less innocent bystander. Sukarno's value to the plotters at this point lay less in his knowing all the plot's details than in his being in basic sympathy with their cause—or, at least, in his being sure that whatever he knew would not reduce his maneuverability in case the coup failed. However, at this final moment the P.K.I. leaders apparently decided that he had to be taken further into their confidence in view of what they had in mind—not only to kidnap the seven generals but to kill them. According to evidence obtained from pro-Communist Army officers arrested late in 1968, including some who played a role in the coup and in subsequent Communist actions, Sukarno was told on September 30th that the generals would be "eliminated," and he raised no objection.

Subandrio, though he was probably not as fully informed as Sukarno was, and had deliberately maneuvered himself into what appeared to be an onlooker's role, had for several weeks been making statements that were tantamount to calls for violence; for example, he had urged a gathering of students to "smash the exploiters and capitalist bureaucrats" and had told another group that if the Indonesian leaders were "corrupters," then "the people have the right to take over," much as the Communists had declared earlier that "corrupters, capitalist bureaucrats, pilferers, and charlatans" should be "dragged to the gallows" or "shot in public." There was little doubt that Subandrio knew what was about to happen, but two days before the coup he and eleven other Cabinet officials flew to Sumatra on an inspection trip. As a matter of fact, an unusually large number of officers and officials were out of Djakarta when the coup occurred—most of them in China, either to celebrate China's National Day, October 1st, or on missions of

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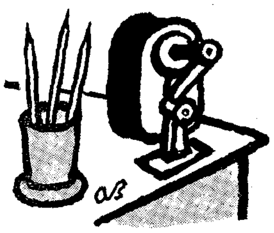
one sort or another that Subandrio and Dhani had arranged.

At nine o'clock on the relatively cool evening of September 30th, Sukarno left Merdeka Palace and drove in his black Chrysler sedan to Senayan, on the outskirts of the city, where he was to address a group of technicians. At ten o'clock, Supardjo and Untung left Sjam's house in Djakarta and, after picking up Latief, drove to Halim airbase, which had been chosen as headquarters for the coup. Supardjo was wearing civilian clothes; Untung was in uniform. They were met by Major Sujono, who told them that the Communist youth and women's groups he had been training had been alerted and that one of the buildings at the airbase had been converted into a secret command center. Supardjo ordered Sujono to pick up Aidit and to bring him out to Halim, and this was done. Sukarno, shortly after eleven, had left the meeting at Senayan and had driven back to the palace, where he stayed only long enough to change his clothes before going to the Hotel Indonesia. There, his third wife, the Japanese-born Ratna Sari Dewi, had been attending a wedding reception, and after Sukarno picked her up they went to her home, in the suburb of Slipi, and spent the night there. (Each of Sukarno's five legal wives had her own establishment, so he always had a wide choice of accommodations.)

H Hour for the coup was 4 A.M. By that time, seven murder squads, each consisting of between fifty and a hundred men, were in position around the homes of the seven generals. General Nasution, the only one of the seven who escaped, recalled later that he was awakened by mosquitoes at about a quarter of four and shortly afterward heard strange noises. The attackers had overpowered the guards around his house and had come inside. Mrs. Nasution, who was also awake, opened the door of their bedroom and saw a man with a gun moving around in the dark. She quickly slammed the door, but Nasution insisted on reopening it and confronting the invaders, whereupon there was a flurry of shots. They all missed him. He threw himself on the floor, and his wife slammed the door shut again and locked it. In a nearby room, Nasution's sister, awakened by the shots, snatched up the General's five-year-old daughter and tried to get out of the house, but as she ran several shots hit the little girl in the spine. She died five days later. In the darkness, Nasution's aide, Lieutenant Pierre Tendean, who resembled him, was seized in the garden by the attackers. Nasution, meanwhile, dashed out of his bedroom through another door, which led to the back of the house, and climbed over a six-foot wall into the adjoining garden—that of the Iraqi Ambassador. He was shot at again and again was not hit, but in dropping to the ground he cut his bare feet badly on some glass and sprained his ankle. He hid behind a water drum, and finally heard the troops leave; at six-thirty, he spied a colonel from his own headquarters searching for him, whereupon he came out and was whisked away to safety in a private house in another part of the city.



The six other generals were not so lucky. General Yani was at home with his children; his wife had gone alone to a birthday party given for her by some friends. Yani was awakened and told that Sukarno wanted to see him. When he argued with the soldiers and turned away, he was shot in the back. Lying in a pool of blood on the living-room floor, he tried to embrace his eleven-year-old son but was dragged out by his feet and thrown into a truck. He died almost immediately. General Harjono, Yani's third deputy, and General Pandjaitan, his fourth assistant, were also killed in their homes, and their bodies carted off in trucks. General Parman, Yani's first assistant in charge of intelligence; General Suprapto, his second deputy; and General Sutojo, the director of the Military Law Academy, were taken alive and were transported, along with Lieutenant Tendean and the bodies of the three other generals, to Lubang Buaja. The trucks arrived at Lubang Buaja about dawn, and waiting for them was a near-hysterical mob, consisting mostly of women belonging to the P.K.I.'s *Gerwani*. According to subsequent testimony, a gruesome scene took place. In a frenzy, the women began beating the three living generals and the unfortunate Lieutenant with clubs and rifle butts. When the four men had been smashed to pulp, they were shot, and after that the women slashed away at the bodies with knives and razor blades and even gouged out the eyes. At length, the seven bodies were dumped into a well and covered

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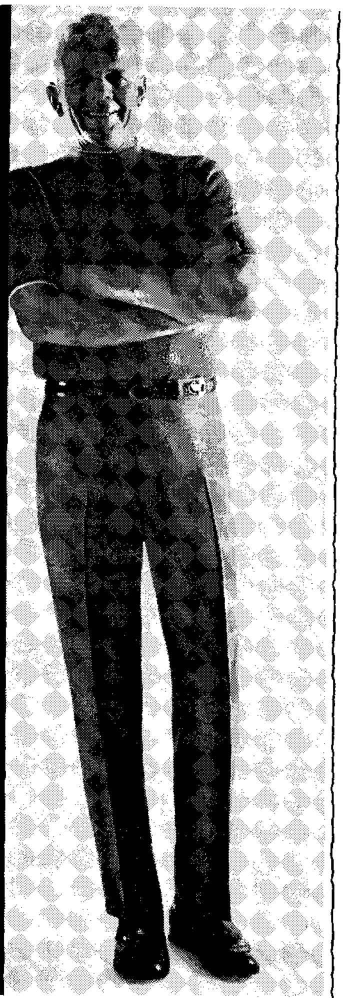

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with dirt and trash. They were not discovered until October 3rd.

At about six o'clock in the morning, General Suharto arrived at KOSTRAD headquarters. Subsequent reports claimed that he had been on the list of generals to be killed that night, but the best available information is that he had not been an immediate target, though he was scheduled to be eliminated later. He had gone to a hospital to visit a sick daughter and had returned home about midnight. Shortly after dawn, he had been awakened by neighbors, who told him what had happened, and, upon arriving at KOSTRAD, on Merdeka Square, he had assumed temporary command of the Army under a standing order that stipulated he was to take charge in the absence of General Yani. When he obtained a clearer picture of what had happened, he telephoned the headquarters of the Navy and the police to coördinate action against the plotters—he was unable to get a satisfactory response from anyone in the Air Force—and then made sure that General Nasution would be safely hidden until the situation was under control.

SUKARNO was awakened at Dewi's house at six in the morning by one of his aides, who had news of shooting at Nasution's residence. The news was confirmed by a call to Merdeka Palace, and at about six-thirty Sukarno started for the palace in his car. En route, he was advised by officers of his security staff, speaking over a radiotelephone, not to come, because some unidentified troops were in the adjacent square and it might not be safe. By this time, troops under control of the plotters had occupied three sides of Merdeka Square, seizing the Djakarta radio station and surrounding the palace. The President decided to go to the home of another of his wives, Haryati, in Grogol, a Chinese section of Djakarta. According to the official account later given by General Suharto, Sukarno's aides came to him at Haryati's and told him something about what had happened, but apparently not about the murder of the generals. Sukarno himself later professed to have been "absolutely surprised" by the news of the attempt on Nasution's life, and to have asked his security officers, "What do you want me to do?" They advised him to take refuge aboard a warship in the harbor or else go to Halim, where his JetStar airliner was kept in readiness. Sukarno later said that he decided to go to Halim because "it was the best place for me" in case "unpredictable

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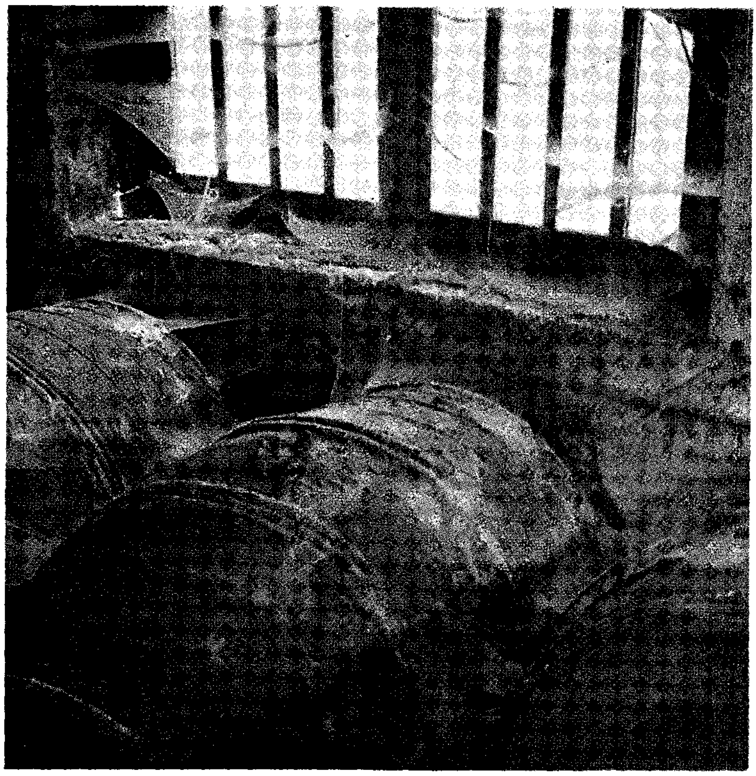

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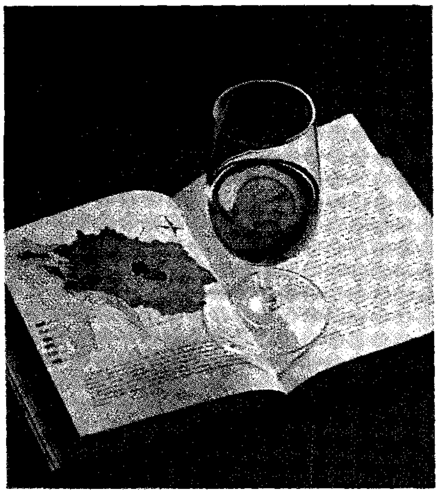

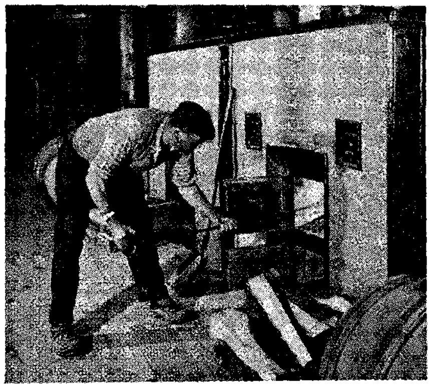

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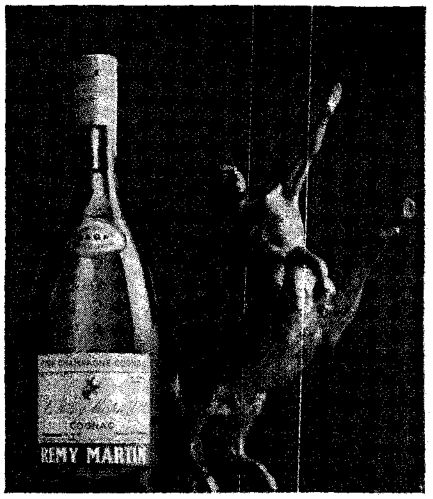

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events" made it advisable for him to leave the area in a hurry. His critics, however, subsequently interpreted his decision to go to the very place where the plotters had their headquarters as further proof of his complicity. What is significant is that Sukarno's decision was taken *after* an announcement on the radio, at seven-fifteen, by the rebel leader, Lieutenant Colonel Untung. This broadcast, billed as a communiqué from "the information section of the September 30th Movement," said that elements of the Army had taken action against "the Council of Generals, a subversive movement sponsored by the [American] Central Intelligence Agency." The action of these elements, Untung said, was "solely a movement within the Army" to forestall action by those subversives, who had "had intentions against the Republic of Indonesia and President Sukarno," and who had vainly hoped that "President Sukarno would die of his recent ailments." The President now was safe "under the protection of the September 30th Movement," Untung said.

What took place between the time Sukarno arrived at Halim, at nine or nine-thirty on the morning of October 1st, and ten-thirty that evening, when he departed for his summer palace at Bogor, strongly indicates that he was giving the plotters active support. He got to the airbase just about when Dhani took it upon himself to issue a communiqué (not broadcast until several hours later) similar to Untung's, referring to "an epuration" that had taken place in the Army "against foreign subversive elements," and pledging the support of the Air Force for "any progressive revolutionary movement." Dhani gave Sukarno a broad outline of what had happened, and then Supardjo filled in the details. Sukarno's reaction to Supardjo's report, Supardjo later testified, was to ask how it was that Nasution had managed to escape, and when Supardjo explained what had happened Sukarno agreed it was "quite natural" for such unexpected things to "happen in a revolution," but added that the escape was bound to have "certain effects and consequences." He did not in any way reprimand Supardjo, apparently, and nothing he said or did indicated surprise at the night's events.

Next, Sukarno, still appearing quite calm, went to the quarters of one of Dhani's aides and took a nap. At about noon, Sukarno saw Supardjo again, and, according to later testimony, asked—thus showing he knew by now that the generals had been murdered—

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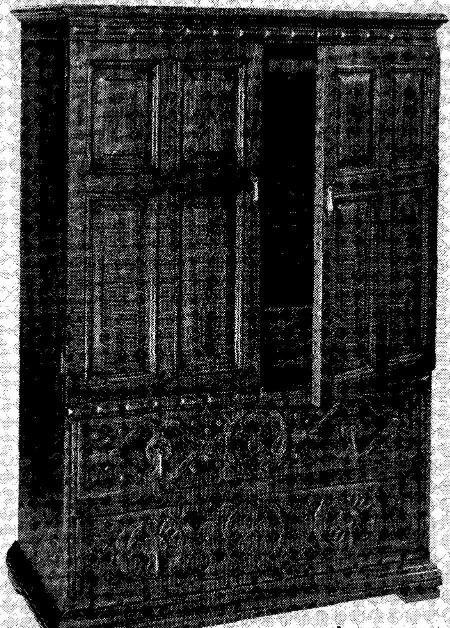

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how Supardjo and his associates planned to "prevent further bloodshed, which could lead to civil war." Supardjo replied that he and his battalion commanders would see to it that this was done, whereupon, according to those who witnessed the interview, Sukarno smiled, slapped Supardjo on the back, and said playfully, "Mind, if you cannot stop the movement I will kill you." To those who saw the scene, it seemed clear that it was a sign of essential approval. Supardjo himself wrote, in a document that was subsequently seized, that Sukarno told him to be sure that some of the troops of the September 30th Movement took part in the celebration planned for Armed Forces Day, then four days off. Supardjo then went off to talk things over with Aidit and Sjam, the two masterminds of the coup, who were lying low in another house at Halim, and when he returned at about two-thirty to see Sukarno again, there was quite a collection of people in the house, including Dhani, the commanders of the Navy and the police, several left-wing generals and colonels, and Johannes Leimena, the Second Deputy Prime Minister. Leimena, who was not pro-Communist, had come out to Halim, at considerable personal risk, to tell Sukarno that the back of the coup had been broken, and that Sukarno should leave Halim as soon as possible, for General Suharto was about to attack it. Either because Leimena had not yet had a chance to deliver this message privately to Sukarno or because Sukarno had not believed him, the President now told Supardjo that he wanted to appoint "a caretaker Commander-in-Chief"—i.e., to replace the murdered Yani. He asked Supardjo for suggestions. Although Supardjo denied it at his trial, reports by those present maintained that Sukarno also asked him, "Whom do *you* want?" Supardjo, according to these sources, mentioned several names, including that of General Pranoto Reksosamudro, a left-wing officer who was quite possibly a secret member of the P.K.I. After running through the list, Sukarno chose Pranoto. Suharto's name, incidentally, had also been proposed, but Sukarno had ruled him out as "too stubborn."

While this was going on, those at Halim were listening to a second broadcast by the September 30th Movement over the Djakarta radio, which named forty-five members of a new "Revolutionary Council." In the group were Untung, Supardjo, Dhani, and Subandrio, with most of the remaining members a hodgepodge of Communist sympathizers and miscellaneous officers and civilians—many, if not most, of whom, it turned out, had not been consulted about being chosen. The list, which had been drawn up by Sjam, included perhaps a dozen leftist Army, Navy, and police officers, along with three known Communists and several representatives of known P.K.I. fronts. A scattering of moderates and even a few anti-Communists were also on the list, as window dressing. Untung—who said at his subsequent treason trial that the announcement was prepared without his knowledge, even though the broadcast was made in his name by an Army captain who had taken charge of the radio station—was designated as chairman of the Council, and Supardjo as the first vice-chairman. It may be that Sukarno, whose own name—perhaps at his instance—was not mentioned, was not at all sure at this point how things were going to turn out and simply didn't want to commit himself one way or the other. However, he expressed no objection to the aims of the Council, which, the broadcast said, would temporarily replace the Cabinet as "the source of all authority" in Indonesia.

WHEN General Suharto heard this broadcast, he felt—so he later said—that "the real activities of the September 30th Movement had been unmasked" and that he need no longer hesitate to move against it; until then he had been uncertain about who the plotters really were and what they were up to, and he had wanted, if it was at all possible, to avoid bloodshed. By now, in addition to the rebel troops who controlled the three other sides of Merdeka Square facing Suharto's own KOSTRAD headquarters, there were between two and three thousand armed members of the Pemuda Rakyat, the Communist youth organization, roaming around the city—a total rebel force of between four and five thousand. Suharto's first step was to try to get some or all of the rebel soldiers to defect, by sending some of his own officers out to talk with them. By midafternoon, two companies of the 530th Battalion, from East Java, had begun trickling, in small groups, into KOSTRAD headquarters, and Suharto eventually used these men for mopping-up operations. In addition to

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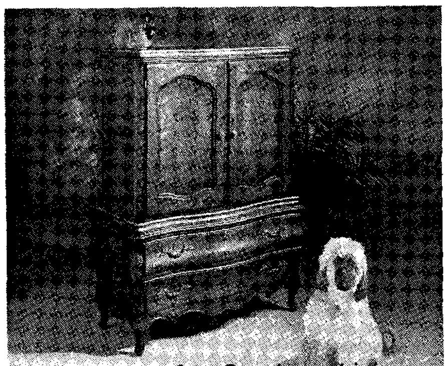

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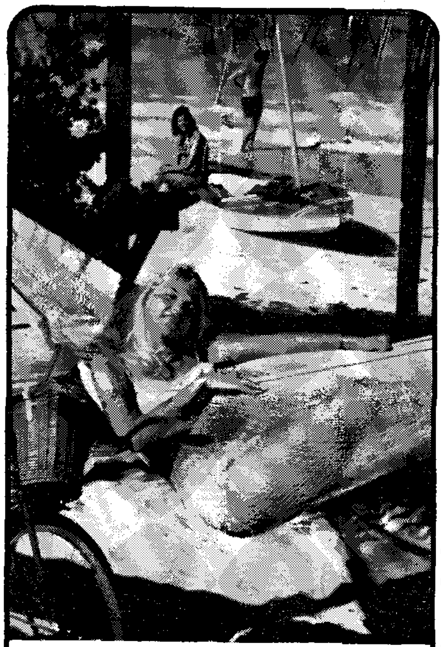

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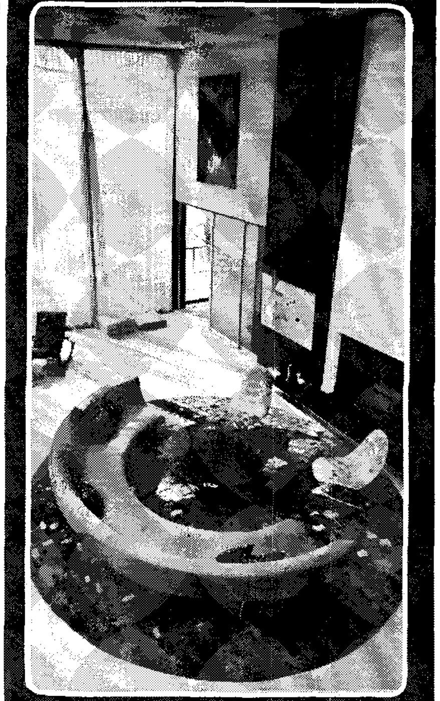
a brigade of his own KOSTRAD troops, Suharto had under his command some elements from the Djakarta garrison that had remained loyal, in defiance of their brigade chief, Colonel Latief; a battalion of the crack Siliwangi Division, from West Java, which had arrived in town late in the afternoon; and units of paracommandos under General Sarwo Edhy, who had been called in from their base, near Djakarta. At dusk, Suharto was ready to move, but by this time the rebels were showing little interest in fighting; they abandoned the radio station and the telecommunications building without a struggle, some of them withdrawing toward Halim and others just dispersing. By eight o'clock, Suharto's men controlled the whole of Merdeka Square, and an announcement was made over the recaptured radio station that, despite the efforts of a "counter-revolutionary movement" to "kidnap" some generals, the situation was now in hand. This statement, which was broadcast throughout Indonesia, proved to be the turning point in the coup attempt. Whatever resistance the rebels in the capital were still putting up disintegrated forthwith. When some armed members of the Pemuda Rakyat arrived, hoping to take over other buildings around Merdeka Square, they found themselves confronted by members of the 530th Battalion who had forsaken the rebel cause. Instead of replying to the password shouted by the young Communists, the soldiers arrested them and took away their weapons.

In Djakarta, at least, the rebellion was over, but Suharto was anxious to gain control at Halim without involving Sukarno himself in the battle, and to do so before the rebels had a chance to regroup and before Dhani could send his Air Force swooping down on Djakarta. (Dhani, in fact, had already equipped some of his planes with rockets.) Suharto ordered the paracommandos, supported by a company of KOSTRAD tanks, to move toward Halim as soon as it was completely dark, and to hold their fire as long as they could. The rebel command at Halim was well aware by now that the coup in the capital had failed. When General Supardjo suggested to his cohorts and to Sukarno that he use what troops he had left to attack KOSTRAD headquarters, no one, apparently including Sukarno, was very enthusiastic. Whatever Sukarno now thought about the coup, he was, above all, eager to get away from Halim. At about ten-thirty, after some discussion with his wife



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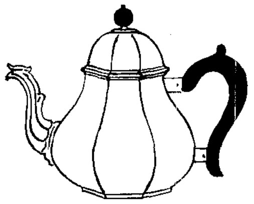

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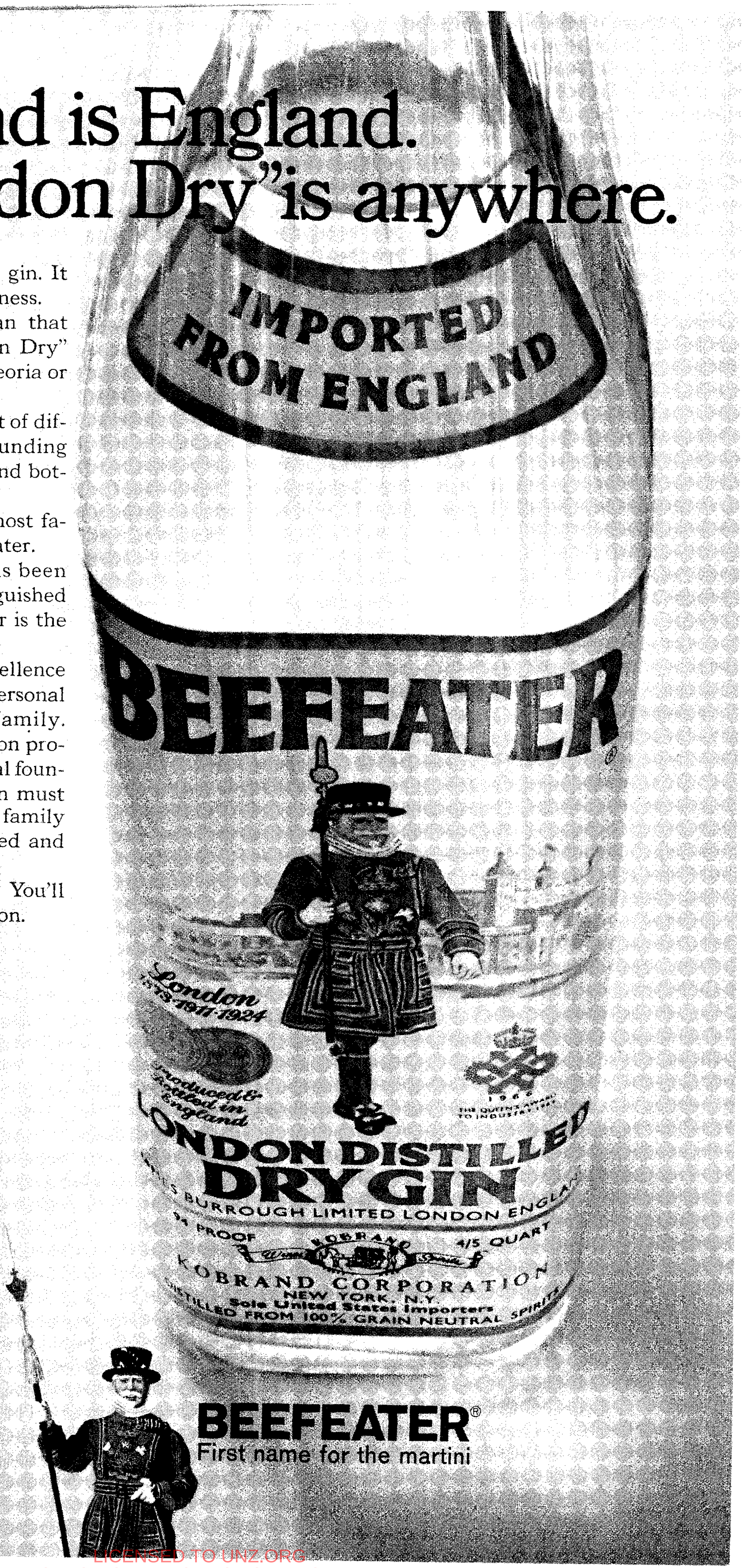
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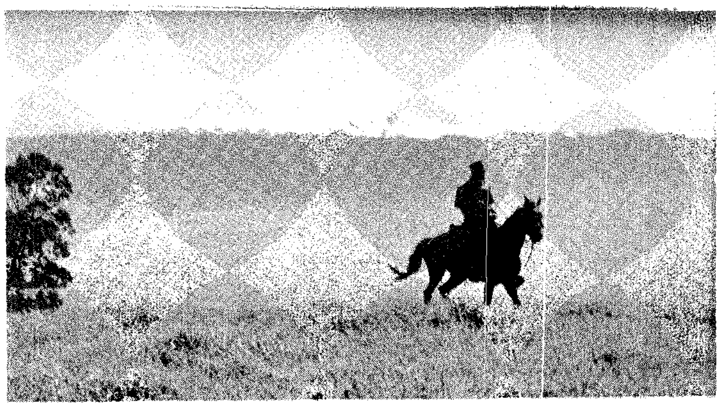

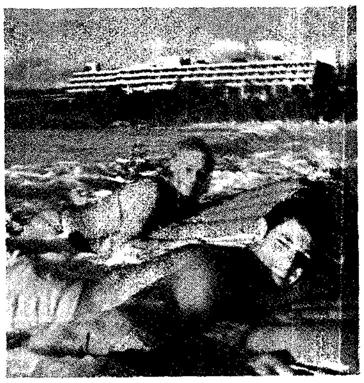

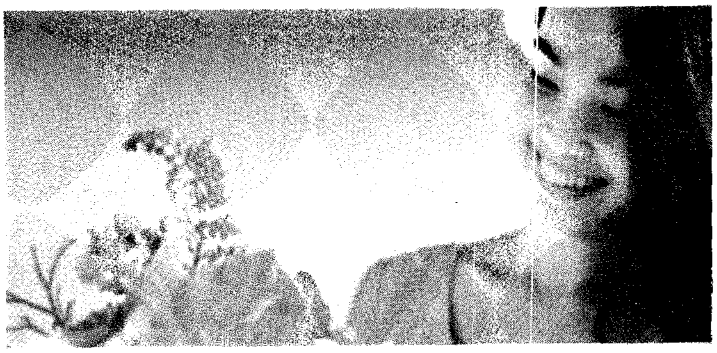

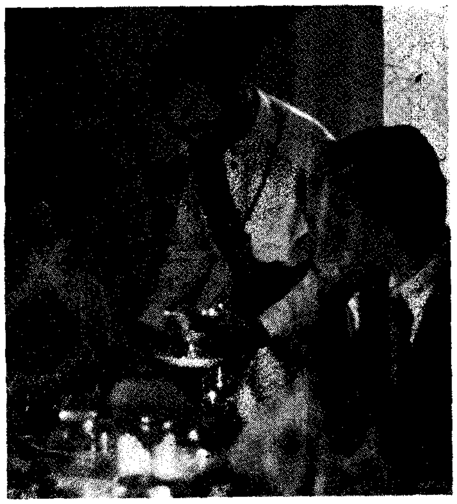

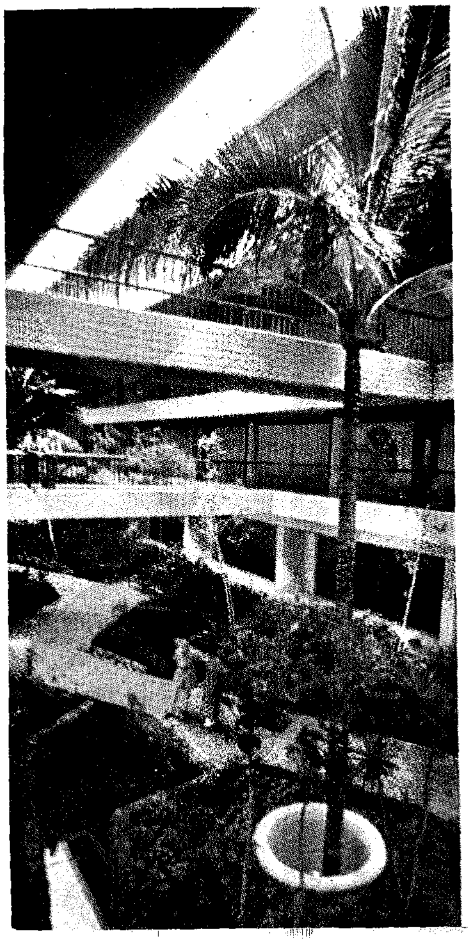

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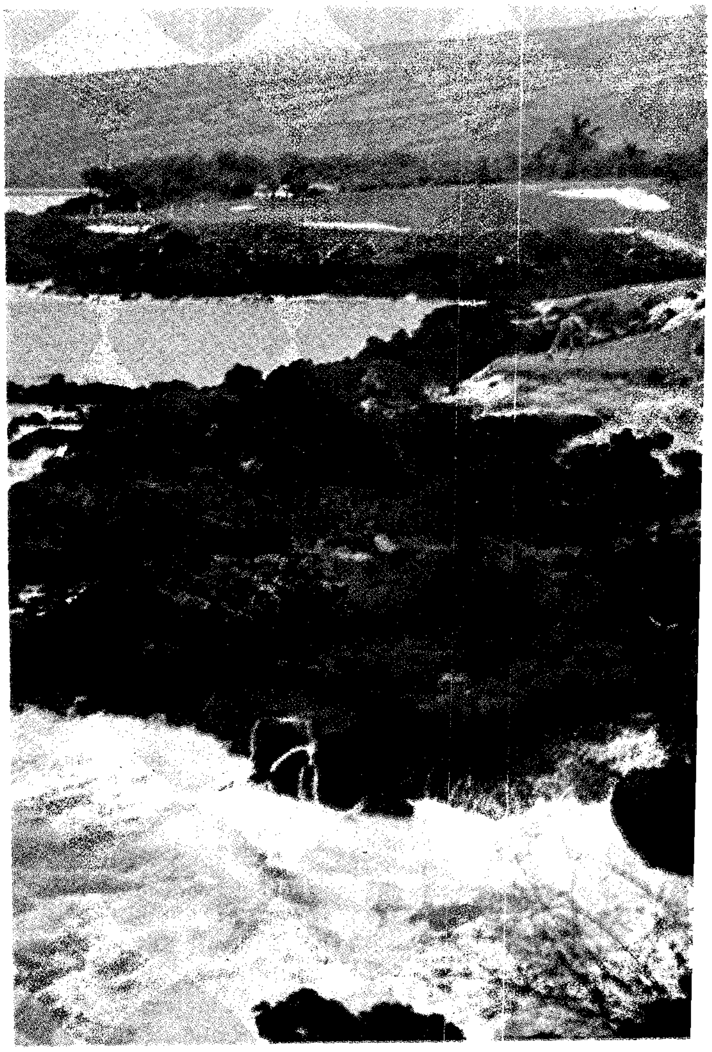

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Dewi and various aides, he decided to leave for Bogor.

As soon as Suharto learned that Sukarno had left Halim, he ordered his troops to seize the base, and it was taken at about 6 A.M. on October 2nd. About an hour later, at Lubang Buaja, there was a brief fire fight, in which one rebel soldier was killed. Earlier, at 1:30 A.M., Aidit had been flown—in a plane supplied by Dhani—from Halim to Jogjakarta, probably accompanied by a dejected Sjam, who had seen his best plans go awry. Dhani had then flown his own plane to Madiun, where he tried to rally his various Air Force commands by radio to continued support of the coup; having failed to do so, he returned late that day or early the next to Bogor, where Sukarno had promised to give refuge to him and his family. Supardjo also went to Bogor.

THOUGH the complete details of the outbreak will probably never be known, testimony in the long series of treason trials, together with additional information that has come to light, have made it possible to draw certain conclusions. The effort was obviously not very cohesive, either in personnel or in planning. Why was the P.K.I.'s planning so hasty and slipshod? Aside from the shortage of time, the most important factor was the role played by Sukarno, who undoubtedly believed that a plot by the generals really existed. It seems highly likely that Sukarno *wanted* to believe this, not so much because he was eager for a Communist coup as because he realized how sick he was (something he would admit only to himself) and was willing to go to any lengths to make the Communists an integral part of the government before he died. In this sense, Sukarno may have unconsciously driven the Communists to move more quickly than they would have liked, and forced them to accept as allies various sycophants and hangers-on, who were patently unreliable, and men, such as Dhani, who had axes to grind. Ironically, Sukarno, who turned out not to be dying himself, may have unintentionally dealt the P.K.I. a deathblow.

The other factors that probably influenced the P.K.I.'s timing had their origins in Vietnam and Peking. The Chinese Communists were unquestionably worried about the American buildup in Vietnam, and whether Peking actually urged the P.K.I. to strike sooner than it had planned to is not known, but a number of circumstances

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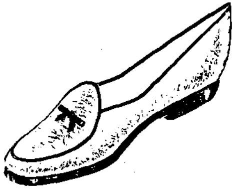

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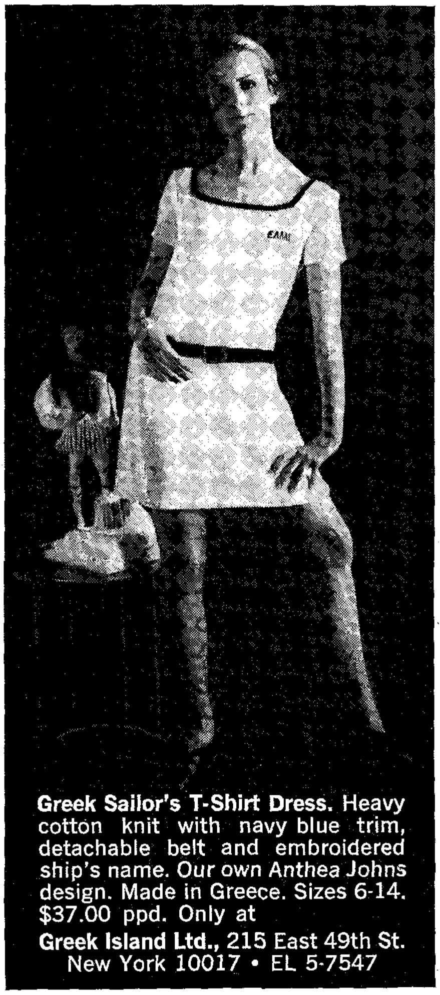

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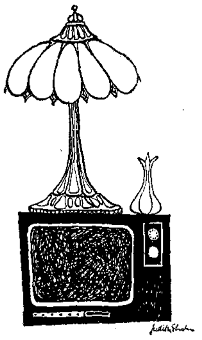
indicate that the Chinese Communists were fully aware of what was happening. For one, Subandrio had been in constant touch with Peking for many months, and, for another, Dhani had been sent there by Sukarno in mid-September to arrange for scheduled arms shipments. Although the Chinese said nothing officially about the abortive coup until eighteen days after it took place—when they protested an attack on the office of the Chinese commercial attaché in Djakarta and followed this with a propaganda barrage against atrocities allegedly committed by the military—it was later determined that Chinese officials in Peking knew about the coup attempt within six hours after it occurred, and, furthermore, had a list of all the generals who were to have been murdered, including Nasution.

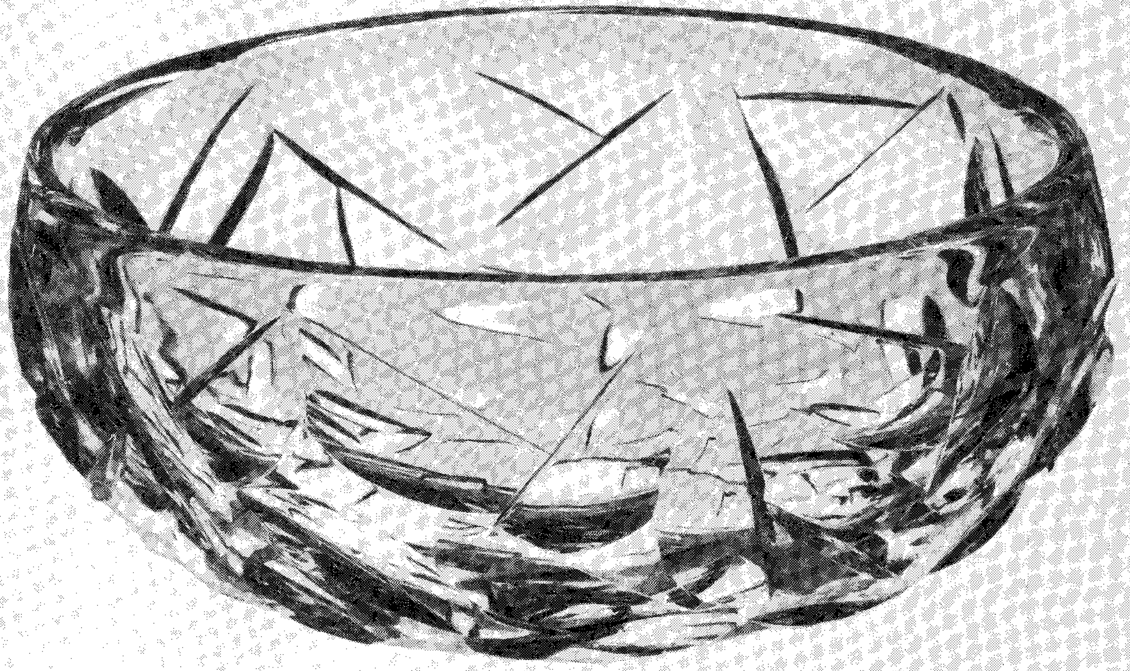
In any analysis of these events, much depends on the degree of credence given to an alleged "confession" signed in Central Java on November 23rd by Aidit, who had been captured the day before and was, according to reliable reports, killed soon after he signed the document in question; because of Aidit's closeness to Sukarno, there was ample reason for the Army not to want him made a martyr by any sort of public trial in Djakarta. Although the confession is generally treated with skepticism, mainly because it seems too pat and serves the interests of the Army too readily, a number of points in it seem valid. For example, Aidit corroborated that 1970 had been the original P.K.I. target date, and said that because "details of this plan leaked out" a decision was hastily made "to carry out a coup as soon as possible." Early in August, Aidit confirmed, he had stopped off in Peking "and discussed the health of President Sukarno with the Communist Chinese leaders." When he got back to Djakarta, in the middle of the month, he said, he talked over the details of the coup with Supardjo, Untung, and two members of the Politburo, Njoto and Lukman. Aidit's confession concludes, "The coup d'état failed because it was premature and also because there were not a few—even among the top P.K.I. officials—who were opposed to it. . . . The second reason for the failure was the lack of support of Communist China and international Communism, on which we had placed hopes." Aidit might have added a third reason, which he actually alluded to only obliquely: Sukarno's failure to give all-out support.



Whatever role Sukarno played in the uprising, he clearly demonstrated a feeling of responsibility, even of concern, for those who had been involved in it, and he continued afterward to defend its proclaimed revolutionary goals. In the confusion immediately following the clash, he remained aloof, and went as far as to chastise the P.K.I., though gently. In a remark to Njoto, who, of the three top Communist leaders, was probably closest to him personally, he described the bungled coup as "childish," by which he apparently meant that the P.K.I. had acted too precipitately—an ironic criticism, since it was he who had, in effect, forced the Party's hand. Later, however, his old bravado returned, and this made it impossible either for his friends to save him or for his foes to let him down easily in the interest of preserving national unity. If his intention was to show that he had "known everything and known nothing," as one analyst has put it, his behavior soon belied this, and led inevitably not only to his dismissal as President but also to the tarnishing of his historical record.

THE Communists' troubles grew worse on the morning of October 2nd. Although it was already apparent that the coup had failed, that day's issue of the Communist newspaper *Harian Rakyat* carried an editorial hailing the September 30th Movement and a cartoon depicting it as a vast fist smashing the face of an Indonesian general who was wearing dollar signs for epaulettes and a cap stamped with the initials "C.I.A." The paper described what had happened as "an internal Army affair," and said that "the support and sympathy of the people are certainly on the side of the September 30th Movement." Upon the appearance of the editorial, the paper was banned, under the martial-law decree that had been announced the previous day by General Suharto. On October 5th, the Party had second thoughts, and, in an announcement sent to correspondents, repeated the theme of the coup's having been an internal Army matter but added that the P.K.I. members who had been listed on the Revolutionary Council "were not notified and had not given their approval."

So far, Sukarno had not publicly de-



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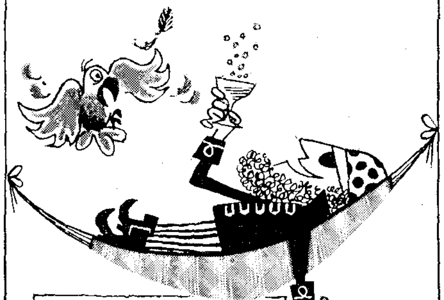

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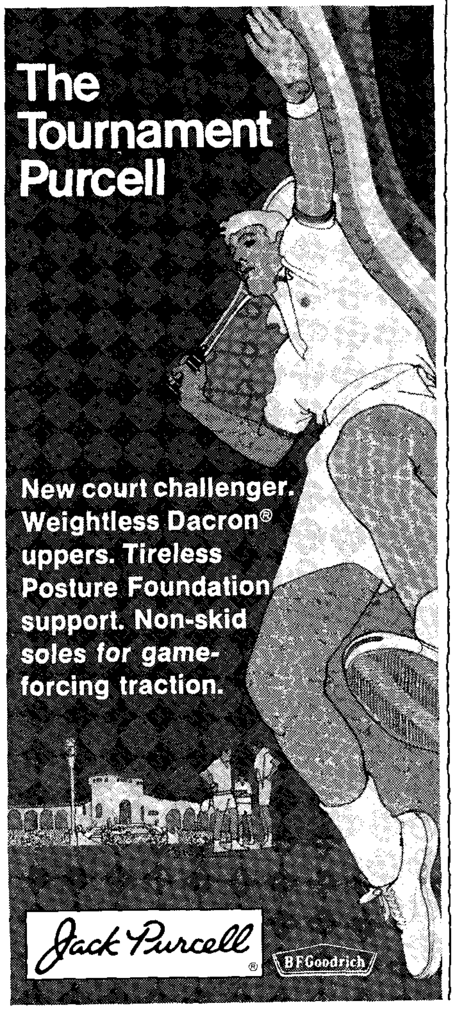
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nounced the P.K.I. or the September 30th Movement. In a brief broadcast on October 3rd, he simply said, in a tired, dull voice, "I am well and safe, and hold the top leadership of the state and of the government and of the Indonesian revolution." He added that the problems arising from the September 30th Movement must be solved in an orderly atmosphere, and, in what amounted to a compromise (the broadcast followed a meeting with General Suharto at Bogor), he announced that Suharto would be in charge of restoring security and order, and that General Pranoto—his candidate for Chief of Staff—would "discharge day-to-day tasks within the Army." (It was not until eleven days later that Sukarno rescinded the supposed appointment of General Pranoto and officially named Suharto to be Yani's successor as Chief of Staff.) In a second broadcast, just before midnight on October 3rd, Sukarno denied that the Air Force had been involved in the coup. His support of Dhani—whom he protected in the palace at Bogor until October 16th, when he dismissed him as Air Force commander and sent him on a state mission abroad—particularly angered Nasution, Suharto, and the other generals. At one point, confronting Dhani in Sukarno's presence, Suharto ripped the Vice Marshal's epaulettes off and slapped his face with them. The generals were also infuriated by Sukarno's protection and support of Supardjo. On October 2nd, at Bogor, the President had ordered Supardjo, who by then had been formally dismissed from the Army, to take charge of "confining" the elements of the two rebel battalions that were still at Halim and seeing to it that they remained orderly. A day or so later, Supardjo disappeared, armed with a letter of protection from Sukarno, and he was not captured until more than a year later—when, in January, 1967, he became the last of the major coup figures to be caught and brought to trial.

On October 4th, the bodies of the six murdered generals and the lieutenant, which had been found the day before, were taken out of the well at Lubang Buaja. General Suharto attended the exhumation and made a brief and angry speech, in which he emphasized the fact that the well was in an area administered by the Air Force and that members of the Air Force had trained the P.K.I.'s youth and women's groups in that area. Lubang Buaja became a place of national shame, and the clear involvement of the P.K.I. in the murders immediately

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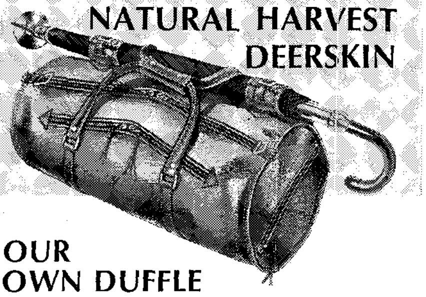

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gave rise to widespread demands that the Party be banned.

In a statement after a plenary Cabinet meeting at Bogor on October 6th, Sukarno further angered Generals Suharto and Nasution by referring to what had occurred as "just a very small ripple on the mighty ocean of our great revolution," although in that statement he did condemn, for the first time, the murder of the seven officers. He did not ban the P.K.I., but he did say that he would not acknowledge the formation of the Revolutionary Council, and he appealed to the members of his Cabinet—which included the P.K.I.'s Njoto and Lukman—to work together "as usual." The day before, when instead of the scheduled Armed Forces Day parade a mass funeral was held for the murdered officers, Sukarno had been conspicuously absent, which also angered Suharto and Nasution—as did the absence of any Chinese representatives and a refusal by the Chinese Embassy to fly its flag at half-mast in honor of the dead.

IN the fortnight after the failed coup, the P.K.I. leaders in the countryside continued to do their best to sustain some sort of resistance. When Aidit arrived in Jogjakarta on the morning of October 2nd, elements of the Army's pro-Communist Diponegoro Division there were in control of the city, and had just murdered the local regimental commander and his chief of staff. Posters denouncing the Council of Generals, the United States, and Malaysia, and hailing the Revolutionary Council, went up all over town. Within forty-eight hours, however, as it became obvious that the coup had been crushed in Djakarta and that loyal troops were on their way, the rebellion in Jogjakarta also collapsed, and within four days the city was calm again. However, Central Java as a whole, which had sizable pro-Communist Army units, was not by any means secure. Before loyal officers regained control, the city of Semarang had been seized by the Communists and held for a day. In some towns, the P.K.I. held out for a week or more, and Communists remained in control of sections of the large city of Solo for much of October.

In Djakarta, the Communists' troubles mounted. Mobs of Muslims, mostly adherents of Ansor, the Muslim youth organization, had quietly been given the word by a number of Army officers to *sikat*, which means "sweep," and on October 7th they burned the P.K.I. headquarters in the capital to

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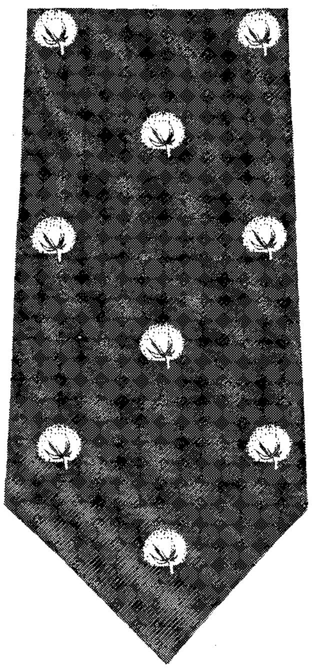

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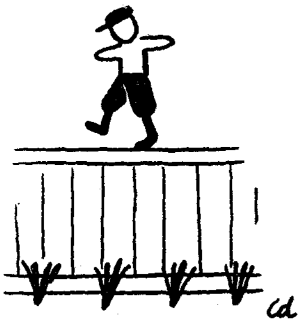
the ground and rampaged through the city shouting “Kill Aidit!” and “Crush the P.K.I.!” They also sacked the homes of Aidit, Lukman, and Njoto. Truckloads of youths passed in front of the American Embassy chanting “Long live America!” One of the few foreign correspondents there at the time, John Hughes, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, later wrote in his book “Indonesian Upheaval,” “It was a historic little moment. For more than a year, the embassy of the United States had been the target of an increasing series of hostile demonstrations. If anything was burning in Djakarta, it was a good guess that it was something belonging to the Americans or the British. Now . . . the headquarters of a major Communist party had gone up in smoke.” In the days that followed, the mobs sacked other Communist buildings, including the headquarters of Pemuda Rakyat and of S.O.B.S.I., the labor union, and they also began venting their spleen upon the Chinese, demonstrating in front of the Chinese Embassy and attacking a Chinese university and other Chinese institutions. The Foreign Ministry tried to play down this anti-Chinese reaction, and issued statements on the need for Indonesia and China to continue collaborating against “imperialism and colonialism.” In a speech shortly after the demonstrations started, Subandrio said, “Don’t say ‘Long live America!’ just because there is some tension between Indonesia and China. We still cannot say the United States is our friend.”



Throughout Indonesia, the Army moved ahead on its own during October to “suspend temporarily” all P.K.I. activities. Everywhere, Party offices were shut down, Communist and left-wing newspapers were banned, P.K.I. mayors were fired, and P.K.I. deputies were kept from attending regional Council meetings. Thousands of members or supporters of the Party were arrested, and thousands of rural members tore up their Party cards—indicating that many, if not most, of them were “rice Communists,” who had simply joined the Party because they thought it would improve their economic condition. In mid-October, when General Suharto was formally named Army Chief of Staff by a reluctant Sukarno, he issued an order “to continue to liquidate the remnants of the counter-revolutionary September 30th Movement” and sent units of tough paracommandos under General Edhy to Central Java to purge the Communist-infiltrated battalions there. The P.K.I., realizing that it could no longer pretend it was not implicated in the attempted coup, ordered its members to obtain weapons from Army sympathizers and set up regional commands in the villages, particularly in the Communist-stronghold area in Central Java. The loyal Army elements thereupon created local People’s Defense units of citizens considered politically reliable—mostly Muslim or nationalist youth representatives with some military training. Sukarno, who had received several letters from Aidit urging him to “continue to support revolutionary aims,” was now playing a more obvious double game. While he publicly criticized the coup leaders and the murderers of the seven officers and said they should be punished, he also made a speech warning the country of Indonesian “stooges” who were “trying to destroy our fight against imperialism” by establishing foreign military bases and, worse, “foreign mental bases.” In an open rebuke to Generals Nasution and Suharto, who were still vainly trying to get him to issue a decree clearly denouncing the September 30th Movement and the P.K.I., he instead put out an order that took only mild note of the “so-called movement’s” activities, and asked for an end to “racialism, burning, and destruction” and to “slanders and actions based on revenge.”

PSYCHOANALYSTS and sociologists, as well as historians and journalists, have tried to apply scientific methods of analysis to the terrible slaughter that occurred in Indonesia between the end of October and the end of December, 1965, but there is no simple explanation for it. Many pressures were involved—racial, religious, economic, and social as well as political. They included tensions and conflicts in the Muslim communities between the devout, *santri*, elements and the nominal, *abangan*, religionists, who were relatively responsive to the pragmatic political appeals of the P.K.I. Separately or together, the two Muslim elements, in their social and religious milieu, came up against the older spiritual challenge of Javanese mysticism. Despite these cultural

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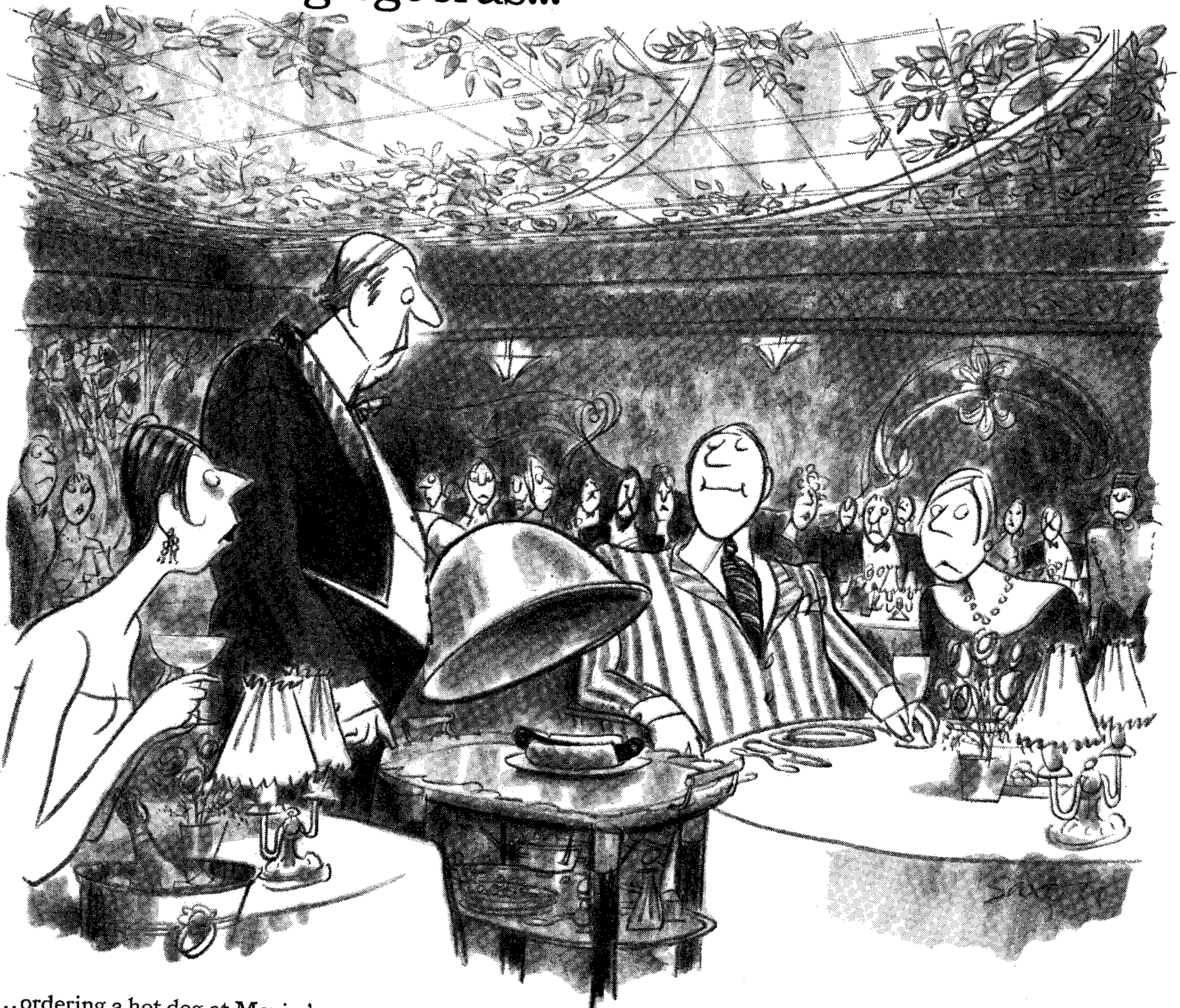

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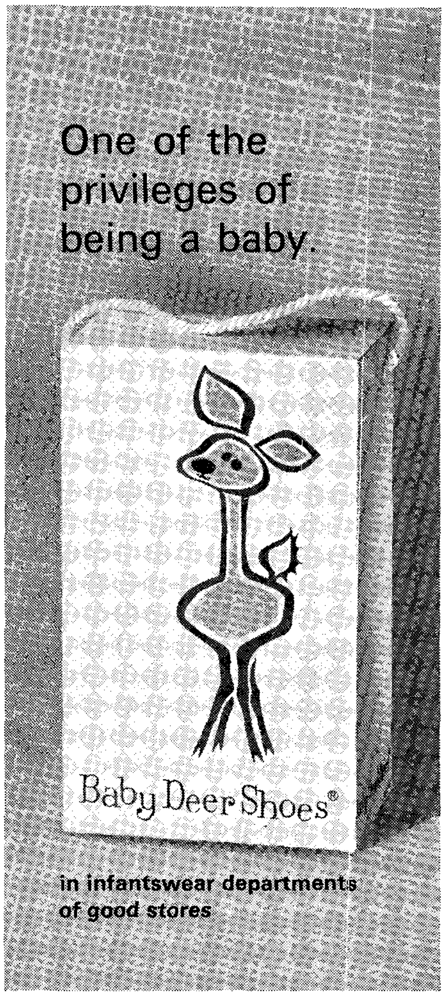
and religious cleavages, a tolerance, a willingness to live together in harmony, had for years safeguarded a surprisingly effective way of life. Manners and grace, combined with a native passivity, contributed to this, and another reason for the widespread mutual tolerance was that until the Malthusian imperative began to take over, in this century, there had been enough land and food for everyone. Now the tensions were there, waiting to be released. Perhaps the best analysis of what happened was made by Soedjatmoko, who told me, "When the rural unit got to be too heavily imposed upon, when the population pressures grew too strong, when class stresses took over, and when, finally, the P.K.I. began to rally the landless laborers and urge them to seize the land, the dam burst. What really took place was a psychological and historical breakdown. Tolerance and consensus vanished overnight, and passion replaced compassion. For the Javanese as a people, what happened was outside their cosmos and beyond their comprehension. It was incomprehensible to me, too, and yet, as I look back on it, I realize that, given the developments of the last few years under Sukarno, as the government condoned the new class stresses that the P.K.I. was inducing, the blowup was inevitable. If the coup hadn't precipitated it, something else would have."

The violence began to grow serious on the night of October 22nd, when the Communists attempted a final concerted stand in Central Java. In the towns of Klaten and Bojolali, gangs of youths belonging to the Pemuda Rakyat, many of them armed only with bamboo spears and knives, attacked a police station and a small Army base. They were after weapons, and they managed to capture some. During the early-morning hours, traditional Javanese drums, called *kentong*, were sounded—a signal for the P.K.I.-dominated populations to rise and take part in a rampage of murder, kidnapping, and arson. By noon the next day, some three or four hundred people had been killed in the two villages—mostly anti-Communists, who had been shot, decapitated, or simply slashed and thrown alive into deep wells. The orgy might have continued indefinitely if it had not been for the quick arrival of Edhy's paracommandos. His troops restored order and then went on to the nearby city of Solo, where, with the help of a Communist mayor, rebellious troops of the Diponegoro Division were still maintaining a tenuous hold on parts of the city and its environs. Edhy's mission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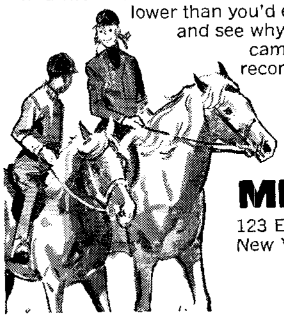

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was highly successful, if highly ruthless. He had ordered his armored-car gunners to shoot all Communist demonstrators and everyone else who resisted their entry into villages en route, especially villages known to be pro-Communist, and by the time he took Solo the core of the P.K.I.'s remaining resistance had been crushed. But the killings were by no means over. Edhy said afterward, "We decided to encourage the anti-Communist civilians to help with the job." In Solo, a motley local force of anti-Communists had already been organized, and Edhy gathered up some additional men, gave them two days of training, and then, in his words, "sent them out to kill Communists." As other Army officers explained it, in defending their actions, "If we hadn't killed the Communists, they would have killed us."

The pattern of killing in West and Central Java was different from that in East Java and Bali. In the first two areas, the Army did most of the killing, with some help from the Muslims. In East Java, the purge was carried out mostly by armed members of Ansor, the black-shirted Muslim youth. In Bali, the P.N.I., encouraged by the Army, was chiefly responsible for the slaughter. While it started as a "political cleansing," it quickly turned into wild, indiscriminate acts of vengeance, based on personal feuds and fed by mass hysteria among the people, who were emotionally and psychologically ready to run amok. Chinese merchants and their families were killed wherever they lived, mostly by civilians. In view of the circumstances under which the killings took place, and the time span they covered—though the worst of them were over by the end of December, 1965, they continued for months on a lesser scale—it was virtually impossible to make an estimate of the total number killed. During my subsequent travels through Java and Bali, I heard estimates of as high as a million and as low as fifty thousand, but the average estimate was between two hundred and fifty thousand and three hundred and fifty thousand for those two islands alone, and this is what most Indonesian officials, and also American and British and other foreign diplomats, have calculated the figure to be. In addition, some two hundred thousand people were arrested, and about a third of these are still in jail.

In West Java, the accounts I heard of the murders were far less lurid than those I heard in Central Java, where in almost every place I stopped there were stories, each more gruesome than

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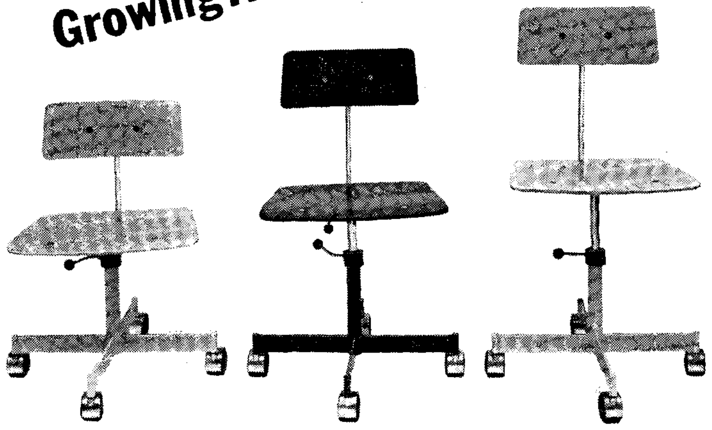

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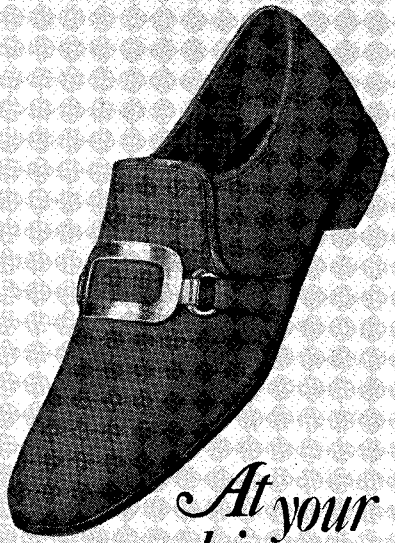

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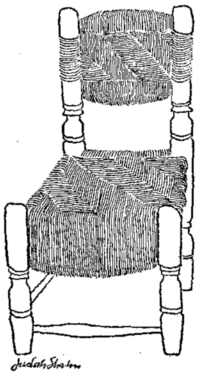
the last, of nocturnal roundups of whole families, and even whole villages, and of the victims' being made to dig their own graves before they were shot or knifed to death, and of bodies' simply being dumped into the many rivers that flow through Java, where the corpses sometimes washed up on shore or clogged shallows and canals like decaying logs. Though everyone showed considerable reluctance to say that he had participated in the murders, there was a general tendency, especially among the more devout Muslims, to explain them as "the will of Allah." "To kill a Communist became a duty, enjoined by the Koran," one writer and political leader told me. "If you didn't do it, you were *malu*—ashamed." In villages where the Army did not do the killing itself, it assigned anti-Communist informers to carry out the task, and in these cases, since guns were not always available, the murders often took the form of beheadings, with the heads of the victims sometimes impaled on spikes and paraded around the town or put up on fences. Sometimes, the Army ordered or offered trucks for hauling away villagers who had been identified as Communists or pro-Communists, and these people were then shot en masse. The Muslim fanatics often commandeered the trucks of Chinese merchants for the same task and then killed the merchants, too. In some cities, bands of vigilantes wearing black clothes operated, mostly at night, rousing families out of their beds and killing all the children as well as the parents and the servants. In Solo, the head of the local vigilante group, a former Army major, told me that at least ten thousand people were murdered in and around the city, and he proudly brought out a collection of trinkets—mostly Chinese Communist buttons and pins—that he himself had taken from the Communist mayor and others who had been victims of what he, in apparent ignorance of the historical precedent, termed "the final solution." In many places, members of families informed on each other, and this was also true among students and professors in the universities; there were even cases of a man's killing his brother or his father to avoid letting the Army or, worse, the Ansor killer squads do it. In some instances, the Communists fought back and killed their Muslim attackers, but by and large they offered little resistance and, dressing themselves in white funeral robes, went to their deaths with astonishing passivity.

This sort of response was especially common in Bali, I gathered, where the influence of ancient Hindu mysticism is even greater than it is in Java. Unlike most of the rest of Indonesia, Bali was under direct colonial domination for only thirty years prior to the Second World War, and there was no significant Muslim invasion, so the Hindu mystical influence flourished there unmolested. Then came the Japanese occupation, with its special cruelties, and after the war there was increasing domination by the Communists, who did not try to convert the two million Balinese directly but simply spread propaganda through the overcrowded and underdeveloped island, with vague promises of land reform and other economic benefits. However, the P.K.I. and its adherents demonstrated contempt for the religious Balinese, mocking their festivals and customs, and taunting them about their special system of beliefs. The murders did not start in Bali until early December, after a soldier was killed during an Army raid on a P.K.I. meeting in the western part of the island, but then the Balinese reacted with a fury that was almost unbelievable. In avenging themselves on the Communists, who had had the protection of a sympathetic governor and, earlier, of a pro-P.K.I. local Army commander, their response assumed the quality of a mass exorcism—"as if they were ridding the soil and their souls of evil and were purifying themselves," one Balinese friend of mine put it. "The Balinese had been subjected to so many pressures for so long that this had to happen. Colonialism and the Japanese occupation were still not forgotten, and, after these, at least sixteen hundred people were killed in the eruption of the volcano Gunung Agung in 1963, and many of the families that survived lost all their cattle and saw their fields submerged in lava. When the Balinese moved against the Communists, their actions had a ceremonial quality of righteous vindication—something more than simple vengeance."



Here in Bali, the pattern of killing was clearer than elsewhere. The Army began it, then handed the job over to the Balinese civilians, and finally stopped the bloodletting by bringing in some of Edhy's paracommandos, but

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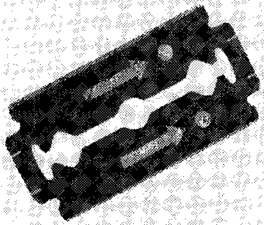

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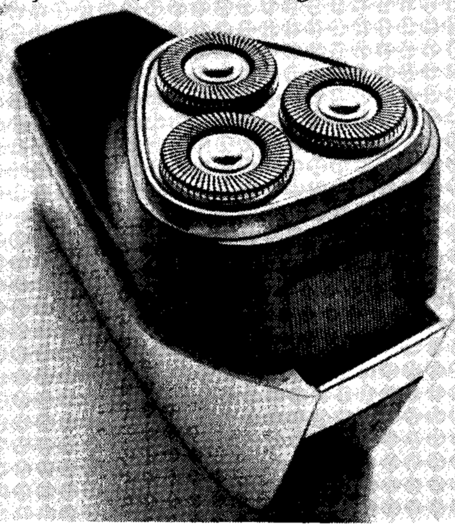

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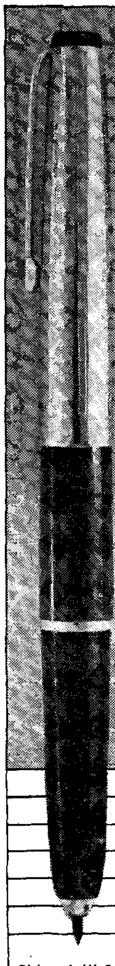

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they did not arrive until some forty thousand people had been murdered. Whole villages were set ablaze night after night, and as the red flames spouted through the azure Balinese sky the smell of burning houses overpowered the customary fragrance of the rich island flora. This dreadful period was described to me by one of Bali's best-known resident foreign artists, Antonio Blanco, a Spanish Filipino by birth, who is an American citizen and lives with his Balinese wife and their daughters in a magnificent house and studio he built in the hills of Ubud, northeast of the capital of Denpasar. "Every night, we could see one village after another go up in flames," he said. "We were in deathly fear for our own lives—certainly if the P.K.I. had won out we would have been killed—but I kept on painting, almost obsessively." Most of the murders in the interior of Bali took place in cemeteries near the villages. Along the coast, they were carried out on the fringes of the broad beaches. Some Communists committed suicide, and others fled to temples, vainly seeking sanctuary; some went to hospitals, where they were hunted down and attempts were made to kill them in their beds. Groups of young men, called avenger squads, roved with knives from one village in a district to another, killing almost at random. A Dutch woman and her Indonesian husband, who had long been residents of Bali, told me, with a sense of shared shame, "Everyone got the blood lust. At night, sleeping with guns under our pillows, we found ourselves saying, 'Why don't they kill *that* man instead of *this* one?' "

DURING this period, many of Indonesia's leading Communists were either killed outright, as Aidit was, or taken into custody. Among the first of the important figures in the coup attempt to be captured was Lieutenant Colonel Untung. He was seized on October 11th, near his home town of Tegal, in Central Java, while he was trying to escape on a bus. (Ironically, the bus was named "*Untung*," which is Javanese for "Lucky.") He was recognized by two soldiers, and as they approached him he leaped out of the bus and tried to flee, but he was seized by a group of villagers and taken to Djakarta under heavy guard. He asked to see Sukarno, but the request was never granted. After a trial the following February before a military tribunal in Djakarta, he was sentenced to death, and was executed in the fall of 1967. Njono, head of the P.K.I. in Djakarta

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and a Politburo member, who had supervised the training of the P.K.I. front groups, was captured in Djakarta a week earlier than Untung; he was also found guilty and was executed late in 1968. Lukman, the first vice-chairman of the P.K.I. and a Politburo member, was caught near Semarang in May, 1966, and executed peremptorily, according to reports, when he refused to answer questions. Njoto, the No. 3 man in the P.K.I. hierarchy and a Politburo member, was arrested early in December, 1965, in Djakarta, and was shot after refusing to give any information about the coup attempt. Sakirman, a Politburo member, and Anwar Sanusi, a candidate member, were also shot upon capture in the summer and fall of 1966, respectively. Late in 1966, Sudisman, another important member, was caught. He was tried the following July, and his trial, along with that of Sjam (who was not a member of the Politburo), shed the most light on the coup. Sudisman was executed, while Sjam is still awaiting execution. It seemed astonishing to many observers that, in the time Sjam and Sudisman were still free, the Chinese Communists didn't try to get them out of the country. Rewang, the last member of the eight-man Politburo to remain at liberty in Indonesia, was killed last July during a guerrilla attack in East Java. Adjitorop, the only member still alive, was in Peking at the time of the coup and has remained there most of the time since, although he was recently reported to have conducted an underground meeting in Singapore. Last month, Radio Peking named him as the P.K.I.'s current leader.

As for the other key figures in the coup, Subandrio—who, though he was not a P.K.I. member, was deeply involved—has been tried and sentenced to death, but neither his sentence nor that of Dhani is likely to be carried out. Supardjo, who was captured near Halim airbase in January, 1967, while he was hiding in the home of a naval officer, has also been sentenced to death but has not yet been executed. More than twenty other top plotters have been tried and sentenced either to death or to long prison terms, and so far seven of these men have been executed. Of the fifty-five members of the Central Committee at the time of the coup, at least thirty are dead or under arrest; the rest are still in hiding.

THE killings did not mean the end of the Sukarno regime. As 1965 ended, Sukarno resolved not to com-

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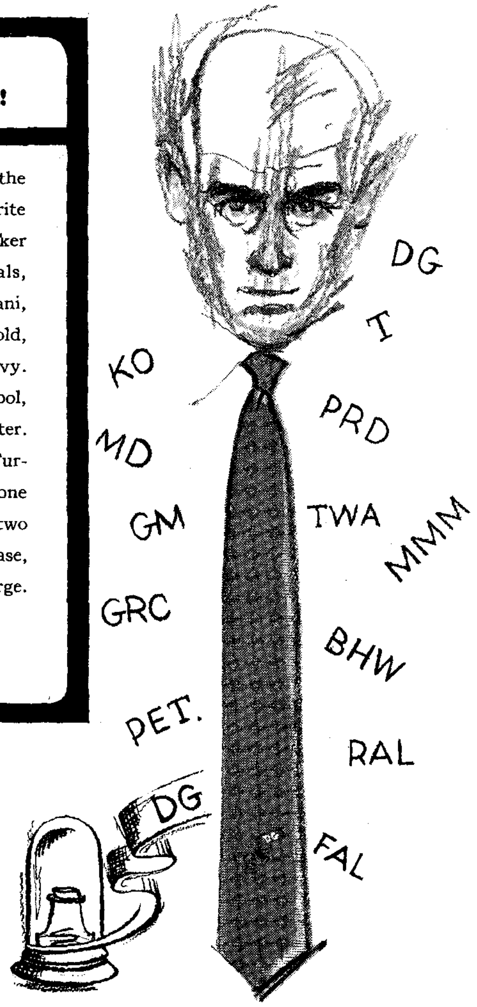

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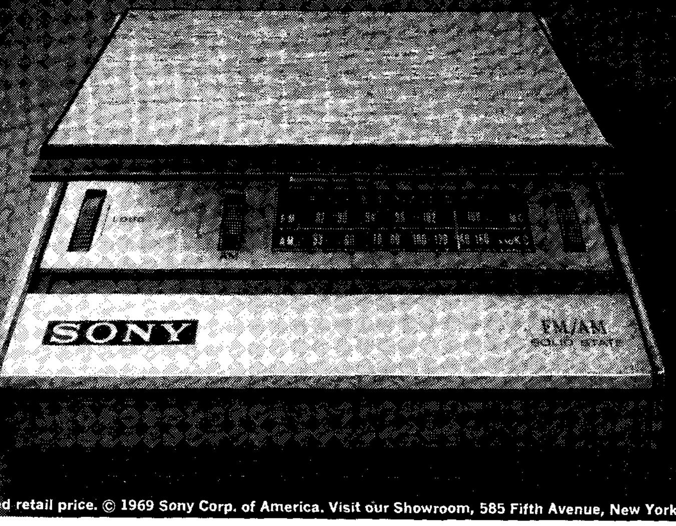

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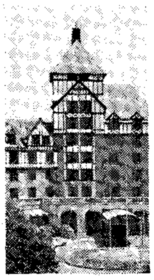

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promise with the generals but to make a bid for a return to complete power. He planned to achieve this by reëstablishing his former position as leader of the revolution, and this move depended upon his being able either to refurbish the P.K.I. or to create a new leftist element to replace it. Had he chosen the second course, which would have meant admitting his past mistakes and condemning those who had helped him commit them, he might have been able to survive with his reputation damaged but not irreparably damaged. But this course was alien to his character. A third course, which he apparently considered briefly and dismissed as too dangerous, would have been for him to go to Central or East Java to establish his own revolutionary base, as Aidit had urged him to do. This would unquestionably have brought about a civil war, which not even Sukarno wanted—perhaps because it may have been clear even to him that he would eventually lose it.

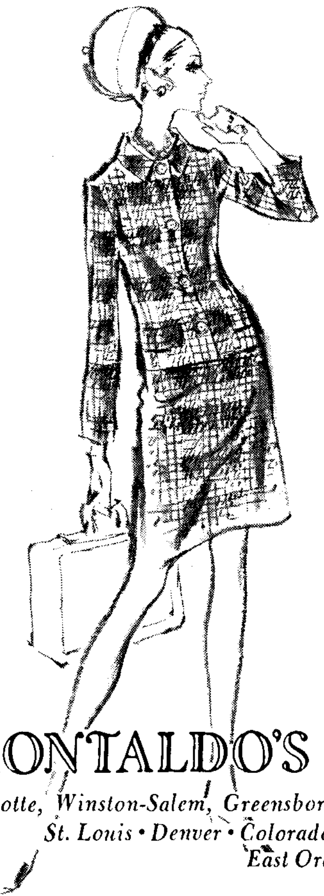
Immediately after the coup attempt, Sukarno did nothing, apparently with the idea of providing an interlude in which passions could die down. Early in December, he took a new tack. In an address to the People's Consultative Congress, he described the Communists as "rats that have eaten a big part of the cake and tried to eat the pillars of our house," and went on, "Now let's catch these rats, and I will punish them, but in catching the rats we should not burn the house." In a new tone—half pleading, half tough—he promised that he would find the proper solution, complained about being "ignored by some groups," who "say they stand behind me and abide by my words, but in fact they push me and kick me about what to do." He concluded by saying, "Let me handle things absolutely," and then, wagging his finger and shouting threateningly, "If you do not like me anymore, tell me! I will quit! God knows I have done well enough for the nation! You may discharge me!" Sukarno was, in effect, throwing down the gauntlet. A week later, he had gone back to saying, "We are all sons of the revolution, and these sons should be loyal to their father, otherwise the father will eat his own sons"—an image he had used before. Communism in Indonesia would survive, he said, "because the teachings of Communism have been the result of an objective atmosphere, created within Indonesian society, just as is the case with nationalism and religion."

Generals Suharto and Nasution chose not to pick up Sukarno's gauntlet. Instead, there now began a year-long shadow play, which Suharto, being even more of a Javanese than Sukarno, understood better than his adversary. It may be, as some say, that Suharto moved only in careful stages against Sukarno because he believed, or was persuaded by his spiritual advisers, that Sukarno was still the chosen wearer of the Presidential mantle, and neither he himself nor anyone else had as yet been chosen to assume it. In any event, it soon became apparent that Suharto was determined to proceed at his own pace in cutting Sukarno down to size, and that one of his reasons for moving so slowly and carefully was undoubtedly to make sure that the support Sukarno still had in the countryside, and especially in Central and East Java, would not flare into active opposition and provoke a civil war that might destroy the nation. The military moved first against Sukarno's flanks, and the most important of the subordinates on his flanks was obviously Subandrio, who was still the President's top adviser on both domestic and foreign matters, and, among other things, was doing his best to salvage the shaken Peking-Djakarta alliance. In mid-December, the Army forced Sukarno to dismiss Subandrio as his deputy in KOTI, the armed forces' supreme operations command, and remove him from his job as head of the Central Intelligence Bureau, but he remained Foreign Minister and First Deputy Prime Minister.

In the first week of January, 1966, the Indonesian Students' Action Front, known as KAMI, which had been formed in 1963 at the instigation of the Army to counteract Communist infiltration into the University of Indonesia, but which had been dormant until the fall of 1965, took to the streets in Djakarta and Bandung to demonstrate against high prices. In the previous eight years, the price index had risen from the base figure of a hundred to fifty-six thousand, and it had soared twenty thousand points in one month alone, even though the government had attempted to stem the rise by revaluing the rupiah. The student demonstrators carried banners reading "THE PEOPLE ARE HUNGRY" and "LONG LIVE THE ARMED FORCES," and for the first time some of their slogans attacked Sukarno personally, mostly over the question of his many wives. Then, during a Cabinet meeting conducted by Sukarno at Bogor in mid-January, several hundred students tried to force their way into the palace grounds. Guards had to fire shots in the air to disperse them, and Sukarno scolded the youths for "heaping abuse on their fathers" and, in a nationwide radio address, said, "I am sick of the secret campaign being launched against me. . . . Whoever is still willing to follow me should rally behind me, defend me, build your strength."

Late in February, Sukarno made his boldest bid since the coup attempt to reëstablish his leadership. He peremptorily dismissed General Nasution as Minister of Defense and Security, abolished the Armed Forces staff which Nasution had headed, and appointed a new, unwieldy Cabinet of a hundred ministers and sub-ministers, about a quarter of whom were either Communist sympathizers or left-wing opportunists—*plin-plan*, Indonesians call them. The new Minister for the Aircraft Industry was none other than Dhani, the former Air Force chief, who had just returned from the vaguely defined mission to Europe that Sukarno had sent him on after the coup, and who had not yet been arrested. Subandrio remained the first of four Deputy Prime Ministers, and also Foreign Minister. The changes, Sukarno said, would "help me carry on with the revolution."

Suharto, who had retained his post as Deputy Minister of Defense and Security and as Chief of Staff, was angered by these moves, but held back as the student shock troops once more swung into action. Two days after Sukarno's announcement, nearly fifty thousand college and high-school youths stormed Merdeka Palace and ransacked the State Secretariat building, next to it. They were dispersed by palace guards using rifle butts and bayonets, but the next day, when the new Cabinet was to be installed, they were out again in full force. This time, they caused a tremendous traffic jam by stopping hundreds of cars and trucks and deflating their tires; the confusion and delay were so great that most of fourteen top Cabinet members who were just arriving at the palace to be sworn in had to be ferried across the stalled cars and the angry student mobs by helicopter. During the ceremony at the palace, the students kept up their demonstration outside, shouting slogans against the P.K.I., and especially against Subandrio, and at last the palace guards opened fire. A medical student named Arief Rachman Hakim was killed. KAMI and KAPPI, the high-school-students' organization, now had their martyr, and their rage mount-



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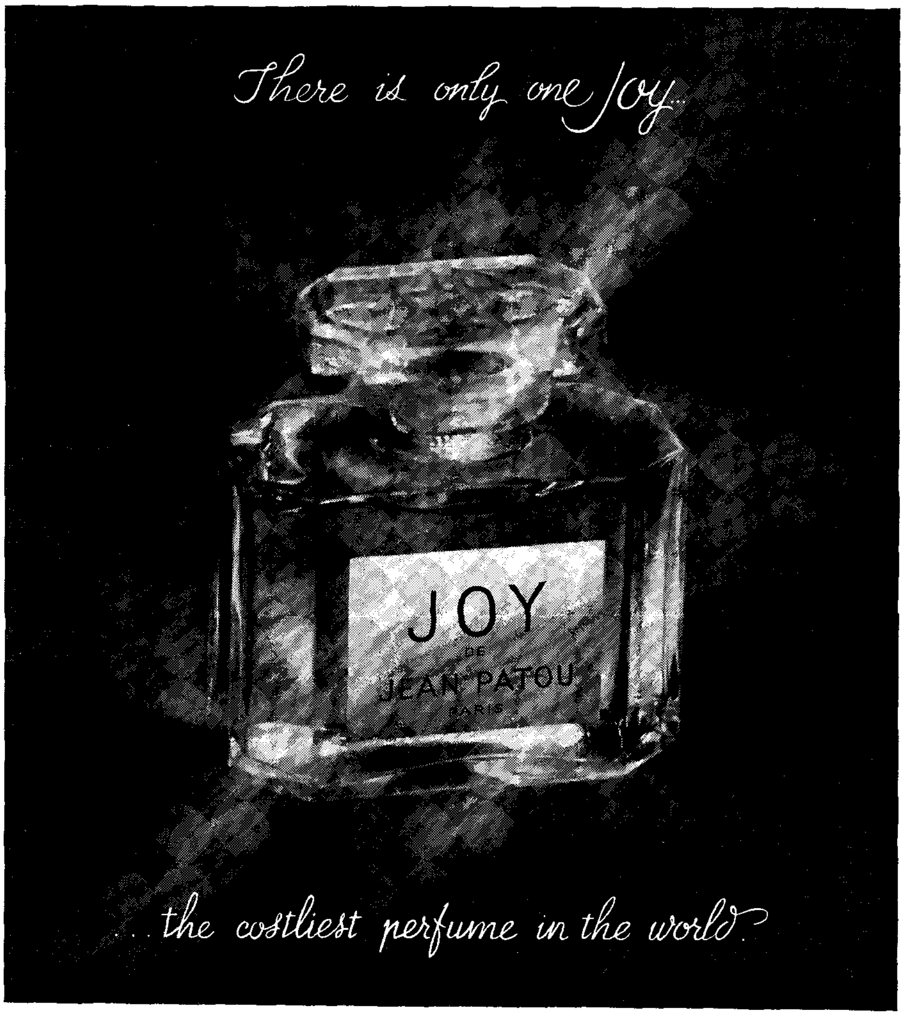

ed. So did Sukarno's. At the conclusion of the demonstrations, he banned KAMI and declared, "Here I am, Sukarno, President and Great Leader of the Revolution. I will not retreat a step—not even a millimetre." The college students defied the ban on KAMI and staged a mass funeral for Hakim, and when Sukarno shut down the University of Indonesia, they met secretly and formed a "Hakim Regiment," composed of seven battalions named for the seven officers murdered on October 1st. Meanwhile, the KAPPI students kept demonstrating.

These activists in their teens and twenties were a new phenomenon in Indonesia. They called themselves the Generation of 1966, and lumped together their adversaries, headed by Sukarno and Subandrio, as the Generation of 1945 and accused them of failing to fulfill their revolutionary responsibilities and of betraying the *Pantja Sila*. Previously, the students had been under the influence of various parties or of the government, and on occasion had even served as the instrument of one or the other, but most of their activities had been confined to campus issues. Now they had suddenly become a force in their own right, and the streets were their Parliament. They were often away from their homes for days at a stretch, living an exciting, new, quasi-underground life in and around the university, but for the most part they had the tacit—and sometimes active—support of their parents, who sent them bundles of food and clothing, and, in a sense, vicariously relived their own revolutionary experience through their children. Oddly, the students did not seem to have any outstanding leaders, except for some born rabble-rousers in their ranks whose fiery speeches would suddenly galvanize one group or another into action. They did, however, have their heroes and their mentors. They had always looked up to Nasution, who had done much to encourage them at the start, but after his dismissal he did as he had done before in a moment of crisis—withdrew into the background to watch and wait. Suharto was also somewhat remote, and was, the students felt, moving too slowly; yet he had earned their respect, and they trusted him to prevent the establishment of a military dictatorship. A number of the younger generals, including Edhy, were the students' principal sources of advice and encouragement, partly because these officers, too, wanted Suharto to move faster and more dramatically against Sukarno.

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dismissal of Nasution and the formation of the new Cabinet, it seemed as if, by using all his old guile and gall, he actually had forced his way back into power. However, the students turned the tide. They kept up their demonstrations despite a dusk-to-dawn curfew, and the military looked the other way. On March 8th, after hanging Subandrio in effigy in front of the Foreign Ministry, the students made their boldest move, ransacking the building, scrawling anti-Subandrio slogans on its walls, and putting up posters in its offices depicting the Foreign Minister as a Pekinese dog. Soon a group of leftist students from Bung Karno University, in Djakarta, counterattacked, and there was a series of wild fights, which the police finally broke up with tear gas and with shots fired over the heads of the mob. Two or three hours later, some two hundred Bung Karno students attacked the American Embassy. The pro- and anti-Subandrio demonstrations went on for two more days, and included attacks on some official Chinese Communist buildings, though not on the Chinese Embassy. A KAMI mob invaded Parliament to make speeches and to deliver a petition. Djakarta was in virtual anarchy, and it was obvious that a showdown was imminent.

IF there remained some doubt about Sukarno's participation in the plot of September 30th—much of it having been dispelled by the treason trials, the first of which were now being held—there was no doubt at all about who was the ringleader in what happened next. It was Sukarno himself, assisted by Subandrio and a few other trusted friends. In a final effort to assert his authority, Sukarno evolved a plan that would take three days to carry out and that depended essentially on the combined use of charisma and clubs. Only part of the plan came off as scheduled. On March 10th, Sukarno summoned the leaders of the nation's nine political parties to Merdeka Palace and thoroughly cowed them with a histrionic display, emphasizing his argument at one point, it is said, by crashing a chair against the wall. The politicians docilely signed a statement deploring the actions of the anti-Communist students. On the morning of the eleventh, Sukarno summoned the Cabinet ministers for a similar showdown. Before the second meeting, it was reported that Subandrio was rounding up "loyal" Army elements and some "irregular" forces to crack down on the students and other anti-Sukarno elements. Su-

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harto and his aides thereupon moved swiftly. General Edhy's paracommandos, wearing no insignia and without their customary red berets, began closing in on the palace. Just before noon, the commander of the palace guard entered the Cabinet room, where the meeting was under way, and handed Sukarno a note informing him that unidentified troops had the palace surrounded. Sukarno leaped to his feet and, followed by Subandrio and Chaerul Saleh, the Third Deputy Prime Minister, rushed out to the palace lawn and into the Presidential helicopter, which headed for Bogor.

Suharto at once sent three of his generals to Bogor by car. On the way, in obedience to instructions from Suharto, they drafted an order for Sukarno to sign. At first, Sukarno furiously refused, but as the three generals continued to talk to him he quieted down. The gist of what they told him was that Djakarta was about to be the scene of violent demonstrations, including arson and, possibly, assassinations, which could lead to a civil war, and that unless he gave Suharto sweeping powers to control the situation the Army could not guarantee Sukarno's personal safety. It was probably the last warning that did the trick. Sukarno signed the order, which gave Suharto authority, in the President's name, to take "all measures required for the safeguarding of security and government stability," and to protect "the course of the revolution." Suharto was required only to "report" on his actions to the President, and, in return, he would "guarantee the personal safety of the President." The next day, the twelfth, turned out to be a day of celebration. Helicopters dropped copies of the order signed by Sukarno over the city. The paracommandos organized a parade, and thousands of shouting students, waving flags and throwing flowers, rode around in commandeered trucks and buses or dashed through the streets on scooters, tooting their horns. There were no incidents. That morning, the three generals went back to Bogor to bring Sukarno to Djakarta to attend a meeting of regional Army commanders that he had himself summoned. When his helicopter landed, Merdeka Palace was surrounded by Edhy's paracommandos. A glum Sukarno climbed out, told the officers assembled in the palace to carry out their orders under Suharto's direction, and returned, still glum, to Bogor.

That same day, Suharto signed a decree banning the P.K.I. He then began preparing for the next step—the

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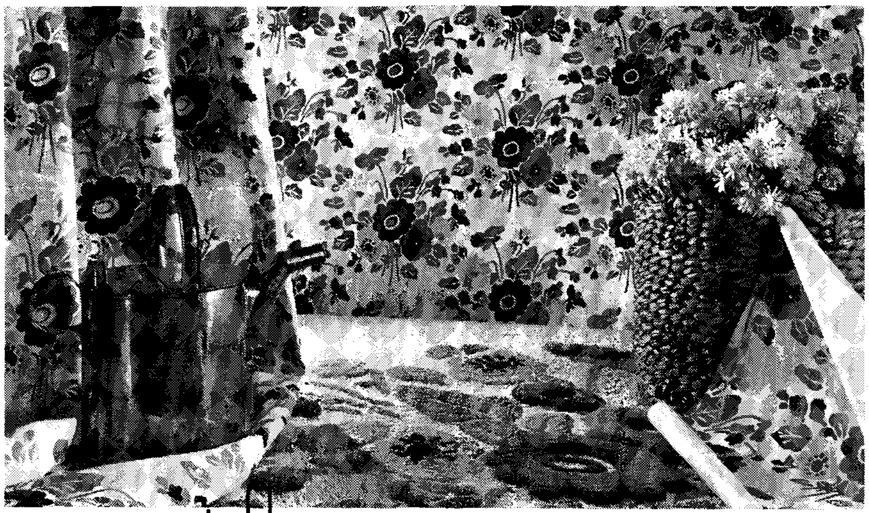
reorganization of the Cabinet. Sukarno, who spent most of the week in Bogor, now claimed that Suharto had no right to ban the Communists, and accused him of having masterminded the students' demonstrations. As the week proceeded, the students again grew restless, and when Sukarno declared that he was still President, and had not delegated any of his power to Suharto, they went back to the streets. But Suharto was now ready to act again. He sent the same three generals to Bogor to bring Sukarno back to Djakarta, and early on March 18th, with the palace again surrounded by paracommandos, he seized the city's radio and television stations. In mid-morning, Subandrio was arrested in the palace guesthouse. Since tank guns were trained on the palace, he had no choice but to surrender meekly; even Sukarno could do nothing for him except whisper a plea to his captors that he not be killed. Sukarno was allowed to go back to Bogor by car, while Suharto quickly arrested fourteen left-wing Cabinet members. A week later, he announced the formation of a new interim Cabinet, in which the Sultan of Jogjakarta would be First Deputy Prime Minister in charge of economics, finance, and development, and Adam Malik, a long-time opponent of Sukarno, would be Foreign Minister.

Sukarno still refused to bow out gracefully, and Suharto, aware of the prestige of the President's name, was still determined not to rush matters. He worked out a compromise whereby a number of Sukarno supporters were added to the Cabinet, but the guiding triumvirate remained Suharto, Malik, and the Sultan. Although it was apparent that the confrontation with Malaysia was now at an end, the new government moved gradually on this, too, because Sukarno had made the war such an emotional part of his anti-imperialist crusade. By June 1st, Malik had drawn up a tentative agreement for a settlement with the Malaysians, but Sukarno's continued anticolonial diatribes threatened to upset his careful negotiations, and also to destroy behind-the-scenes arrangements that Malik and the Sultan were making to restore good relations with the United States and other Western nations in order to get Indonesia some much needed aid.

Most important in determining Suharto's actions was his deep conviction that he had to treat Sukarno with dignity and grace. For the sake of the country, he felt, it was important to continue showing respect for the revo-



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lutionary contribution that Sukarno had made to it over the years. This had nothing to do with what Suharto thought of Sukarno personally—which, according to those who know him best, was said to be very little. From the outset, Suharto had insisted on proceeding on the basis of the constitution, and now he was determined to summon the People's Consultative Congress, which was still theoretically the highest policy-making body and had full authority over the President, though it had faded far into the background. After a brief postponement when Sukarno balked at going along with this action, the Congress met, late in June. It elected General Nasution its chairman. Sukarno made an impassioned speech, in which he demonstrated more humility than had been his custom. He said that he would give up his title of President for Life if the Congress wanted him to, and that he wanted to serve "the cause of freedom" and was ready to continue to give "excellent leadership" to the country. The Congress went about its business methodically. It ratified the transfer of power to Suharto, called for national elections within two years, proclaimed a foreign policy of non-alignment, stated that Indonesia would rejoin the United Nations, banned the dissemination of any form of Communist propaganda anywhere in Indonesia, and ordered Suharto to form a new Cabinet by Independence Day—August 17th. Then it solemnly stripped Sukarno of his title of President for Life, and authorized Suharto to serve as Acting President if Sukarno was ill or out of the country. Sukarno was allowed, for the time being, to retain the title of President, as well as the meaningless ones of Great Leader of the Revolution and Mandatory of the Congress. In a speech at the closing session, Sukarno indicated that he would submit to the Congress's decisions. To all intents and purposes, the struggle between Suharto and Sukarno was over. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the second in a series of articles on Indonesia.*)

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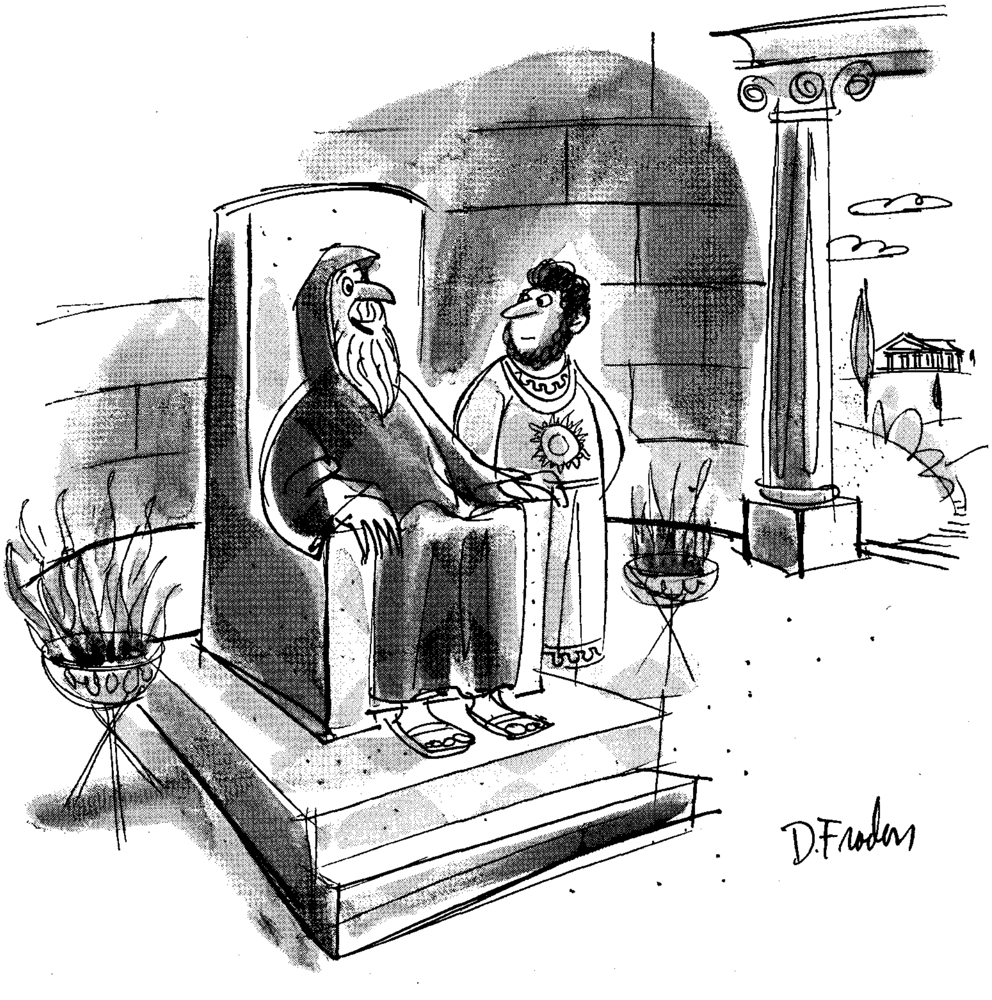
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"De Sade Illustrated," an adaptation by Josef Bush of "Philosophy in the Bedroom," is a dramatization of six "dialogues" in which a young virgin is taught the mechanics of sex, especially of those perversions that explicate the late Marquis's principle of pleasure through pain. The teachers are four practiced hands—an aristocratic woman, her brother, an effete friend of theirs, and a repellent character called the Stage Manager, who doubles as a farmhand (we've come a long way from "Our Town")—and the script is presumably quoted from the original volume. Throughout the action, erotic pictures, which range in quality from those of painting and sculpture from all over Europe and Asia down to obscene movies and obscene playing cards, are projected onto a screen at the back of the stage. The music that accompanies the activities (and gymnastics) includes classical compositions, jazz, and rock. The cast remains clothed throughout, although there is much pantomime of undressing.

Well, now. The show does not seem to me all that bad, or even that much dirtier than a number of other plays that have opened and closed Off Broadway, although I would certainly not recommend it. The lines are more explicit and clinical than any others I've heard spoken in the theatre, but they can hardly be considered surprising. The title is the tipoff. De Sade is de Sade, and pornography is pornography. The players, too obviously inexperienced even to be called actors, seem to be striving to match the tongue-in-cheek formality of the script with a mock-eighteenth-century style of performance, and every once in a while they achieve a semblance of it. This waggishness is certainly preferable to the solemn, ritualistic idiocy of "The Beard" or the illiterate grubbiness of "The Grab Bag" or the squalid, intrusive, and messianic productions of the Living Theatre—to pick a few recent dirties out of the hat. I did wonder, as I watched this young bunch at the Bouwerie Lane, why they were bothering with de Sade in the first place, and then it occurred to me that—chancy though it always is to assign motives to other people—what might have attracted them to him was not his pornography, which doesn't mean much of anything right now, but his didacticism. The play is cast, however ironically, in the form of lessons: the girl is being *instructed* in debauchery, and instruction in the theatre is just as prevalent as, and much more exasperating than, obscenity these sad days, when facts and imagination and invention are used (and debased) to illustrate moralistic positions or jerry-built political analogies. We are in the grip of the nursery governess, bent on improving us and making us miserable in any number of devious or portentous ways for our own good. At the end of the evening, as I walked up the aisle, I glanced back at the bowing company, and there on the screen were movies of bombs bursting. Ho hum.



"When the omens seem evenly balanced, I confess I'm inclined to plump for the rosier prediction."

"In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel," a misstep by Tennessee Williams, opened last week at the Eastside. The play, a bleak, sentimental melodrama, is about the last days of a febrile painter who is being destroyed by the excessive demands of his talent and by the wickedness of his wife. The wife is a sexually ravenous virago who cannot bear even to have him near her, and who tries to persuade his New York art dealer to assume responsibility for him. All the action takes place in Neil Peter Jampolis's absolutely beautiful setting of a b. in a T. h., which is presided over by Jon Lee, as a dignified but much put-upon bartender. Mr. Lee is good, but the other performers—with the possible exception of Elsa Raven, as a fat Hawaiian woman who occasionally strolls across the stage to no apparent purpose—are not.

—Edith Oliver

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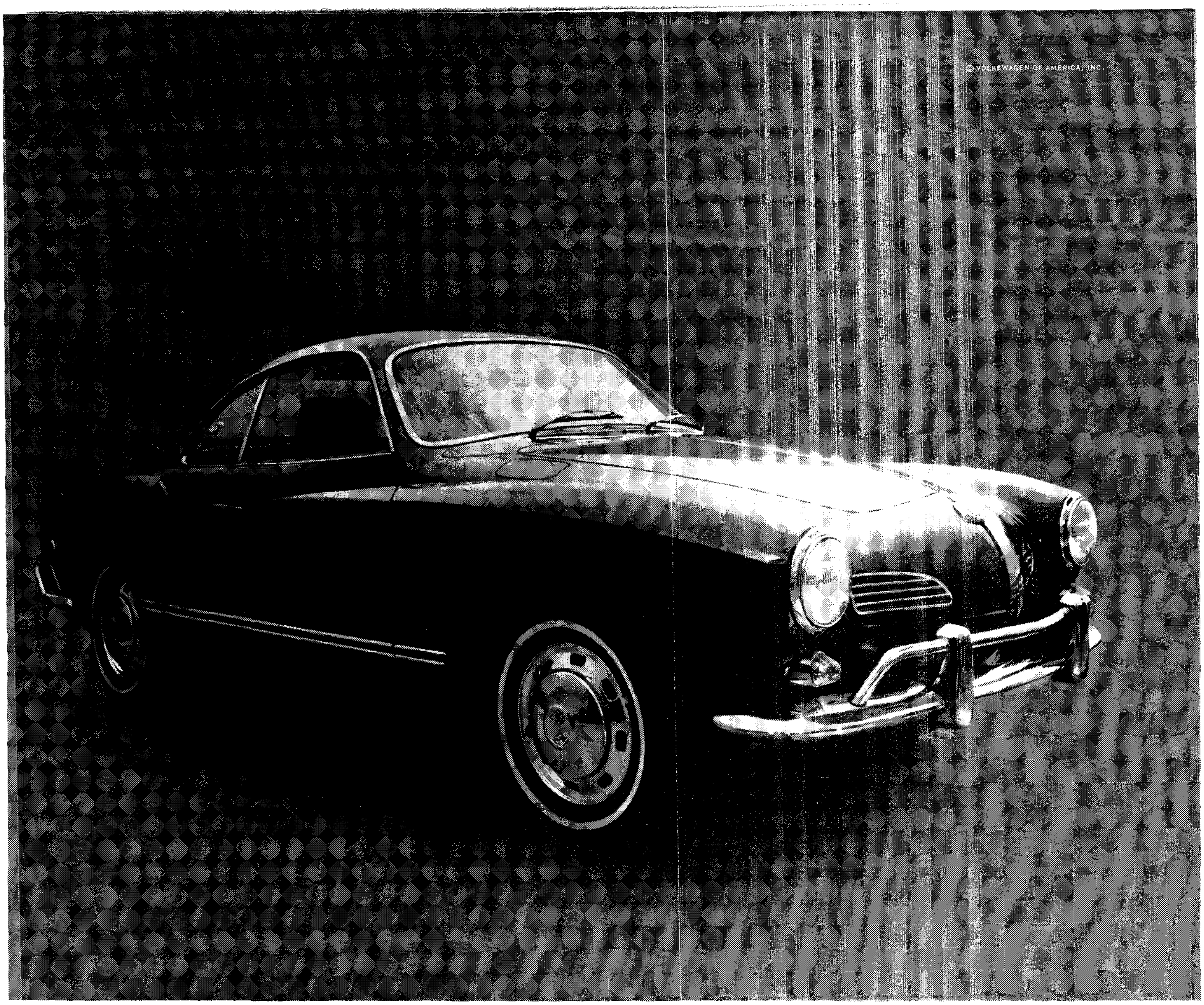
Sprinter Mickey Mathews—who ran a 9.3 wind-aided 100 last spring—and 16-foot 6-inch pole vaulter Bob Steinhoff head a corps of Californians.—*Newsweek.*

Steinhoff rarely uses a pole.



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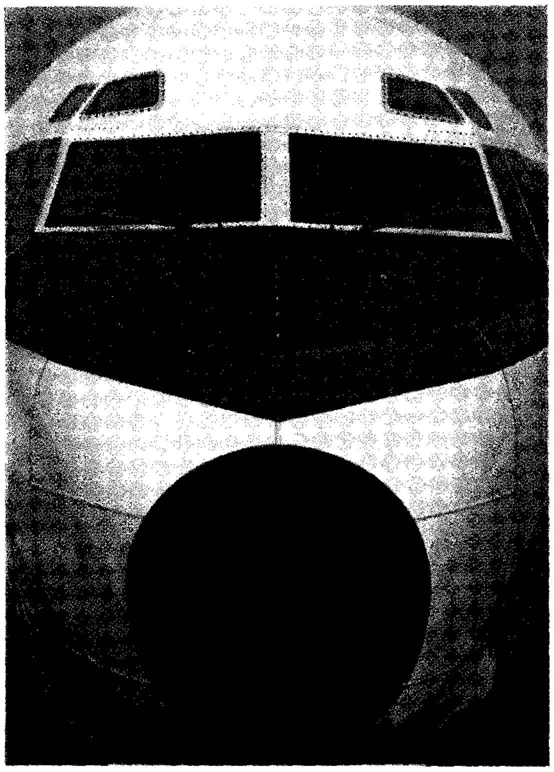

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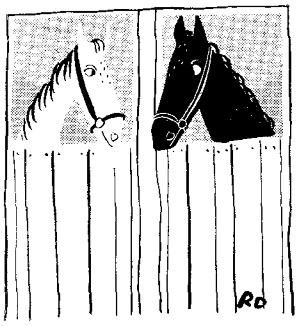
THE RACE TRACK

A Preakness for a Prince

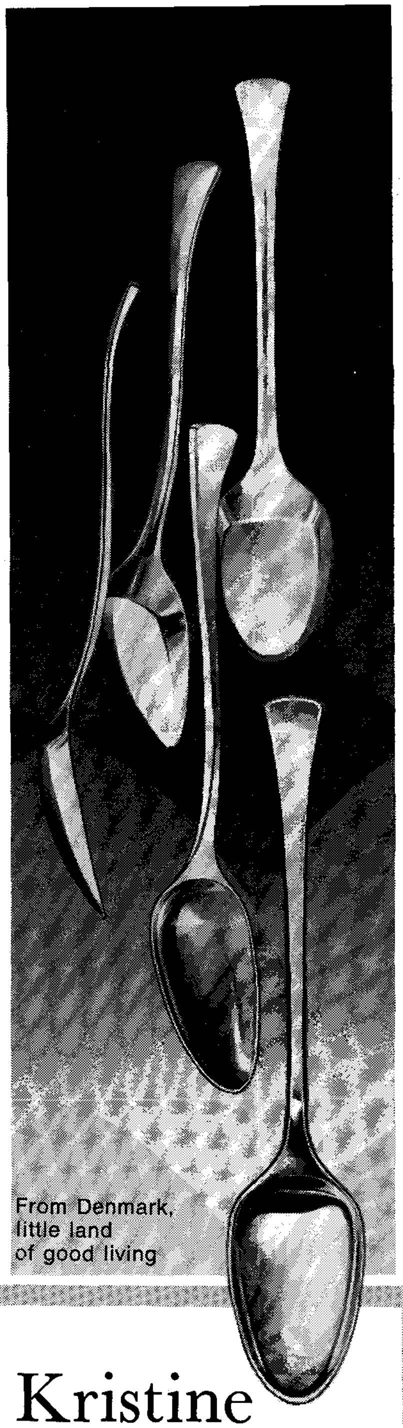
So Majestic Prince did it again. In as thrilling a struggle and finish as those in the Kentucky Derby, he won the Preakness Stakes by a head from Arts and Letters at Pimlico last Saturday. That wasn't all of it. For lagniappe, Baeza, who rode Arts and Letters, lodged a claim of foul against Hartack, who was on Majestic Prince, and the stewards took twenty-six minutes to decide to disallow the claim. It must have seemed like twenty-six years to Frank McMahon, who owns Majestic Prince, to Johnny Longden, who trains him, and to Hartack; to Paul Mellon, who owns Arts and Letters, to Elliott Burch, his trainer, and to Baeza; and—lest we forget—to the horseplayers who were literally sweating it out in long queues in front of the payoff windows. Jay Ray was third, four lengths behind, and Top Knight came in fourth, about the same distance farther back. You could say without stretching the point that, as a race, the Preakness was a rerun of the event at Churchill Downs a fortnight before. Eight three-year-olds, the same number as in the Derby, went to the post, and, from as quick a start as I've seen in months, Greengrass Greene and Glad's Flame (a hero at Charles Town) scooted into the lead, much as Ocean Roar had done in the Derby, and held it until Majestic Prince passed them on the turn for home. Earlier, Majestic Prince was in close quarters in the run to the first turn, and then he raced with Top Knight for about three furlongs before putting him away and setting out after the leaders. Baeza had ground for his claim; as a matter of fact, I thought he was pinched off sharply at the clubhouse turn. However, as I saw it from the roof of the stand, Al Hattab was the offender. He bore over on Majestic Prince, who was running just ahead of Arts and Letters, and I daresay Baeza saw his chance to make a claim that might stand up, though there has never been a disqualification in the Preakness. Arts and Letters recovered from the check quickly and made a gallant try through the last furlongs.



Majestic Prince, deep through the heart (he girths seventy-five inches, or well above average) and beautifully proportioned, was the pick of the lot as they walked around the black-eyed Susans in the saddling paddock across the track from the grandstand. Arts and Letters also looked awfully fit, and his coat had the sheen that indicates the pink of condition. On the other hand, Top Knight appeared to me to be light in flesh, and his coat was not as bright as it should have been. Taking one thing with another, he is hardly the horse he was this winter, or, for that matter, last autumn. Of the others, Captain Action was well turned out, and Al Hattab was as bouncy as ever.

Early last week, it was expected that there would be at least a dozen runners in the Preakness, but after Majestic Prince ran a half mile in forty-five seconds in a workout on the same morning that the entries were to close, a number of trainers lost interest in the race. (The time equalled the world's record for the distance.) Others, who didn't have eligible three-year-olds, said, "Well, that ends him. He's left his race on the track." They had apparently forgotten that, a week before the Santa Anita Derby, Longden had worked him a mile in 1:34⅗, which is a fifth of a second faster than the track mark for the distance, and that he had gone on to win the race by eight lengths. It's always been my opinion that there is only one man competent to decide the nature of a horse's preparation—and that is the trainer. Longden, having been a jockey for forty years, is in an even better position than the average trainer, for he rides Majestic Prince in his workouts and can tell exactly how well or how badly his mount is going.

To date, Majestic Prince is unbeaten in his nine starts, six of them stakes races. Unfortunately, he won't run in the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park on June 7th. Instead, he is returning to California. It seems that he has lost weight, about a hundred pounds, since coming East, and his owner and his trainer feel that he needs a long rest. Which is not surprising, for he has been going pretty steadily—nine races and the training that goes with it—since November. Longden made an interesting remark in the course of his announcement—that he didn't want to take the chance of breaking his horse



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down. It may be remembered that when Mr. McMahon paid $250,000 for Majestic Prince at the Keeneland sales in 1967, captious horsemen wondered when the colt would carry silks. He didn't, until near the end of last season. Anyhow, he'll race at Santa Anita next winter, and then go to the stud, syndicated for at least six million dollars. I'm sorry people hereabouts won't see him, but I can't blame his stable. A good horse is hard to find.

Pimlico had its biggest day last weekend; attendance totalled 43,259, and the handle in the mutuels was $3,198,502—the first time that the handle at a Maryland track has passed the three-million-dollar mark. There was an almost carnival atmosphere in the infield, and in time, I expect, things there will be like the carryings on at Churchill Downs. In the Black-Eyed Susan Stakes, the day before the Preakness, ten three-year-old fillies ran, and Process Shot, who was quickest out of the starting gate, was soon a dozen lengths ahead of the others. Turning for home, she started to loaf, and Baltazar, who rode her, popped her once or twice with his whip, whereupon she bolted across the track, but he straightened her out before she got to the rail. And, after all that, she still won by nine lengths.

THREE-YEAR-OLD fillies also ran at Aqueduct, last Saturday, in the Acorn Stakes—the first event in the trilogy that Dark Mirage galloped off with last year. Shuvee, one of the starlets of her age last season, started at odds-on and won comfortably from Hail to Patsy and Big Advance.

Attendance and betting have picked up a bit at the Big A. Apparently, not so many patrons had deserted for Jersey as was feared in some quarters. In fact, last Saturday the handle was just short of five million—$4,955,047. It seems, though, that some of the wounds left by the boycott have not healed, and are not likely to. The suspension of Buddy Jacobson, head of the New York division of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, by the stewards at Pimlico, who charged him with violating a rule that had to do with the claiming of horses, hasn't helped matters. Jacobson, you know, led the boycott. —AUDAX MINOR

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ADVANCE SHOWS FOR TV CRITICS

CBS has decided to let TV critics see its programs in advance. The Telegram's TV critic, Roy Shields, thinks that's Page 1 news. See Page 58.—*Toronto Telegram.*

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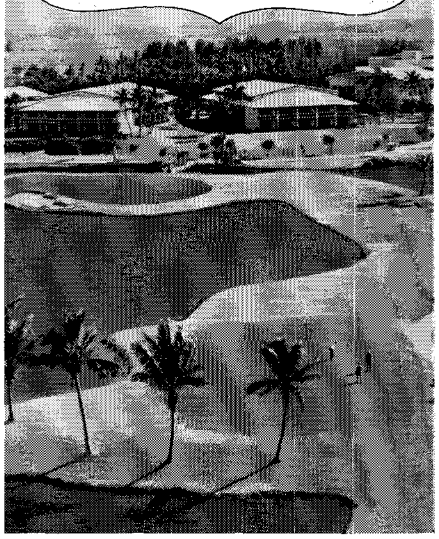

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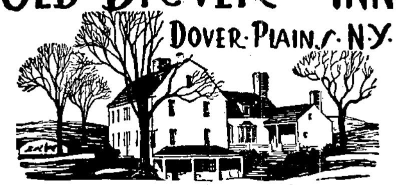

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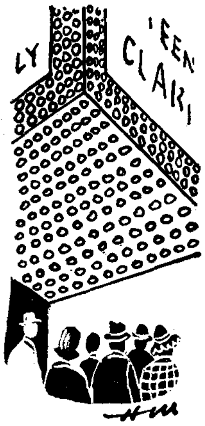
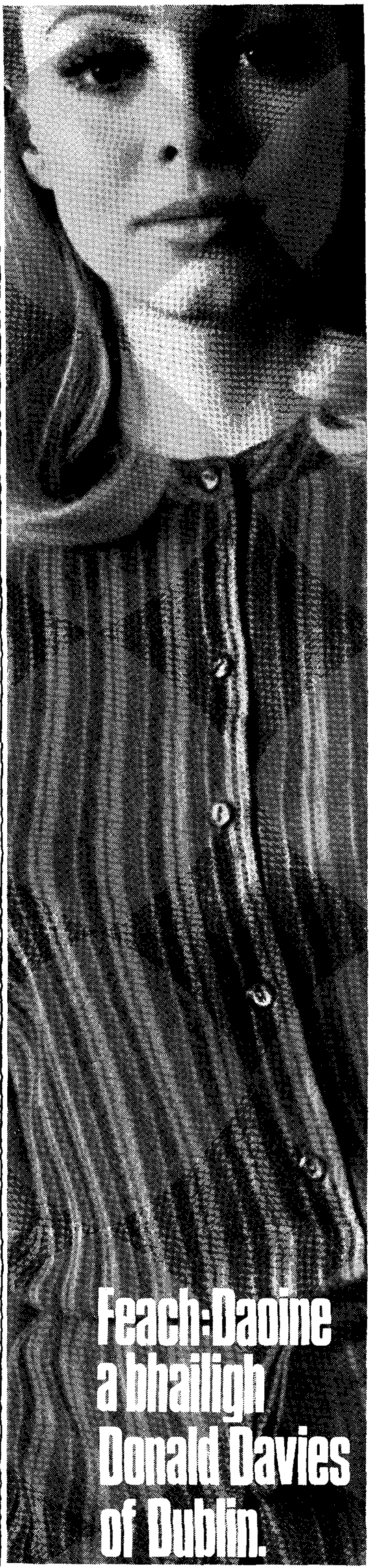
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cackle in Hell

A RICH man on some headlong run from his life is blinded in a car accident while he is driving with his mistress. She takes him to convalesce. With them goes her doubly hidden earlier lover, whom the rich man believed to be queer when he could see, and whom he now can't even detect to be present. The two with eyes play pixie pranks. "Am I facing the sea?" says the blind man, settled into his villa and believing himself loved. "Yes," says his girl, having placed his chair to stare at a blank wall. In Nabokov's novel "Laughter in the Dark," the disproportion between what we and the hero can perceive of his situation is wicked enough. In Tony Richardson's film, it becomes really harrowing, for the movie piles onto this disproportion our privilege of also literally seeing. Just as we know that it is really the man's bank account that is being devoured, and that he himself is being pushed to the side of the plate, so we are privy to every physical trick that is being played on the far side of his black glasses.



Richardson's "Laughter in the Dark" is a fine film. It is piercing, intelligent, and pitying about a gulled man in ways quite different from the concerns of Nabokov's novel. It is also fairly Camp, reflecting the plot, for the whole ploy of Camp rests on the exhibition of something hidden and inaccessible to any aliens in the company. If the film is profoundly unlike the book, I can't see that this means a thing. The business of whether or not a movie is "faithful" to a novel generally seems a barrel-scraping question. The beautifully simple screenplay is by Edward Bond, the English playwright, who strikes me as the strongest and truest innovator to have come up in the London theatre of the sixties. It isn't surprising that his script has a tone far from Nabokov's book. Bond is a writer, not a tracer. And secondly, the fussed-over theory that a novelist is capable of an intellectual complexity not open to film directors hasn't much bearing on this particular movie. Ideas are lost here, but then ideas of great interest are gained about the way a man's vision of the knowable world is shaped. In Nicol Williamson's acute performance as Sir Edward More, a newly blinded man bumps into bruising questions about the reality of his old structures. His doubt is harsh and poignant. While he has his sight and lives his null, grand life as an art expert with his wife—a strained beauty played by Sian Phillips—he thinks that this is the way things are, in an absolute sense. But perhaps he isn't actually seeing much when he confidently records his mandarin TV talks about art appreciation, and perhaps he notices little or nothing about his wife. If he had looked at her and seen some other reality—seen the possibility that she existed distinct from him, and not as an annex of his own boredom—he might have found himself already happy. He does try, but his way of observing her has whittled both of them down. No fantasy, no fun, no license. "Shall I come in with you?" he says as they lie in their single beds. "It's late, darling," she says nicely, going on reading, wide-awake. So he falls in love with a girl way off to the side, moving into what feels more like "reality" because it stabs him. It happens on a day when he is sitting angry and alone in a cinema. The vicious joke of it is that the girl who takes him into this world of feeling—a cinema usherette at the National Film Theatre, played by Anna Karina—has obviously never had a pang or an ache in her life. The character is like some unscrupulous little monkey who has learned the gestures of humanness by copying. She moves in on him and coaxes him away from home, making the signs of loving. All mimed. She takes him on a mock-idyll, along with the young lover who is passed off as a homosexual (Jean-Claude Drouot). We can all see what's happening behind the hero's back—that he is being cuckolded, that the girl is crazy about the other man, that they are both after his money and scorn him so much that they barely trouble to hide the wild affair they are having in the hotel rooms and sailboats that he pays for. He will come to the recognition stumblingly, later, in hell. "I love you," he says now, and "You are a child." It's heartbreaking, for he truly does, but she is no child. She seems eerily post-moral, and older than anyone whom any member of our present, lingering, hopeful species should ever



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have to cope with. After the car accident, she lifts his hospital bandages before they should have come off, and idly introduces him to a piece of knowledge that might have stopped even an S.S. woman in her tracks awhile.

Before he was blinded, he had begun to see—to understand—what was happening, though it is now going to have to be redeciphered. There was a brilliant scene of cruelty on a beach, with a water-skiing acquaintance gurgling through a lot of ice cubes in her mouth and choking out the giggly news that she fell over in the water because she saw a couple (his couple, his *girl*) making love in a boat. After the accident, the double-dealer's faked concern redeceives him and he has to learn the truth about her all over again, feeling it out, as he has to map the physical world in a new way with a white stick. She takes him off again to the sun, her lover softly with them. Edward More thinks they are two; we see they are three. The lover, dodging around the villa on bare feet and sometimes naked, sits secretly at table with them and glugs from their bottle of wine and makes signs to the girl to give Edward wrong answers to questions about the colors of the room. Edward is misled by the moving around of furniture. We get to know two villas at once: the one visible in the film and the one detectable to him, which seems to keep changing. The casual malice of the young lovers is agonizing to watch. Even when the hero could see, they managed to twitch the strings of his physical sense of things in much the same way. The film augurs that particular power over him in a frightening little silent scene on the beach when all three are on swing-back chairs and the hero, in the middle, clicks his own backward and then forward in obedience to the movements of the gleeful pair, who savor their quick shared rhythm and the slowness of his pickup. Nicol Williamson, an unmistakable great actor, movingly plays Edward as a man who develops a stoic heroism he was not born with. By the end of the film he has learned. He is going to sit it out. "I can manage," he says near the finish, when a sympathizer offers to pour a brandy for him. He seems a very lonely hermit who once thought he had many friends.

MICHEL COURNOT'S "Les Gauloises Bleues" is a good first film, especially when he doesn't try. He wrote it himself. It has a sweet nature under a surface of technical clever-

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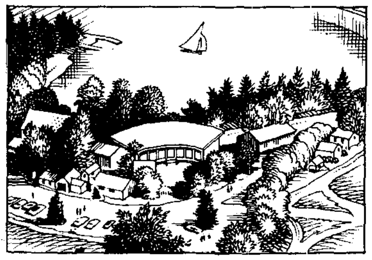

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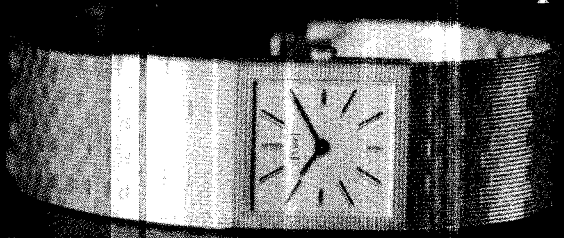

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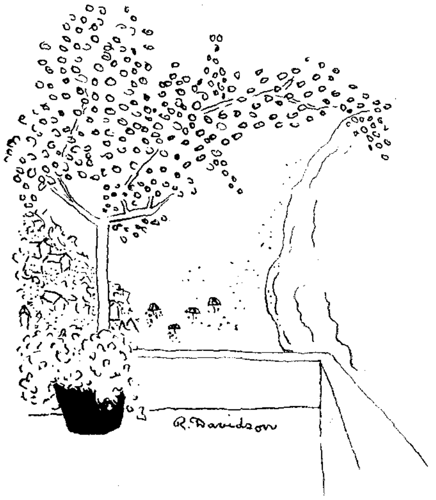
ness. The haunting Annie Girardot—a kind of actress we don't seem to possess in America or England, capable of evoking sorts of thirty-odd-year-old women whom we all have as friends and never find in English-language movies—plays a mother whose child is taken away from her by a judge because she has a criminal record. Annie Girardot has one extraordinary four- or five-minute acting take in which she twists her head to the side against a shabby green wallpaper while the unseen judge preaches rationality to her about not disturbing her child by sending him a photograph of herself. The child is seen in the film sometimes as the grown, self-protective man of his future and sometimes as a child full of fantasies of getting his father and mother together, rounding them up as if he were a sheepdog. In a state home, he steals food for birds and reads "Babar en Famille." Cournot inserts a lot of semi-surreal, stylized shots that are like intimations of some haywire and bullied world to come: a nun looking at identically phrased injunctions to vote for Far Left, Center Left, Moderate Communism; "Show me your living permit," snapped out; a divorce-court exit with the men and the women separated on each side under signs, shoved with their faces to the wall and spiritedly beginning to draw doodles on it with their fingers. The movie is really about separation, so the disjointed images are apt. When they work—when they don't overreach themselves—they make subconscious sense. "People shouldn't be separated," the film says somewhere. From each other, or from the feeling of having political control.

"A Matter of Days," directed by Yves Ciampi, is a Franco-Czech film about a French girl student who falls in love with a young Czech professor (of French, neatly). The story



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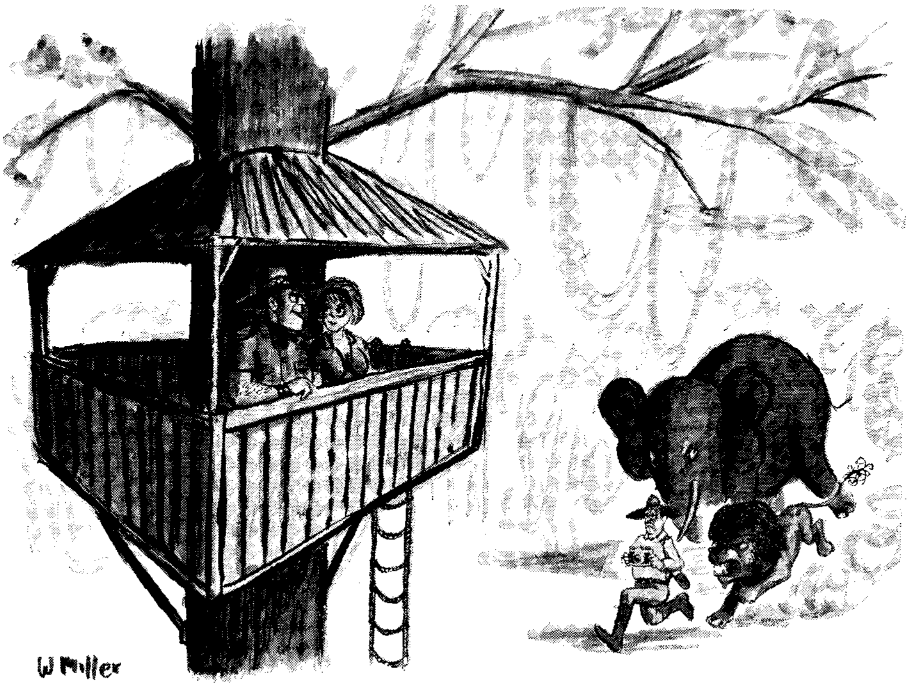

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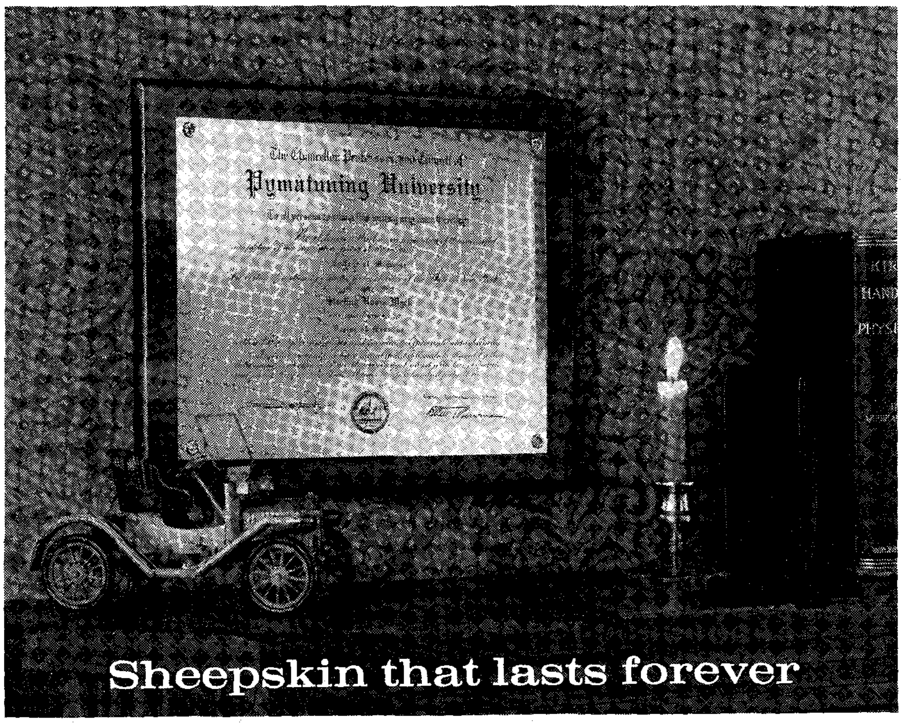

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happens in Prague during the earliest Dubček spring and in Paris around the events of May last year. The end of the picture has a note of dumb elegy, but this expresses only the traditional droops of romantic movies. "A Matter of Days" doesn't seem to have suffered a whiff of due fear that politics might step in to overshadow the lovers' melancholy by the time the picture could be distributed. The two of them have awful tiffs about student radicalism. Each accuses the other of being a bad, bourgeois Socialist. As a subject for lovers' quarrels in films like this, fractionalism suddenly acquires a comic side. Its use here replaces, say, the function of the dead child who brought Ingrid Bergman and Leslie Howard sadly to their senses in "Intermezzo." I think there may be more of these movies ahead of us. I can imagine an enjoyable weepie about a male student trying to reform Columbia University who falls in doomed love with a girl student trying to radicalize it.

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WATCHEM: At present Houston does not have a poison control center which distributes information on poisons to the general public. However, the Harris County Medical Society is currently urging the Hospital District to set up such a center to disseminate information and give emergency advice. Also, the University of Texas Medical School in Galveston is considering setting up a regional poison information center, which would be staffed by qualified medical personnel. If you have an emergency involving a poison, write: Harris County Medical Society, 1133 M. D. Anderson Blvd., Houston 77025.—*Houston Chronicle.*

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Many people have written asking me if "everybody is bringing husbands." At least half of those planning to come are coming with their husbands. Several classes are making special arrangements for husbands; the College is bending over backwards to welcome them and plan special events for them. Husbands may eat all meals in the dorm, and they are welcome at all events. My husband is coming; I would not hesitate to bring yours.—*Letter to the class of 1959, Mount Holyoke College.*

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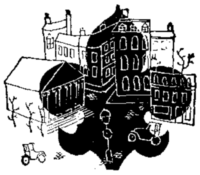
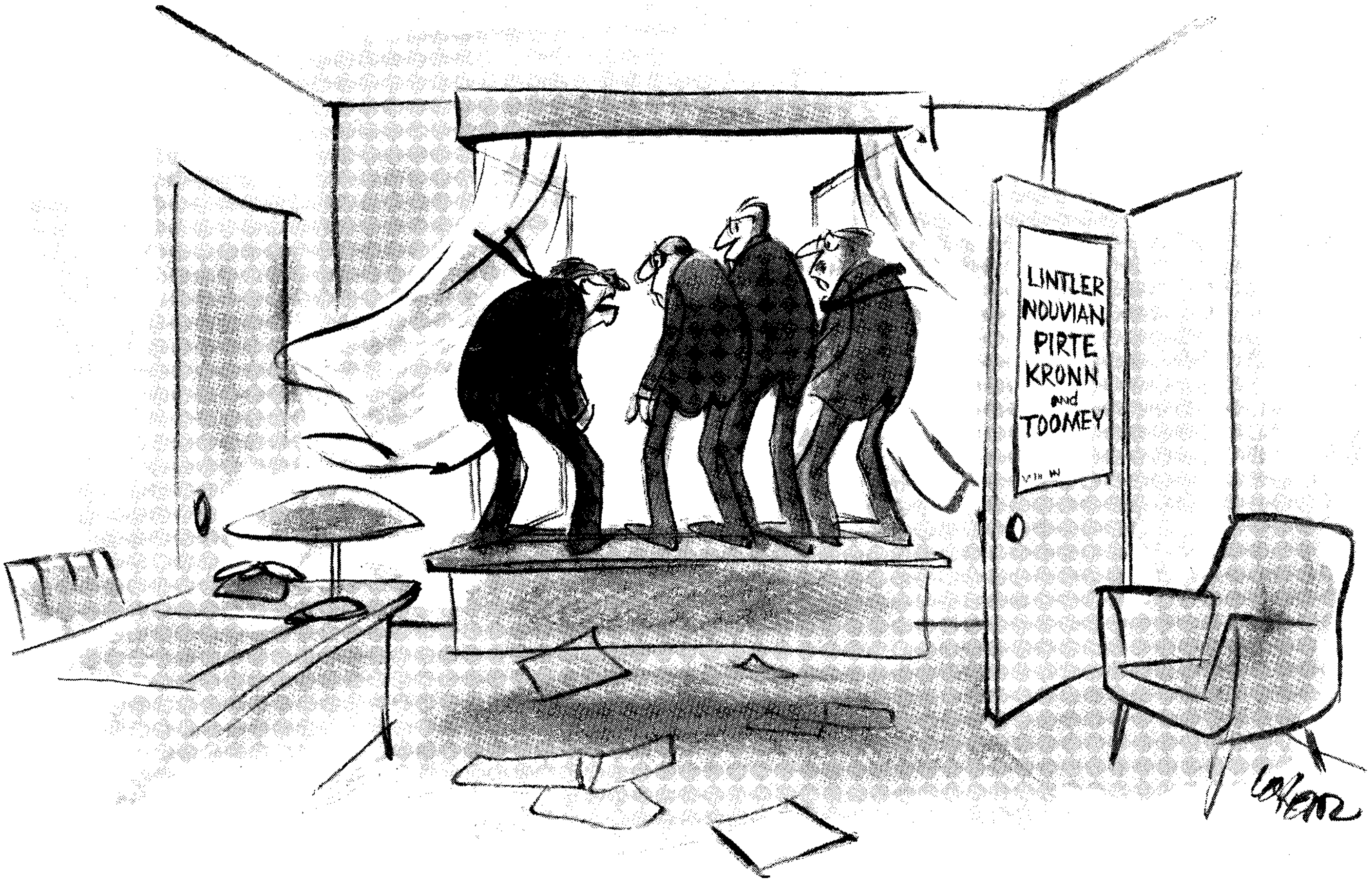
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 15



THE enormous Palais de Chaillot was filled to overflowing on Monday night last week, with standees upright against the back wall of the vast, sloping top balcony. They were assembled, as were the more comfortable listeners filling every seat, to hear the major musical event of the opening spring season—the single concert to be given here this year by Pierre Boulez, leading the visiting B.B.C. Orchestra of London (of which he has recently accepted the conductorship) in one of his most complex compositions, "Pli Selon Pli," a so-called portrait of Mallarmé, since Mallarmé's poem of that name supplied the inspiration for the music and furnishes the lengthy sung text. It had been given its first audition here under Boulez in 1960, at one of his famous Domaine Musical concerts, and was then reworked until 1963, the original version having become almost legendary in Paris because it was heard only once, nine years ago, and had never been recorded. The present reworked version is being recorded by the English as given the other night. As a conductor—something that his Mozart programs amply demonstrated a few years ago—Boulez is superb, dominant, and authoritative. Also, he appears in the highest, stiffest white collar worn by any youngish conductor, and it is never wilted, even at the last note—an implacable circle of blanched starch supporting his round, intelligent, baldish head, exactly centered, when he conducts, between his abrupt, commanding, stiffly gesturing arms, which terminate in delicately waving fingertips. He uses no baton, and his strange arm movements look like those of an automaton—"He conducts like a semaphore," one Paris critic has just remarked. In a way, he operates like a traffic policeman on one of those little private platforms locally called *miradors*, on which the *agent* is mounted amid interlacing streams of vehicles that progress by the sudden signalling of his arm and hand, as if his muscles were their very motors. Tactless in his speech, which is Rabelaisian, Boulez, in a famous article in *Der Spiegel* a year ago, said that the most elegant solution for German opera houses, which in his estimation were covered with dust and dung, would be to blow them up. As for the Opéra in Paris, he said that opera's future was dead in any case. (Actually, he had lately directed Wagner at Bayreuth, and in Paris created the "Wozzeck" cycle of performances, both hailed as popular triumphs.) He thinks that opera's fatal predicament is the composer's difficulty in finding the perfectly useful librettist. Like Stravinsky, Boulez is determined to be his own master wherever he accepts work, and he feels he can always, on impulse, interrupt his conducting for composing. He has no ambition except to do exactly as he pleases, since he has his dually creative necessities. He is, like Berlioz, the perfect rebel, and is today's most controversial European musical figure. For years, he has evaded tying himself down even to the choicest orchestral posts in New York or Paris, all of which have from time to time been offered to him. Instead, until recently he chose to remain unbothered in Baden-Baden as musical director of the West Deutscher Rundfunk, which early specialized in serial-music programs for the young Germans, with whom they were popular.

As for the music of "Pli Selon Pli" at the Chaillot concert, it was at first



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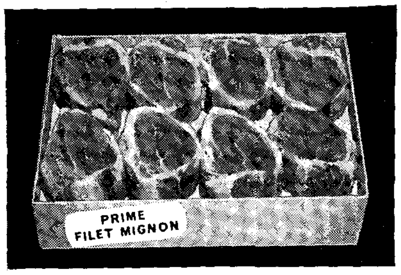

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lengthily entered into by a rich group of brasses, playing unaccompanied. Then came various types of xylophones, wooden or metal, the music being further animated by mechanical sounds, chimes, spurts of piano playing, vibrations emanating from softly struck large sheets of metal—the whole producing what sounded like onomatopoeic serial music. However, the long final section of the opus had its very certain sorcery in a multiple sonority of sound from the whole orchestra, as if all the instruments were engaged in secretively practicing what would later become disengaged for ears intelligent enough to follow and choose from it. The singing of the long Mallarmé text by Halina Lukomska, with its special serially patterned intervals, was (though one could not understand a single word she sang) a positive pleasure. Her voice was high, ripe, exact, and luscious.

Many of the younger standees had come merely to look at Boulez as a revolutionary in exile. Many of the intelligent music lovers present, who had come actually to listen, found his Mallarmé opus heavy and tiring, so a few whistles were faithfully intermingled with the hysterical applause that Parisians have of late years given to what is popular or à la mode.

IT seems almost like one more sign of disrespect to General de Gaulle that his departure has in no way been followed by chaos, though there is now confusion, because of the multiplicity of candidates preparing to run for his liberated post of President. Only two of them seem valid prospects, and especially one of them, whom few of the French had known even by sight until he became interim President and at least temporary resident of the Élysée—Alain Poher, president of the Senate, a position that, had de Gaulle's referendum been passed (Poher was one who voted against it), would probably have been wiped out, and Poher would never have seen the inside of the Élysée. The other candidate is almost too well known—Georges Pompidou, who until about a year ago had, over the previous six years, assumed that he was de Gaulle's heir apparent, and who next month will try to legitimatize his heritage at the polls. A candidate of the Centrist Party, Poher has already achieved a certain publicity and popularity by being so exactly the opposite of what de Gaulle was. He is grass-roots, educated but not cultured, political-minded but mentally without distinction, and, aside from having an acute sense of morality, of

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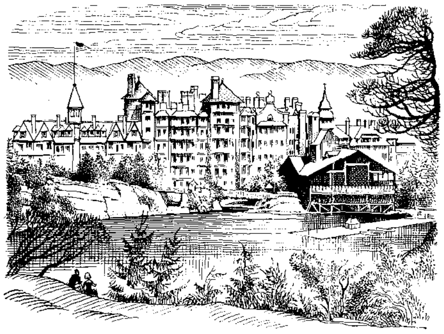

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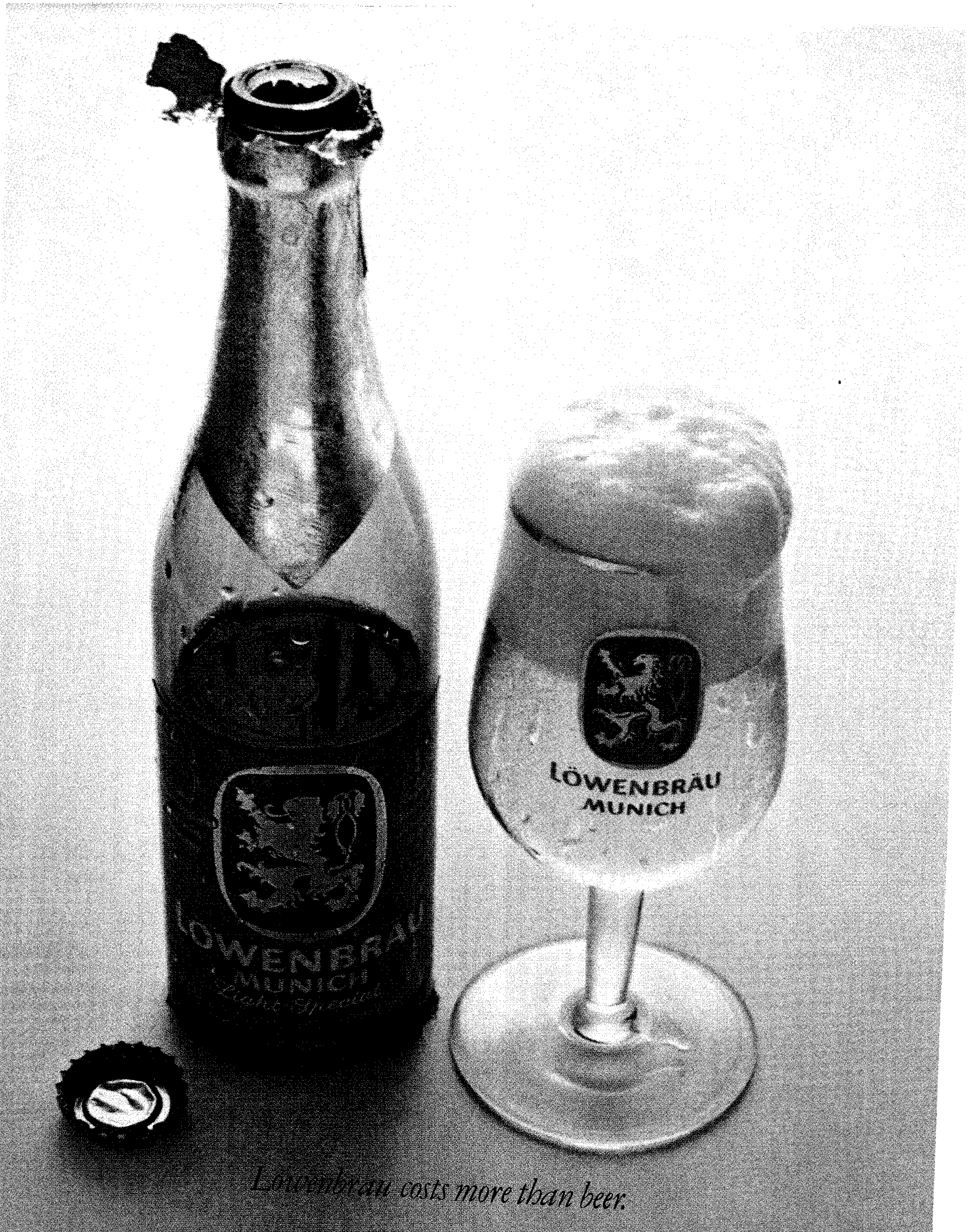
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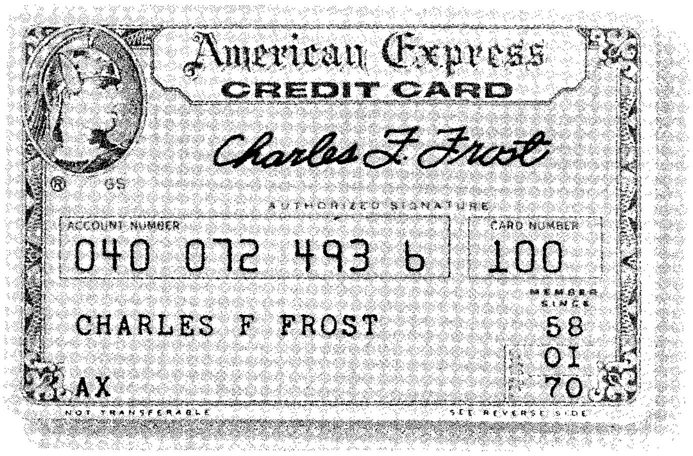
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which he has already given proofs and signs, is the acme of *le Français courant*—a run-of-the-mill, ordinary provincial petty-bourgeois decent Frenchman, big-boned and tending toward fat. A mining engineer and a lawyer by schooling, he was *chef de cabinet* of Robert Schuman, was four times elected senator, was State Secretary of the Budget (so is familiar with funds), was president of Schuman's Transport Commission in the coal-and-steel pool (so knows international trade), was president of the Common Market Commission (so is an internationalist), was then elected president of the European Parliament (so is doubly international-minded), and last October was elected president of the French Senate, from which chair, by the Fifth Republic's constitution, he entered history as de Gaulle's interim substitute when the General resigned. After he made his first speech on the state TV, he at once complained to Premier Couve de Murville that (a) the light had temporarily gone out during his TV speech, so that part of the time he was invisible, and (b) his speech was not followed by the customary playing of the official fragment of the "Marseillaise," by protocol supposed to follow the public words spoken by France's President or interim substitute. His criticism was the first official attack against the state radio and TV and their sabotage of any persons not on their preferred list, and, in general, against their careless performance of their duties—the most criticized of all the Fifth Republic's governmental iniquities. With the candidates' lists now just closed, the opinion polls have already given Poher an almost fifty-fifty chance against Pompidou on the first vote, and a little more than fifty per cent of the vote on the second, or

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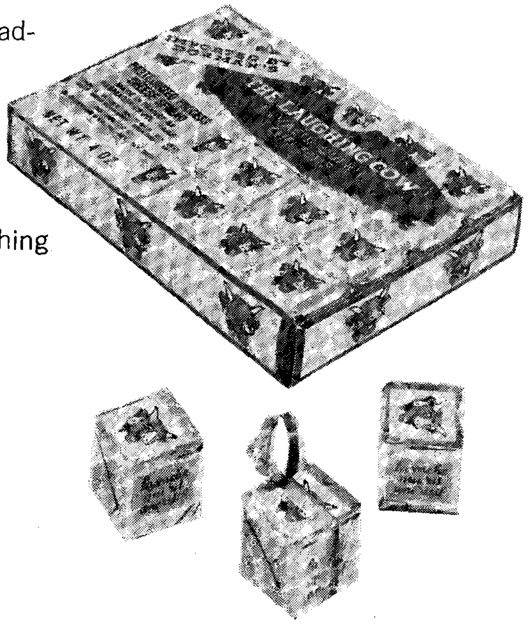

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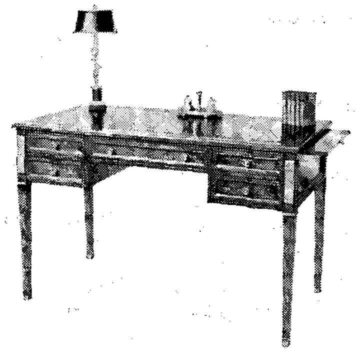

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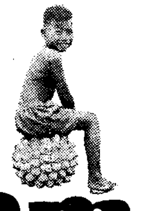

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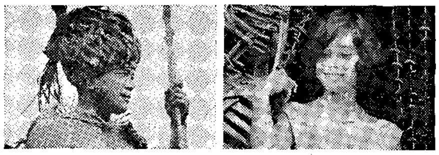

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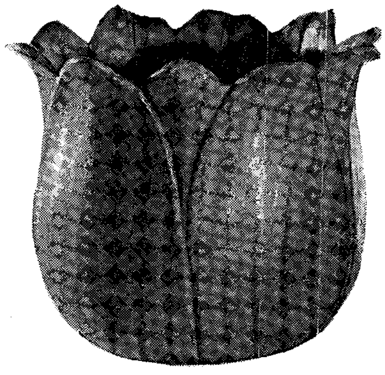
run-off, vote, where Poher can count on being automatically sustained by the various kinds of left and leftish voters who regard Pompidou, a former Rothschild banker, as strictly capitalist, rightist, and, over the years, de Gaulle's dauphin, even though he was tossed out in the cold at the end.

Other little-known candidates also have surprising identifications, such as the young Alain Krivine, presented by the Ligue Communiste, which is of Trotskyite persuasion. Krivine, a second-string leader in last May's student riots and now a soldier in the French Army at the Verdun garrison, had to obtain a twenty-four-hour leave so as to collect the signatures of twenty elected functionaries—mostly village mayors and the like—with which a demand for candidacy must be adorned. The Communist Party's candidate for President, which makes everyone laugh even to hear it, is the old Party wheelhorse Jacques Duclos, former running mate of the more handsome Maurice Thorez, now dead. No one, least of all the Communists themselves, believes for *one* instant in the possibility of a Communist French President. But the Party decided it had to be represented, and the portly, elderly Duclos, aged seventy-two, was put on the spot. In his youth, he heard Jaurès, the great Socialist demigod, make his famous speeches, and in his own middle age, each winter, he pinch-hit for Thorez, always the more popular, in making hour-long Party speeches at the old Sports Palace, filled with smoke, cheers, and sleepy, faithful workmen trying to keep awake, and, on the platform, a row of distinguished Party members, which used to include Picasso, with a red scarf wound around his throat and his little black bulls' eyes snapping with interest at the crowd. Michel Rocard is the Presidential candidate for the P.S.U., or Unified Socialist Party, which, like the Communist Party, also has no chance on earth. The regular Socialist candidate, Mayor Gaston Defferre, of Marseille, has announced that if he is elected President he will ask Pierre Mendès-France to be his Prime Minister, but Mendès-France's serious admirers do not want to see him politically crucified and defeated once more as a service to friends who, when the chips are down, do not remember to serve him as his superior intelligence merits.

Beneath all the electioneering activity, there is still the political vacuum once filled by de Gaulle, into which the second-rate and the ambitious will be pushed by nature's law, plus the



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French passion for political dissension and struggle.

THE only really cheering French news is that spring has come at last, timidly and with her green leaves protruding well in advance of her flowers, but with agreeable warm half days, each day being divided, as if by some new rule, into halves, with a fine, sunny morning and then black clouds, rain, and chilly evenings. In the suburban countryside there is a shortage of swallows returning from their Egyptian sojourn to last year's familiar nests, and nightingales in the Île-de-France forests have grown few and have not serenaded the stars or the clouded moon. —GENÊT

• •

DAYBREAK

In the deep universal night
scarcely dispelled by the flickering gaslamps
a gust of wind coming out of nowhere
stirs the silent streets
with a trembling presentiment
of the hideous dawn that haunts
like some lie
the tumbledown outskirts of cities all over the world.
Under the spell of the refreshing darkness
and intimidated by the threat of dawn,
I felt again that tremendous conjecture
of Schopenhauer and Berkeley
which declares the world
an activity of the mind,
a dream of souls,
without foundation or purpose or volume.
And since ideas
are not like marble, everlasting,
but ever-renewing like a forest or a river,
the previous speculation
took another form in the dawn,
and the superstition of the hour,
when the light like a vine
begins twining itself to walls still in shadow,
dominated my reason
and projected the following whim:
If all things are devoid of matter
and if this populous Buenos Aires
comparable to an army in complexity
is no more than a dream
arrived at in magic by souls working together,
there's a moment
in which the city's existence is at the brink of danger and disorder
and that is the trembling moment of dawn
when those who are dreaming the world are few
and only a handful of night owls preserve
ashen and sketchy
a vision of the streets
which they will afterward define for others.
The hour in which the persistent dream of life
is in danger of breaking down,
the hour in which God might easily
destroy all his work!

But once more the world comes to its own rescue.
The light streaks in inventing dirty colors
and with a tremor of remorse
for my complicity in the daily rebirth
I seek my house,
amazed and icelike in the white glare,
while a songbird holds the silence back
and the spent night
lives on in the eyes of the blind.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni*)

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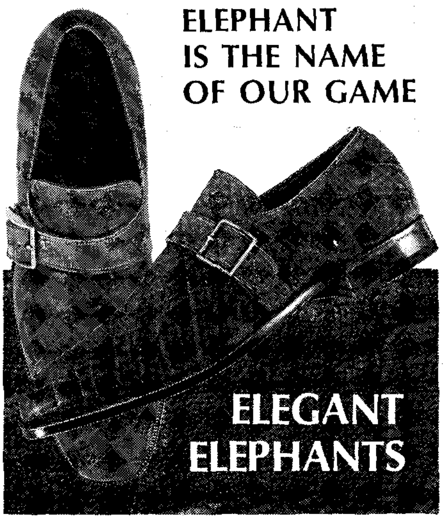

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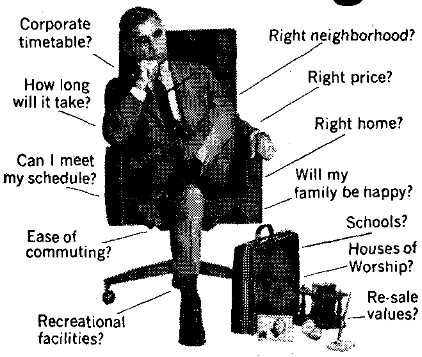
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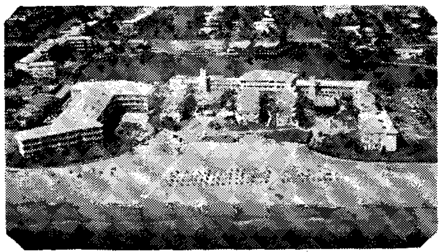

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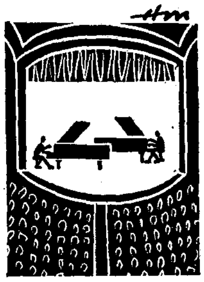
MUSICAL EVENTS

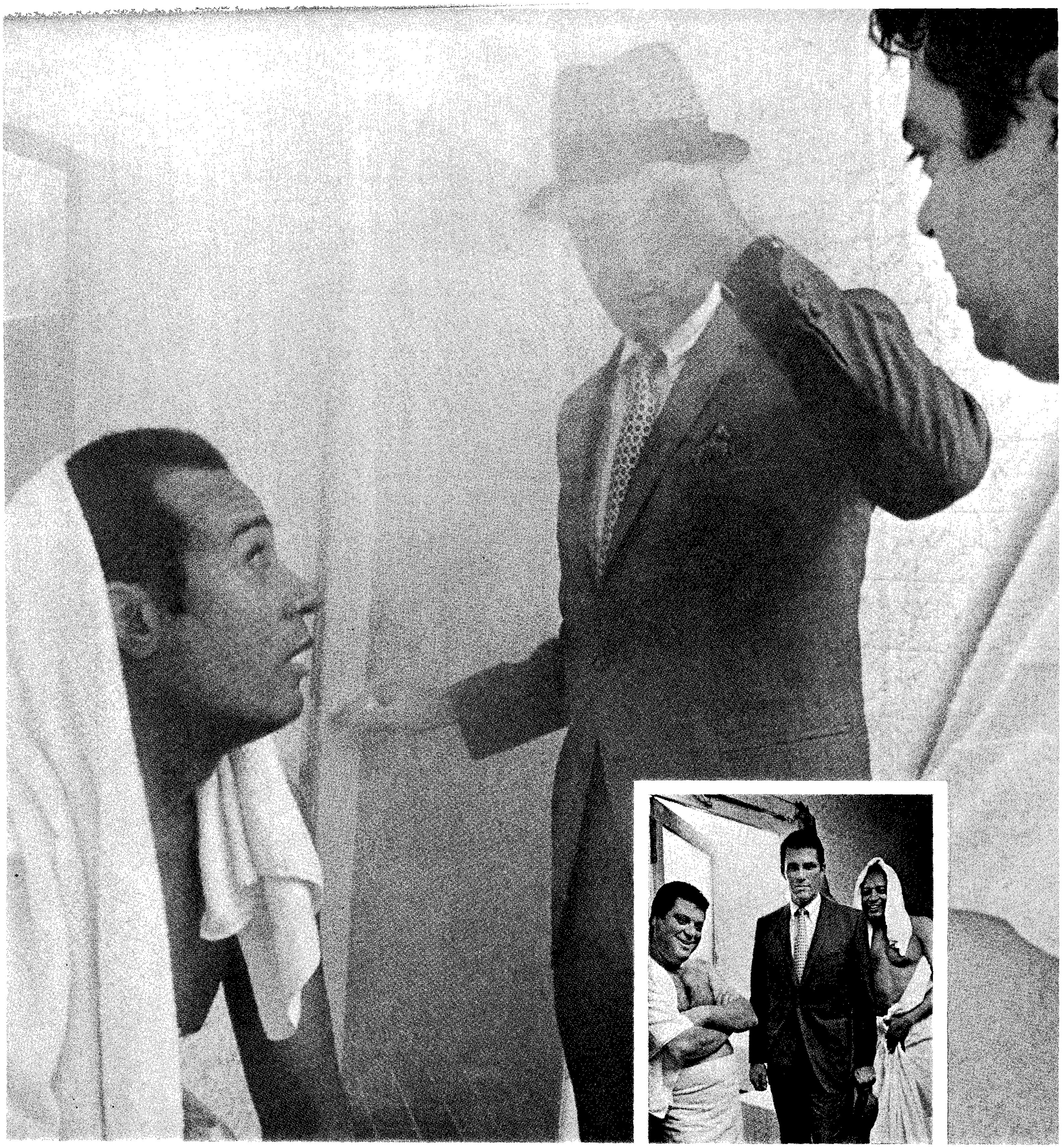
Small Beer

IT would delight me to disagree with several generations of critics and discover that Giacomo Meyerbeer was a great and misunderstood composer after all. There has been a revival of interest in his operas lately, coinciding with the revival of *bel-canto* opera in general, and I suppose that, given a superlative cast of the kind that is becoming rare nowadays, these operas might make a splash of a sort. But the concert production of "Les Huguenots" offered by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night dispelled any idea that the man was a creative genius. It is true that the opera was cut and patched almost beyond recognition for this production (it is five acts long, and cuts in it were traditional long before the present Meyerbeer revival; still, so little survived that I am sure we didn't get much idea of its potential sweep), but it was painfully obvious from what I did hear that the composer was a *pasticheur*, with no individuality of his own, drawing from time to time on the Italian and the German operatic styles of his day and nowhere producing a really original, rousing, or otherwise memorable melody. This was the first time in my life that I had ever heard a Meyerbeer opera, and I am grateful to the American Opera Society for the privilege of sampling, even in so distorted a performance, something of his output. My interest, however, is purely historical. Meyerbeer, unless he rose to immeasurably superior heights in his other operas—something I am inclined to doubt—was a not very talented workhorse for the operatic stage of his time. He knew all the basic tricks of his craft, but he was a musical unperson. If he were living today, he would be writing scores for the movies.



On the other hand, one of Meyerbeer's basic tricks was writing for extraordinary singers in a manner that taxed their utmost resources and showed them off as athletes. There are many places in "Les Huguenots" where the composer seems to be going out of his way to make sopranos and tenors sing higher, and basses lower, than such singers ordinarily can manage even in other operas of the *bel-canto* school. And his demands on vocal agility are enormous. If this vocal exhibitionism were the natural result of melodic writing of the finest sort—as it is, for example, in the operas of Bellini—one could enjoy the fireworks while being charmed by the music. But there is a curious carpentered quality about Meyerbeer's melodies in "Les Huguenots." They leave the impression that the composer was inventing mechanically, without really believing in what he wrote. I am told that when produced with full staging, in a real "grand-opera" setting and with the greatest of contemporary singers, his operas can exert some fascination. But this is like saying that with the most elegant of frostings a mediocre cake will taste fairly good.

The frosting the other night was poor. Beverly Sills was the only exception. She sang her role as Marguerite de Valois competently, if not brilliantly. She is not the right singer for it, but she always performs professionally. The much less taxing but important role of the Comte de Nevers was done pleasantly enough by Thomas Jamerson. Elsewhere, things were calculated to worry the listener rather than please him. Kay Creed, as the Queen's Page, barely managed her florid arias without serious lapses. Angeles Gulin, a short, plump woman with an expressive voice, went off pitch a couple of times in the role of Valentine, the heroine of the opera. Justino Díaz, usually quite a competent bass, found himself out of his depth as Marcel, the Huguenot soldier; the spectacular writing was just too low for his voice. Tony Poncet, the tenor, sang the role of Raoul de Nangis with a great deal of straining for its stratospheric high notes (that he hit them at all was a miracle, though when he did they were often out of tune), and Joshua Hecht, as the Comte de St. Bris, was afflicted with a spread in intonation that made it almost impossible to determine what note he was singing. The conductor was Reynald Giovaninetti, a newcomer to this city. He showed the gift of impelling gesture but no sense whatever of the long line. You will gather from the names of the characters that the opera is about the bitterness between the Catholics and the Huguenots, the efforts of Marguerite de Valois to paci-



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LAST week, Leonard Bernstein made his farewell appearances as musical director of the New York Philharmonic. I attended the concert on Thursday night in Philharmonic Hall. Fittingly, it was devoted to Gustav Mahler's two-hour Third Symphony, a work that is seldom heard, perhaps because of its size and difficulty, but one for which Mr. Bernstein has particular qualifications as a conductor. To me, the Third is one of Mahler's greatest symphonies, and it certainly contains the entire repertoire of devils, visions, depression, Dostoevskian neurosis, and distantly glimpsed happiness that made up the musical personality of the composer. There are moments of great beauty in this symphony, and there is not a movement that does not express either the torment or the nostalgic joys of this last of the great Viennese symphonists. Even the tempestuous first movement, which here and there has a somewhat theatrical sound, contains some unforgettable episodes. The other movements are wholly likable. There is a graceful Mahler minuet, and then there is that sublime movement with the post-horn solo (actually an E-flat trumpet, beautifully played backstage the other night by John Ware)—Mahler at his most charming. After that comes the movement with the mezzo-soprano solo (sung magnificently by Betty Allen), in which Mahler has set the stanza beginning "O Mensch! Gib Acht!" from Nietzsche's "Also Sprach Zarathustra"—a profound metaphysical poem, pre-Freudian in concept, speaking of the limitless depths of the unconscious dream world. Then, following a choral setting of a poem from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," comes one of the most remarkable movements Mahler ever wrote—a slow, serene and entirely lyric affair in which the composer, for once, assumes an attitude of gentle affirmation. It is a stunning movement, and though it is extremely long, there was not a moment in it the other night when one was not held in a state of tension. This was due in no small measure to the skill with which Mr. Bernstein conducted it, starting very softly and controlling the grand line throughout, so that the climax, which arrives rather late, seemed to fall in exactly the right place. The movement is really a test of a conductor. There is a natural temptation to play it faster, and a natural inclination to waver in steadiness of

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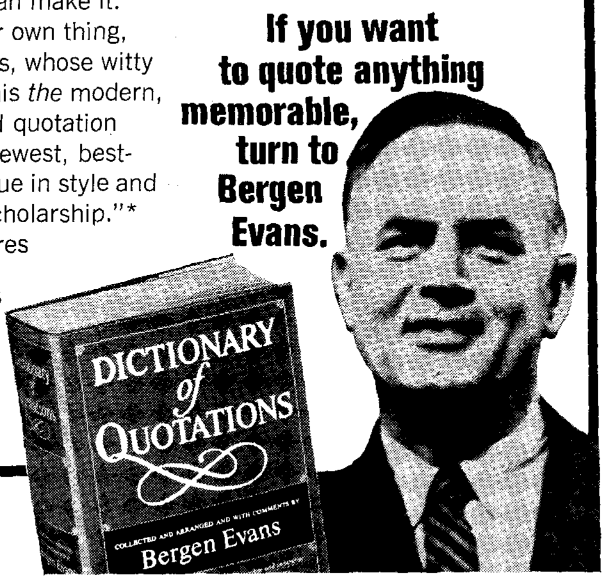
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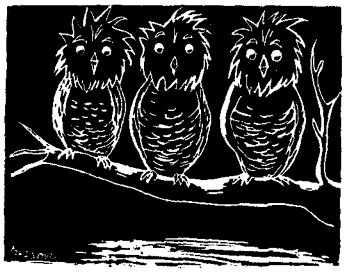

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tempo. Mr. Bernstein took it at an almost dangerously slow pace, and stuck to this pace throughout with a masterly sense of gradual progression. The sustaining of tension and suspense at this slow pace was one of the triumphs of Mr. Bernstein's career.

JAZZ and "classical" music have never mixed very well, despite the efforts of numerous composers. The two idioms are like two different languages. Dave Brubeck, in his oratorio "The Light in the Wilderness," which was performed for the first time here last Friday night by the Cincinnati Symphony and the Miami University A Cappella Chorus, under the baton of Erich Kunzel, gets around this problem fairly effectively by separating the jazz episodes from the classical ones, except in a few stretches toward the end of the work. Generally speaking, "The Light in the Wilderness" is a conventional "classical" oratorio with a few jazz interludes. In these, Mr. Brubeck himself appeared as pianist, along with a group called the Symphony Jazz Quintet. The jazz is sometimes "hot"—or, anyway, tepid—and sometimes Gershwinesque. The writing for the chorus is often interesting, being slightly reminiscent of the rhythmic choruses of Carl Orff. There is a lot of percussion, some of it devoted to Middle Eastern rather than to strictly jazz rhythms, and there is a great deal of music in five-four time—a metre that is basically inimical to jazz expression. I hardly know what to say of this work. It is obviously a sincere and earnest composition—something that can be said of very few contemporary "classical" ones. It has inspired passages and conventionally dignified passages. Certainly it is a respectable work. But I did not find myself overwhelmed by its eloquence at any point. Mr. Kunzel showed himself to be a capable conductor, and the chorus sang with exemplary diction. The Brubeck work was preceded on the program by Carl Nielsen's Fourth Symphony, which to me sounded noisy and incoherent. It was conducted, ably, by Max Rudolf, the orchestra's regular maestro.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Letter in the Post*]

If an inspection of West End Av. around 86th St. were made, they would discover how dark and poorly lit this section is, making it a mugger's paradise, notwithstanding the fact that it is surrounded by some of the worst streets in New York.

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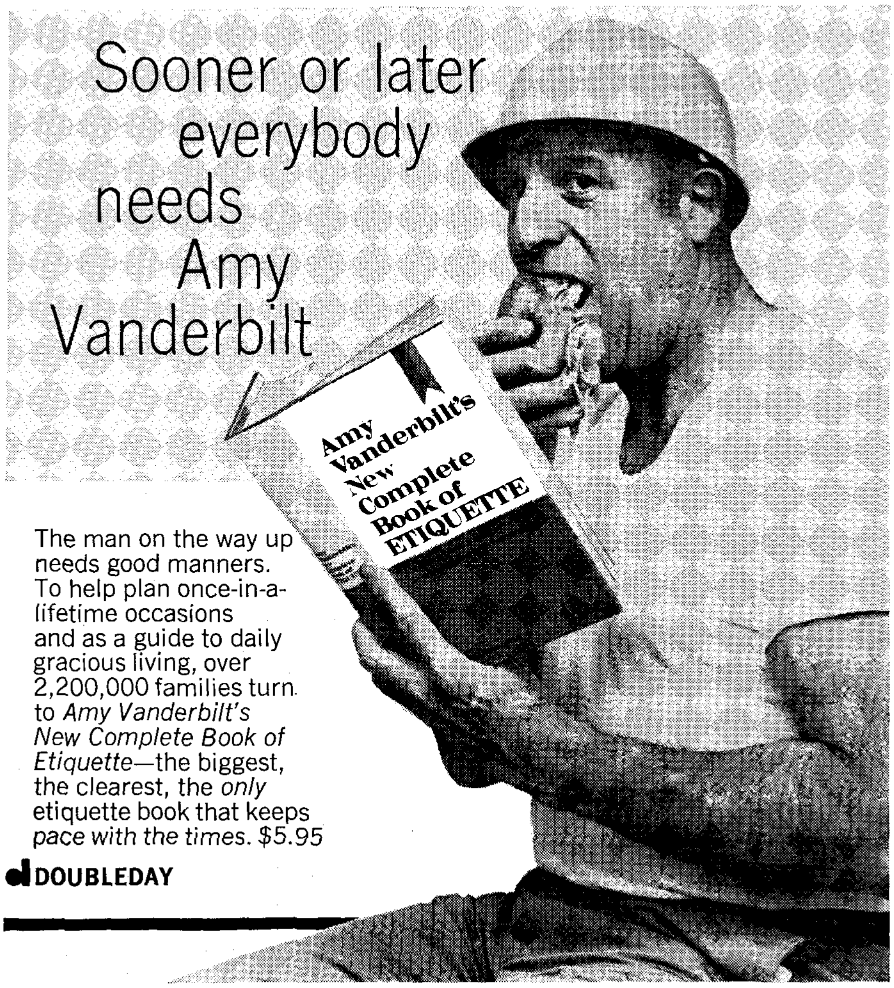

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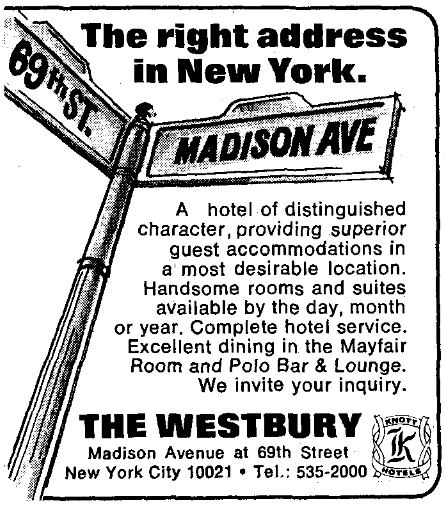

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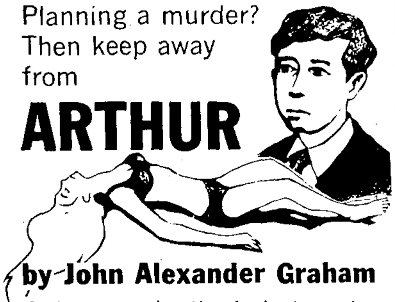

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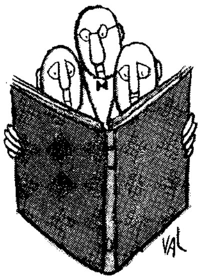
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Nest of Ninnies, by John Ashbery and James Schuyler (Dutton). The saga of a suburban social circle whose deeds consist mainly of eating, travelling, and idle conversation. These inconsequential activities are described punctiliously by the two authors, and their selection of words—a mixture of formal discourse, colloquialisms, and mock-heroic diction—makes every sentence a delight to read.



This Is Moscow Speaking and Other Stories, by Yuli Daniel, translated from the Russian by Stuart Hood, Harold Shukman, and John Richardson (Dutton). In 1966, because of these four stories—first published in Paris under a pseudonym—Yuli Daniel was sentenced to five years' hard labor for anti-Soviet activities and "disseminating slander dressed up as literature." The title story concerns the effect on a group of friends of a radio announcement of "Public Murder Day," when every citizen has the right to kill. "Hands" is the racking monologue of a worker who was mobilized into the firing squads of the Cheka. "Atonement" is an indictment of the mutually suspicious "liberal intelligentsia" and their willingness to find scapegoats now as they did under Stalin. "The Man from MINAP" is a comic story. Mr. Daniel's characters are as memorable as his descriptions of Russian life, of political debate, and of such lighter matters as the use of patronymics and the difficulty of getting apartments. It is a tragedy that he should not be free to discuss the Communist ideal, to which he is clearly dedicated.

GENERAL

So Human an Animal, by René Dubos (Scribners). Dr. Dubos, a distinguished and articulate Rockefeller University biologist, addresses himself here to the looming environmental catastrophe that science, in the form of a myopic and utterly material technology, has wrought in our time, and to its dehumanizing impact on man. Man, he willingly allows, is extraordinarily adaptable, but he reminds us that we are also the creatures of our genetic endowment, and that the latter has a permanency that "determines the physiological limits beyond which human life cannot be safely altered by social and technological innovations." He suggests that "the most urgent need in urban planning is a better knowledge of what human beings require biologically," and that "a design for living that would provide the opportunity for invigorating walks in a pleasant and unpolluted atmosphere would contribute more to physical and mental health than any concern with availability of elevators, moving platforms, mechanical hearts, and psychiatric care," adding, "The diseases of civilization and the rebellion of youth are warnings that physical welfare, mental sanity, and emotional satisfaction require more than economic affluence, production of things, and knowledge of molecules." He concludes, however, that the solution (if there is one) still lies with science—but with a better science, a science concerned with the ecology of human life. A thoughtful restatement of an unpalatable diagnosis.

The Portugal Story: Three Centuries of Exploration and Discovery, by John Dos Passos (Doubleday). How a poor little country became the pacesetter for the explosive expansion of Europeans out of Europe is a segment of history as incredible as it is familiar. The eminent novelist retells it with care and narrative vigor. He does see that Portuguese expansion over the centuries all but destroyed Portugal, but he cannot contain—and he marvellously conveys—his delight in the courage of the Portuguese seamen and explorers who performed high deeds on uncharted seas.

Confrontation: The Student Rebellion and the Universities, edited by Daniel Bell and Irving Kristol (Basic Books). Nine good essays by men who have been on or around American campuses lately. One, by a young Cornell graduate, Nathan Tarcov, seems especially shrewd, because, writing before that school's recent crisis, he remarks that although his four years saw no great uprising on campus, he doubts whether that means Cornell

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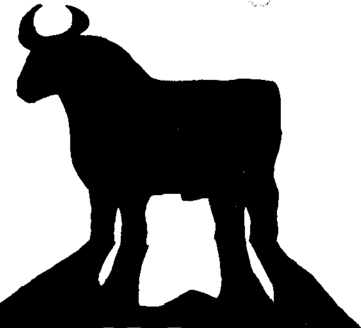

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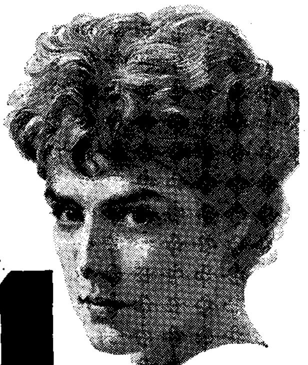

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has solved its educational problems. None of the contributors approve of violence on campus, though all are interested in, and sometimes knowledgeable about, its sources. Among them they discuss such matters as black studies, the personalities of rebellious students (including their feelings about their parents), and—most important—the purpose or purposes of education.

To Change China: Western Advisers in China, 1620-1960, by Jonathan Spence (Little, Brown). From the Jesuits to the Bolsheviks, Westerners have been trying for centuries to improve China by some sort of Westernization—sometimes by directly attempting religious or political conversion but more often by such indirect persuasion as teaching astronomy or running hospitals, in the hope that demonstrations of Western superiority in science would induce the Chinese to accept the superiority of Christianity, or English common law, or American infantry tactics, or Stalin's interpretation of Marxism. All these efforts have failed; the Chinese have successfully absorbed many Western techniques and have invariably rejected the Western world that invented them. Professor Spence concentrates on comparatively few—fewer than twenty—Europeans in China, so that he can portray them and their vicissitudes in comprehensible detail. He is entertaining as well as learned. Above all, his chronicle offers one consoling thought to Americans: We did not, after the Second World War, "lose" China—no Westerners ever possessed her.

Note: Jane Kramer's "Allen Ginsberg in America," much of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House.

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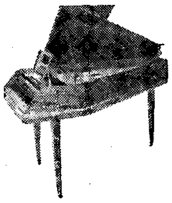

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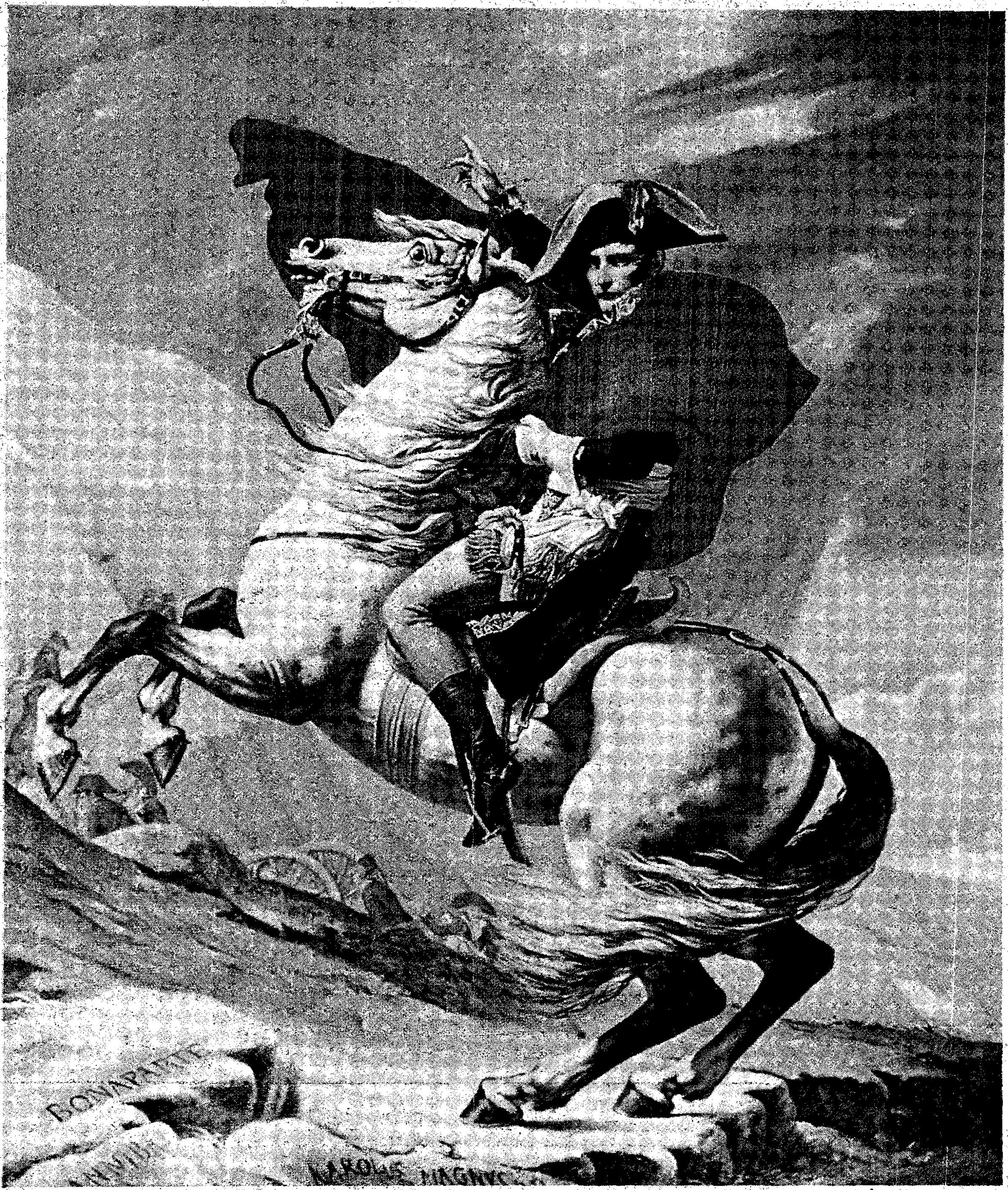

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